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CONTENTS.

Archbishop Ullathorne (with portrait).

The Church Catholic. By B. F. C. Costelloe, M.A.

Why in Latin? By the Rev. G. Bampfield.

The Little Sisters of the Poor. By the Very Rev. James Canon Connelly.

The Catholic's Library of Tales, No XI:—
The Story of a Coin. By Theo Gift.
The Snow Maiden. By Augusta Marryat.
Westhorpe Manor. By A. M. C.

Mary Queen of Scots. By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott.

A Model Woman: Dame Marion Boyd. By his Grace the Archbishop of Glasgow.

Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol. By the Bishop of Clifton.

Lectures on the Present Position of Catholics in England: IV. True Testimony unequal to the Protestant View. By Cardinal Newman.

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Archbishop Ullathorne.*

(1806-1889.)

THERE are some lives which serve to mark an epoch,—lives which by virtue of their striking power or unique position or both, stand apart by themselves, and form landmarks in the history of their time. Of such was the life of Archbishop Ullathorne—one who was the link between the old order and the new,—the last of that long line of Vicars Apostolic, stretching back even to the times of the "Reformation," the first Bishop of Birmingham, and consolidater of Catholic life in mid-England, and the Patriarch of the present English Episcopate; the promoter of the restored hierarchy in England, the chief founder of the Church in Australia, the zealous missioner among the outcast and degraded, the prudent adviser at the Councils of the Church, and the learned expounder and unwearied defender of her doctrine and practice in a period of doubt and difficulty and transition. It is a life which, by reason of its originality of character and grandeur of spirit, quite as much as its extent of work and eminence of position, is well worthy of being handed down to posterity.

And handed down it will be in some form at least. For there exists an autobiography, written during the last months of his life, which will doubtless give a peculiar insight into Dr. Ullathorne's character, as well as a

* Abridged, by permission, from the *Oscotian*, with alterations and additions.

graphic picture of his relations to the times in which he lived,—though even there, rom the nature of the case, many a wonderful touch in word and act will be wanting, which we would fain see preserved, but which seem destined to pass away unrecorded.

This memoir does not aim at being in any sense a complete account of such a life. It is mainly a short summary of its chief facts and events; yet it is hoped that it will be of interest to many, especially with regard to those parts which concern his last years and days upon earth.

I. Early Life.

William Ullathorne was born on the 7th of May, 1806, at Pocklington, some ten or twelve miles from York. His father belonged to a good old Catholic family, which reckoned among its ancestors a lineal descendant of Blessed Thomas More, Chancellor and Martyr. His mother was a convert, distantly related to Sir John Franklin, the Arctic navigator; and William was the eldest of their ten children. He learnt his letters from the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in the town, and when he was eight years old became a weekly boarder in a neighbouring village, that he might receive some further schooling. He returned home every Saturday night, that he might hear Mass on Sundays, and listen to the instructions of the venerable Abbé Fidèle, who had at that time the charge of the Pocklington mission. The teaching the boy received at Burnby was, of course, quite of an elementary kind; but his own insatiable taste for reading enlarged his stores of knowledge, far beyond what is usual in boys of his age. His imagination was remarkably lively, and led him to take special delight in any tales of voyages and travels he could lay his hand on.

After two years of this village schooling, the family removed to Scarborough, where, for the first time, he saw the sea. This had been a great object of his aspira-

tion from the time he had read *Robinson Crusoe;* and he never forgot the keen sense of wonder and delight with which he gazed on that enchanting sight.* Here he was sent to a school of higher pretensions, kept, like the former one, by a Protestant master. He suffered, however, great disadvantages by his change from Pocklington, in the loss of weekly Mass. Although there was a Catholic Chapel at Scarborough, there was no resident priest; the mission was served alternately by two priests of the neighbourhood, each coming once in six weeks. As they were both Douay priests, and generally dined at Mr. Ullathorne's house, the boy's interest was much awakened by their college stories; but his real attraction was to the sea. His father attempted to bring him up to his own business, but after a year's trial it was thought best to yield to the strong wishes of the son.

A new brig was about to be launched, whose owners were among Mr. Ullathorne's personal friends, and it was to be commanded by a captain very superior to the ordinary run of mercantile captains. The officers and crew were also picked men, and so the future Bishop sailed as cabin boy from Newcastle to Leghorn, thence to Barcelona, and then returned from Tarragona to Hull. His next voyage was to St. Petersburgh. He was charmed by the wildness of the Baltic Sea, and much struck by the religious habits of the people; but a change of captains, and a change of destination for the vessel, led before long to the cancelling of his indentures. His parents hoped that this would sicken their son of sea life altogether; but though he had not much taste for ship work, and greatly disliked the coarse society into which he was necessarily thrown, he still retained his desire to see more of the world; so he spent the winter in studying the science of navigation, and in the following

* To the last he was never tired of talking, and hearing, and reading, about the sea. In fact, so strong was the impression made upon him by his early sea-faring days, that he ever after regarded himself as a sailor, and had always a humorous pity for "poor land-lubbers." He used always to declare that it was aboard ship that he learnt the meaning of discipline and obedience.

spring set sail again. This time he was under a Catholic captain, whose nephew, the mate of the vessel, had been educated for a while at Stonyhurst, and was full of faith. They made a voyage to Cronstadt, and another to Memel, and there the young sailor met the turning-point of his life.

One Sunday morning the mate proposed that they should go to Mass; so the "Garden of the Soul" was fished up from the bottom of the sea-chest, and the two youths set off together through the flat town, with its numerous wind-mills for sawing timber, and its many churches, which were in the hands of the Lutherans. Beyond the town they reached a considerable wooden structure, exteriorly not unlike a barn, with a large grass-plot in front, in the middle of which stood a bare wooden cross. Mass had already begun; the men knelt on one side of the church, the women on the other; and their devout and recollected faces made the deepest impression on the cabin boy. Their hands were joined in prayer, and they were singing the Litany of the Blessed Virgin to two or three simple notes, accompanied by an instrument somewhat resembling in effect the tinkling of small bells. The sight and sound affected him in a wonderful way; his heart and soul were turned inwardly upon himself; he saw the claims of God upon his service, and felt a deep reproach for leading an aimless life. On the homeward voyage, he spent all his leisure time in reading the two or three Catholic books which the mate happened to have on board, and as soon as his ship entered the Thames he wrote to his parents, saying that he now wished to give up the sea, and to return home.

Not long afterwards a friend, who had a son studying for the Church at Downside, pressed a younger son of Mr. Ullathorne's to embrace the same vocation. The invitation, however, met with no response; whereupon the elder brother made known to his parents the change that had been wrought in him, and to his great delight it was soon arranged with Dr. Barber, the Prior of Downside, that William should go to that school. He went in the beginning of February, 1823.

II. Religious Training.

There were only twenty boys in the school; probably there were none of these whose education—in its more common sense—was more backward than William Ullathorne's, certainly none whose mind on the other hand was more fully developed. He now set himself to work to supply the deficiency, and his natural abilities enabled him to push his way with wonderful rapidity to the top of his class, and indeed of the school; for at each successive examination, he was transferred to a higher class. If the intellectual and classical part of his education was too hurried, as he himself on more than one occasion publicly acknowledged, the same cannot be said of his religious and spiritual training. This was deep and solid, as became the nature which was to receive it. Fr. Polding, afterwards Archbishop of Sydney, was Prefect of the school, and also spiritual director. He at once began to prepare the new pupil for his first Communion, which in consequence of the absence of a resident priest at Scarborough, and his own sailor life, he had not yet made. The preparation was long and thorough, and the first communion was delayed until Christmas night, 1823. Twelve days later, William Ullathorne was admitted as a postulant to the Benedictine Order. On the 12th of March, 1824, he received the habit, together with four other students.

Besides the usual course of religious training and exercises, the young novice devoted himself with the utmost ardour to the study of all the books that came within his reach. He made his solemn profession on the 5th of April, 1825, taking the name of Bernard.

Early in the year 1828, he commenced his course of theology under a man of singular ability, Dr. Brown, afterwards well-known as Bishop of Newport and Menevia. In October he received Confirmation from Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) Weld; on the 12th of the same month he was promoted to the Sub-diaconate, and in the Ember-week of September, 1830, to the Diaconate.

He was soon afterwards sent with another of his order

to the Benedictine College at Ampleforth, where he was appointed Prefect of discipline, and where his firmness of ruling was soon made manifest. On Ember Saturday, September 24th, 1831, he was ordained priest at Ushaw by Bishop Penswick, Vicar-Apostolic of the Northern District.

The account of his religious training must needs be scanty and inadequate; for, besides the time itself being a period of retirement from the world, it was also one to which Dr. Ullathorne rarely alluded at any length, and then only to more intimate friends, so great was his reticence in all that concerned his own spiritual life. His private devotion was ever hidden and unobtrusive; so much so, that it was only in his last illness, when retirement was no longer possible, that those around him realised how tenderly and ardently he had loved his God.

III. Life as Priest.

For some little time after his ordination, Father Ullathorne was doing the ordinary Sunday duties of a priest at Craik and Easingwold; and after that was recalled to his own monastery to teach in the school. But, about this time, events happened which had a most important bearing on his career.

Fr. Polding received a brief appointing him Visitor-Apostolic of the Mauritius, where his uncle, Dr. Slater, was Bishop. He, however, declined the appointment, and Dr. Morris was put in his place. The Vicariate of the Mauritius at that time extended far beyond the limits of the island. It embraced all Southern Africa, Australia, and the islands of the Pacific, including New Zealand, and even a considerable part of British India. Dr. Morris was an old member of the Downside community, and naturally wished for co-operators from the house of his profession. In reply to his application, he was told by the Superiors that if Fr. Bernard were asked, he would probably be not unwilling to go. The young priest,

who had already, years before, expressed his sympathy with the sufferings of the convicts in Australia, now declared his wish to go there. After consultation with his superiors, he wrote to the President-General of the Order for leave to offer himself for that mission; which leave was at once granted.

Ecclesiastical affairs in Australia were then in a very uncomfortable position, and Sir Richard Bourke, the Governor, had asked the Home Government to make some arrangements whereby a Catholic ecclesiastic might be sent out, invested with competent authority, to settle the matters in dispute. Dr. Morris, therefore, proposed to make Fr. Ullathorne his Vicar-General for that part of his diocese. Fr. Ullathorne, alarmed at the proposal, had recourse to his usual mentor; and acting on Fr. Polding's advice, did not refuse the offer.

He set out from London in September, 1832, reaching Sydney about Shrovetide in February, 1833, at which time there were only three priests in the colony to minister to the wants of a scattered flock of some 20,000 souls. The new Vicar-General, by his prudence, tact, and firmness at once made his influence felt, reforming abuses, deciding disputes, destroying party spirit, conciliating the Government officials, and establishing unity and peace throughout the whole community.

The Vicar at once entered upon the missionary life, which his companions were already familiar with. Their usual mode of travelling was on horse-back, accompanied by a servant man on another horse, carrying the vestments, altar stone, &c. The priest himself always carried the Blessed Sacrament in the breast pocket of his coat, not knowing when he might come upon the sick and dying—a practice lately prohibited by the Holy See. On one occasion, the Vicar lost the holy oil-stocks through their wearing a hole in his pocket. This happened on the desolate Blue Mountains, many miles from any habitation; but strange to say, a French woman, happening to pass that way, picked them up, and at once concluding that they belonged to a priest, found means of restoring them.

In most places, the police courts served for chapels, but at times a public room over the stables of some hotel had to serve the purpose; and it happened more than once that the Vicar had to preach against drunkenness in places devoted to drinking. Wherever the missionaries went, the Catholic innkeepers never failed to entertain both them and their horses, free of expense. When they reached a township, they used to ride round, visiting all the farms in the neighbourhood, calling also at Protestant houses, to ask leave for the Catholic convict-servants to come to Mass and the Sacraments; also looking after any sick who might require attention. Then came the day for Mass, which was occupied from morning till night with people coming and going. Sometimes a second day was required for communions, and all this amid intense heat and many other grave inconveniences.

Even at Sydney itself there was work enough for more clergy than the colony contained. Besides the usual flock, there was a large gaol in which convicts were put on first landing, and to which others were sent from all parts of the colony for extra punishment. There was the felons' gaol, where about forty executions took place in the year; a large chain-gang to be looked after on an island in Sydney Cove; a great convict hospital in Sydney, another at Paramatta, and another at Liverpool, twenty miles off.

These things, and many other duties connected with the convict population made more priests necessary; and the difficulty of communicating with Bishop Morris at the Mauritius made it clear that New South Wales needed a Bishop of its own. Feeling the weight of his responsibility, Fr. Ullathorne wrote to his old novice master at Downside a letter which set astir the English Benedictines, led to communications with Rome, and finally to Fr. Polding's appointment as the first Bishop of Sydney.

Meanwhile, events occurred which brought the Vicar into yet closer relations with the convicts. The duty of attending at executions usually fell to the lot of another priest, Fr. McEncroe. But when a judicial commission was sent to Norfolk Island for the purpose of trying a

number of criminals who had been engaged in rebellion against the troops and in an attempt to get possession of the island, the Governor begged Fr. Ullathorne to accompany the commission, as many of the guilty men were Catholics.

Describing the place in a pamphlet on the Catholic Mission in Australasia, he says: "Norfolk Island is about 1000 miles from Sydney. It is small, only about twenty-one miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, and one of the most beautiful spots in the universe." The detailed account he then gives, which is too long to reprint here, shows that the place, from the magnificence of its scenery, the luxuriance of its growth, and the purity of its climate, must be indeed an earthly Paradise, but he then goes on to show what a moral hell had been created by the depravity of man, amid such beautiful surroundings.

This island had been selected as the place of punishment for men who had committed fresh crimes, after having been already transported to New South Wales for crimes committed in England or Ireland. Probably the majority of them had received, at one time or other, sentence of death. They were a desperate body of men, made more desperate through their isolation from the outer world, the hardships of their lot, and the utter exclusion of religion from their midst. In fact, so deep was their depravity that in their language *evil* was literally called *good,* and *good, evil.* Their life was one of intense misery: they worked in heavy irons and fed on salt meat and maize bread; so indifferent had life become to them that murders were committed in cold blood, the murderer afterwards declaring he had no ill feeling against his victim, but that his sole object was to obtain release from his surroundings.

To such men as these was Fr. Ullathorne sent in 1835, to prepare such Catholics amongst them as were condemned to death, to meet their end. This work he did most successfully, and much more as well; for, besides collecting much information which he used to good purpose afterwards, twenty conversions were made and

one hundred and fifty general confessions heard, during the week still allowed before the departure of the ship.

He left prayer books behind him; arranged a form of prayer for their use on Sundays, and obtained the appointment of one as reader, whose duty also it should be to teach those to read who were unable, in the intervals between labour and food.

At the close of the next year, the Vicar re-visited Norfolk Island, and our readers will appreciate his delight at finding that his poor penitents had remained remarkably attentive to their duties of religion, in spite of all sorts of ridicule and persecution; and, as a consequence, had vastly improved in their lives and conduct. They now had their reward in being admitted to Holy Communion. Besides hearing three hundred confessions during the fortnight of this second visit, the Vicar's labours were also rewarded by twelve conversions from among the Protestant criminals.

In the midst of these distracting duties, he yet found time to write a short work on the "Use and Abuse of the Sacred Scriptures, as exhibited in the Discipline and Practice of the Protestant and Catholic Communions." This was published when there was a danger of anti-Christian Education gaining a footing in the colony. He also published a sermon on Drunkenness, and another on Cursing and Swearing, thousands of copies of which were circulated throughout the settlement at the expense either of the Government or the Governor. Indeed, the former sermon has often been used, and still continues to be used largely throughout the British Isles, by Protestants, as well as Catholics, in their fight with that terrible evil.

After Bishop Polding's arrival, Catholic affairs soon began to assume larger proportions. And as the Church expanded, its wants increased; so much so, that it was soon determined to send Fr. Ullathorne to England to do what he could to provide for them.

He landed in England towards the end of 1836, and then entered upon what must be called, in some respects,

the most eventful years of his life, when he was brough into contact with so many men of note in various parts of the country. He was perpetually on the move, not only through England, but also in Ireland. He wrote and published the book already mentioned on the Catholic Mission in Australasia; gave lectures up and down the country on his distant mission and its wants; and his appeals met with a very large measure of success. He also met the Vicars-Apostolic of England, assembled at York, and the Irish Bishops at Maynooth; and arranged to take out with him or send fifteen priests (four of whom became bishops), five church-students to study Philosophy, five Sisters of Charity from Dublin, and two or three schoolmasters. Finally, he was called upon, through the suggestion of Dr. Lingard, to give evidence before Sir William Molesworth's Committee on the subject of transportation and its attendant evils. His evidence will be found in the report of that Committee laid before Parliament in 1838.

In the midst of these various duties, he was summoned to Rome, at the instance of Cardinal Weld, to give an account of his mission. Pope Gregory XVI. gave him his approbation and encouragement, and conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

On his return to England, he assisted at the opening of St. Mary's College, Oscott, May 29th, 1838. Soon after he set sail for Sydney, and on his arrival found himself the object of almost universal indignation in the colony, and, indeed, throughout the other penal settlements. His evidence before the House of Commons, and his little book on the subject, had preceded him; and garbled extracts had been published from them, dressed up in the usual newspaper fashion, with all sorts of exaggerations. He had deeply wounded both freemen and emancipists in two ways: he had touched them in two most sensitive points, their pride and their pockets. He had made known throughout England, and, indeed, all Europe, the state of moral degradation which prevailed in the colony; and had exposed the evils and vicious results of the assignment system. But on the continu-

ance of that system depended the wealth both of emigrants and emancipated convicts. The land derived its value from the number of convicts that its owners could get assigned to them. Hence, the more criminals, the more wealth. Moreover, trade and manufactures rested on the same basis; and even the domestic servants of both sexes were usually assigned criminals. But after the evidence which had been given against it, this system was vigorously attacked in Parliament and by the English press; and its reformation was already looming in the distance, though many years had yet to roll over their heads before the colonists realised the truth and justice of what had been said. But he lived to see the fruit of his labour, and hear the reviling changed to blessing; for in a monster meeting held at Sydney, in 1850, almost on the very spot where he had dwelt, 100,000 men registered a memorable oath, that no convict should ever again be allowed to set foot on Australian shores.

About this time he wrote his "Reply to Judge Burton," the most important of his colonial productions. It was to protest against decisions in applying certain English laws to the Colony, which, had they stood, would have invalidated all the Catholic marriages there up to quite a recent period, illegitimatized the children of those marriages, and upset the tenure of much property.

He had also a conflict with an anti-Catholic Tract Society, to which government officials were giving their support, and by his efforts the abuse was abolished. These and other encounters caused him to be called in Protestant circles the Very Rev. Agitator-General of New South Wales.

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three letters addressed respectively to the Governor, the city of Sydney, and the colony in general, predicting great financial troubles and consequent distress. These letters were signed by his usual political *nom de plume*, "Sydney;" and though the colonists did not believe him at the time, they had good reason to do so afterwards, when the crash came.

On their way to Europe the Bishop and his Vicar paid a visit to New Zealand; and Dr. Ullathorne was so impressed by what he saw and heard that he has charmed many an audience, young and old, by narrating his adventures there, and describing the character of the country and the native inhabitants—their splendid physique, their simplicity and their peculiar customs. He and his party were astonished to find themselves repeatedly pointed out as "Picopo." On asking the Catholic missionaries what it meant, they were told that from certain peculiarities belonging to their language, the words "Bishop" or "Evêque" were unpronounceable to the natives, so that Bishop Pompallier, who was stationed there, had taken the Latin word "Episcopus," and turned it into "Picopo" for his own title; and in process of time his religion had also become designated by the same word. The English Catholic was called "Picopo-Poryaxono" (from Port Jackson, the harbour of Sydney), and the French Catholic "Picopo—Weewee" ("oui, oui") from his frequent use of the affirmative in his own language.

The travellers also paid visits to some of the native chiefs in their own homes, one of whom greatly amused the Vicar by rubbing his cold blue nose with great energy against the nose of his visitor.* Another amusing incident relates to their difficulties in crossing a morass. Dr. Ullathorne was taken over first, on the head and shoulders of a half-naked New Zealander, and then enjoyed the sight of a huge human pyramid advancing

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at solemn pace, apparently supported on two copper-coloured legs. The pyramid consisted of good Bishop Polding, with his purple-stockinged legs conspicuously prominent, and on his shoulders, rising above the broad ecclesiastical hat, a young English lad, who was travelling with them, from whose hands hung a couple of wild ducks.

Our travellers reached England in June, 1841. Bishop Polding started for Rome. Dr. Ullathorne, released from his position as Vicar, returned to Downside, where he received from the Fathers assembled at the General Chapter of the English Benedictines the title of "Predicator Generalis" *ob merita*, which gave him a seat for life in the General Council of the Congregation. Soon after he was appointed to the mission of Coventry. Here he was a wonderfully effective preacher, an indefatigable missioner, devoted to his flock who in turn were devoted to him. Through his exertions the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament and St. Osburg was built.

About 1845, Dr. Ullathorne received word from Rome of his nomination to the See of Adelaide: he had to make his second journey to Rome where he succeeded in declining it. After his return, he was offered the See of Perth, New South Wales, which he also declined. But it was evident that he was destined to be a bishop sooner or later. After the death of Bishop Baggs, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of England, he was nominated to that bishopric, and pressed by Cardinal Acton not to refuse it, on account of the difficulties of the situation. Yielding to this pressure, and acting in obedience to the President-General of the Order, Dr. Barber, he consented to accept the appointment, and was consecrated Bishop of Hetalona, at Coventry, on June 21st, 1846, the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff. All the Bishops of England attended, Bishop Briggs being the consecrating Bishop, with Bishops Griffiths and Wareing as assistants, and Bishop Wiseman, preacher. Dr. Newman and his companions, then recent converts to the Church, were present at the ceremony. His devoted flock presented

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* It was the coldness, quite as much as the custom, that amused him. Even in his last illness, when some one spoke about his feeling cold, he remarked: "The coldest object in nature that I know of is the nose of a New Zealand chief."

at solemn pace, apparently supported on two copper-coloured legs. The pyramid consisted of good Bishop Polding, with his purple-stockinged legs conspicuously prominent, and on his shoulders, rising above the broad ecclesiastical hat, a young English lad, who was travelling with them, from whose hands hung a couple of wild ducks.

Our travellers reached England in June, 1841. Bishop Polding started for Rome. Dr. Ullathorne, released from his position as Vicar, returned to Downside, where he received from the Fathers assembled at the General Chapter of the English Benedictines the title of "Predicator Generalis" *ob merita*, which gave him a seat for life in the General Council of the Congregation. Soon after he was appointed to the mission of Coventry. Here he was a wonderfully effective preacher, an indefatigable missioner, devoted to his flock who in turn were devoted to him. Through his exertions the Church of the Most Holy Sacrament and St. Osburg was built.

About 1845, Dr. Ullathorne received word from Rome of his nomination to the See of Adelaide: he had to make his second journey to Rome where he succeeded in declining it. After his return, he was offered the See of Perth, New South Wales, which he also declined. But it was evident that he was destined to be a bishop sooner or later. After the death of Bishop Baggs, Vicar-Apostolic of the Western District of England, he was nominated to that bishopric, and pressed by Cardinal Acton not to refuse it, on account of the difficulties of the situation. Yielding to this pressure, and acting in obedience to the President-General of the Order, Dr. Barber, he consented to accept the appointment, and was consecrated Bishop of Hetalona, at Coventry, on June 21st, 1846, the day on which Pius IX. was crowned as Sovereign Pontiff. All the Bishops of England attended, Bishop Briggs being the consecrating Bishop, with Bishops Griffiths and Wareing as assistants, and Bishop Wiseman, preacher. Dr. Newman and his companions, then recent converts to the Church, were present at the ceremony. His devoted flock presented

him with a beautiful chalice and an address, to which he wrote a most touching and appropriate reply.

IV. Life as Bishop.

The new Bishop lost no time in proceeding to his new sphere of action. He went to the College of Prior Park the next morning for the public reception according to the prescriptions of the Ritual. Here he took up his residence for a while: for, although it had always been his opinion that a Bishop ought to reside in one of the most populous and important towns of his district for the sake of his clergy and the thoroughness of the ecclesiastical ceremonial, he yet felt anxious for the College on account of its financial difficulties and the general condition of the studies and discipline. His conditions of reform were not accepted by the President, Dr. Brindle, nor was his offer to take the College with all its difficulties off his hands, on condition of exercising full control over it in all respects. Dr. Brindle being in possession, and having a large personal stake in the place, remained firm in his position; whereupon his Lordship renounced all further responsibility in the affairs of the College, and went to Bristol, where he lived in a hired house for some time. A saying began to spread about to the effect that Prior Park had killed two Bishops already, and seemed not unlikely to kill a third; to which the Bishop replied, that hitherto he had been in the habit of killing the difficulties that attempted to kill him. Finally, after holding a formal visitation on the matter without avail, he laid it before the Holy See; and we need only add that a Commission of Bishops fully justified his action. As to Prior Park College itself, it passed into lay hands, and was then recovered by the present Bishop of Clifton (Dr. Clifford).

The Bishop at Bristol began to map out and organize his diocesan plans and raise new institutions; but he was sadly hampered by lack of funds for all ecclesiastical purposes; and this, with the amount of work to be done

at Bristol itself and Clifton, made him limit his chief energies to those places.

Early in 1848 he was sent, at the unanimous request of all the Vicars-Apostolic, to be their representative and agent in Rome for the prosecution of the restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. He arrived in the Eternal City on May 25th, stayed about ten weeks, and returned to England to meet the assembled Bishops at Manchester.

It is a matter of history how Dr. Wiseman, coadjutor to Dr. Walsh, was removed to London; how Dr. Walsh himself died not long afterwards, and Bishop Ullathorne was appointed to succeed him as Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District, in spite of his remonstrances and his attachment to his first episcopal home, where his unfinished plans were just getting into shape, and where dwelt his Dominican children who had followed him from Coventry to Clifton, and had been the object of his special care. The new Bishop was received in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on 30th August, 1848, by the main body of the clergy of the district. Dr. Newman and his companions, who had but recently taken possession of Old Oscott, were also present. The clergy dined with the Bishop, and Dr. Weedall, speaking in their name: addressed his Lordship in a beautiful oration, expressing very cordially their unanimous loyalty to the ruler set over them by the Holy See.

The name of Edgar Edmund Estcourt may be mentioned here, as he accompanied the Bishop to Birmingham and occupied so prominent a position in the diocese till his death in 1884. He was one of those converts from the Established Church who had found a temporary home at Prior Park; but had left that College at the same time as Dr. Ullathorne, and had lived with him as his secretary. With untiring perseverance he effectively helped the Bishop to rescue the temporal affairs of the diocese from the verge of bankruptcy to their present flourishing condition. This was the first work that the Bishop was called upon to undertake; and to do it effectually he resolved to take the clergy into his

confidence, and to gain their consent to a general reduction of income, at least for a while. To raise funds for Church Education, he determined to ask for contributions from the faithful, and to organize a system of weekly collections; but from them also it was impossible to obtain the sympathy and aid he required without making them in some degree acquainted with the real difficulties of the case. This he did in a series of financial Pastorals, at the same time justifying the memory of his predecessor, Bishop Walsh, with regard to the unforeseen failure of investments, etc., and by reason of the great works he had undertaken and completed. This appeal must have been very distasteful to Dr. Ullathorne; for one of his marked characteristics was the unwillingness with which he ever made appeals to the faithful of his flock for pecuniary aid.

Mention has already been made in this narrative of the negotiations, in which Bishop Ullathorne had been the chief agent, for the restoration of the English Hierarchy. These belonged to the year 1848; but, owing to the revolution in Rome, and the consequent dispersal of Pope and Cardinals, the Brief was not issued until Sept. 29th, 1850. We need not describe the turmoil that succeeded its publication in this country. Cardinal Wiseman's appeal to the people, and a public meeting in the Town Hall of Birmingham, presided over by Bishop Ullathorne, on Nov. 18th, had much to do with recalling the English mind to a healthier and more sensible tone. On Sunday, Oct. 27th, his Lordship took possession of his Cathedral in presence of an immense congregation, and after the gospel, Dr. Newman delivered his remarkable sermon, "Christ on the Waters."

There is no need to dilate at length on his life as Bishop of Birmingham, for its main events are known to all. He never really took part in "public life." His power lay in another direction. He used to say that he had missed his vocation and ought to have been a hermit. He seldom came forward except in defence of Catholic truth and interests that were attacked, and then far more often in writing than in public meetings; though

when he did take part in these things, it was always to some purpose. But his main work lay hidden from public gaze: it was to organize, consolidate, and expand his diocese; to nourish the ecclesiastical spirit in his clergy; to foster and direct religious communities; to be the wise counsellor of his brother bishops and of a host of people of all sorts and conditions. And it was owing to these things, we think, far more than to his public appearances and writings that he was so well known and so widely esteemed at the time of his death.

However, it may be of interest just to give some sort of list of the events of his episcopate. In 1850, he fought for Religious Education against Mr. Fox's Bill, and against State interference with convents, between 1851–4. He was one of the promoters of the Catholic Defence Association to maintain the rights of Catholics and secure perfect religious liberty throughout the Empire. In 1852, he helped Bishop Grant to prepare the statute for the first Provincial Synod, and began his own Diocesan Synods in 1853. But before this (1852), he was imprisoned in Warwick Gaol for debt—no real debt of his own but because he happened to be one of the *ex officio* trustees in a charitable bequest, in which he had no beneficial interest whatever. This created some amusement, because his Lordship had always warned his clergy against getting involved in debt. Plenty of sympathy was shown him, of course, and many visitors went to see him; and he seems to have rather liked the retirement for the short time it lasted. In 1856, he went on a pilgrimage to Subiaco; in 1858, he held his second Diocesan Synod; in 1860, at a crowded meeting in the Town Hall, he protested against the violation of the rights of the Holy See by the House of Savoy; in 1862, he assisted at the canonization of the Japanese Martyrs, at Rome, and subscribed to the Address of 265 Bishops, then in Rome, protesting against the spoliation of the Papal States; and in 1863, he assisted at the Centenary of Sedgley Park School. At his third Diocesan Synod, 1864, together with his clergy, he thanked Dr. Newman for his "Reply to Mr. Kingsley," and on the following day

wrote the letter which forms the postscript to the "Apologia," and is described by the great Oratorian as "a very precious document, completing and recompensing, in a way most grateful to my feelings, the anxious work which has occupied me for nearly ten weeks." In 1865, he assisted at the funeral of Cardinal Wiseman; in the same year he consecrated Mgr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster. In 1866, he read a paper before the Academia of the Catholic Religion on the "Management of Criminals," and the following year gave evidence before a Parliamentary Committee on "Ecclesiastical Titles and the Roman Catholic Relief Acts." In 1867, his clergy presented him with an address and £2,700 towards building a Diocesan Seminary—an object that had long occupied his thoughts. In 1869, at a public meeting in the Town Hall, he condemned the "unchristian and godless policy" of the National Education League of which Birmingham was the centre. At his fourth Diocesan Synod, in the same year, he was asked to accept £358 "towards defraying the expenses of his assisting at the General Council" of the Vatican; and he took a notable part in that Council. On June 21st, 1871, his Lordship reached the half-jubilee of his Episcopate. After Pontifical Mass in the Cathedral, the clergy presented him with a costly pectoral cross and chain, accompanied by an address written by Dr. Newman.

He preached, on July 23rd, 1873, at the fourth Provincial Synod; and on September 13th of the same year admitted students to the new seminary of St. Bernard's at Olton, opening it solemnly on October 2nd, when Dr. Newman preached the inaugural sermon.

In 1874, on the Feast of St. Gregory the Great, he kept the 50th year of his religious habit, and joined with three others who had been professed with him, in presenting a "memorial of gratitude" to their old novice-master, Archbishop Polding of Sydney. In September, 1878, he went to stay at Oscott College after a serious illness, and practically took up his residence there till the end of his life. His increasing infirmities obliged him to ask for a Bishop Auxiliary; and the Very Rev.

Canon Ilsley, first Rector of the Seminary (now Bishop of Birmingham), was selected by the Holy See, and consecrated by him in St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, December 4th, 1879.

A complete list of works written by Dr. Ullathorne will be found in the volume of "Characteristics," lately selected from his writings and published. They were extremely varied in scope; among them may be mentioned: "The Proposal to submit Convents to Government Inspection," "The Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom" (1864); "Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation Unravelled" (1874); "Pilgrimage to the Proto-Monastery of Subiaco" (1856); "Remarks on the proposed Education Bill" (1850); "Lectures on the Conventual Life" (1868); a "History of the Restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in England" (1869); "Church Music" (1880), &c., &c.

But perhaps the greatest and most important works that came from his pen were the fruit of his ripe old age. "The Endowments of Man" (1880); "The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues" (1882); and "Patience" (1886); which contain the accumulated wisdom of his whole life, and will ever be a lasting monument of his powers of observation and analysis, his keen insight into human nature and his practical as well as theoretical knowledge of the spiritual life. The last work he ever published was the "Memoir of Bishop Willson," first Bishop of Hobart Town, and his personal friend, who succeeded to his labours among the convicts. This was written in 1887.

As to the results of his diocesan labours, his own statistics up to 1884 show us that 44 new missions had been founded, and 67 new churches built; and the number of priests increased from 86 to 198 since he began to rule the diocese. Also the religious communities for men had grown from two to five, and of women from seven to 36. In the beginning, orphanages and charitable institutions were represented by one House of Mercy; now there are two Houses of Mercy, seven Orphanages, two Asylums for Aged Poor, two Hospitals for Incurables, and three

Homes for Children under the Poor Law Board. In nearly every case these are managed by nuns. We may add that whereas in 1848 there were about 12 Mission Schools, there are now 193; that the present number of Churches and Chapels is 150.

There are two persons whose names stand forth conspicuous in the history of the diocese of Birmingham during the last forty years, of whose relations with its Bishop it would seem necessary we should say a few words. The one is Cardinal Newman, the other Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, foundress of the English Congregation of Nuns, of the Third Order of St. Dominic.

Of the relations between Mother Margaret Hallahan and Bishop Ullathorne, he has himself given some record in his preface to the interesting life of that wonderful woman. He gives thanks to God that in His goodness He had deigned to make him an instrument to co-operate in the work of that great soul, and that he had had the privilege of her friendship and prayers for six-and-twenty years. As to the character of that friendship, he re-echoes her own words, uttered on her deathbed—"It has always been in God and for God." He sums up her character in the few words, wherein Montalembert describes certain heroic women of our country of the old Saxon days, namely, that "she had the vigour of the man, the tenderness of the woman, and the simplicity and humility of the child." It was he who first brought her to England, and he was her guide in external works, as well as in her interior soul, till her death on May 11th, 1868.

The relations between Cardinal Newman and Bishop Ullathorne were uniformly characterized by mutual respect and regard. The Bishop, in a letter dated June 2, 1864, says to the Cardinal (then Dr. Newman): "We have now been personally acquainted, and much more than acquainted, for nineteen years, during more than sixteen of which we have stood in special relation of duty towards each other. This has been one of the singular blessings which God has given me among the cares of the episcopal office. What my feelings of respect, of

confidence, and of affection have been towards you, you know well. Nor should I think of expressing them in words. . . . During our long intercourse there is only one subject on which after the first experience I have measured my words with some caution, and that has been where questions bearing on ecclesiastical duty have risen. I found some little caution necessary because you were always so prompt and ready to go even beyond the slightest intimation of my wish or desires."

On his part, the Cardinal on many occasions expressed his appreciation of the Bishop,—in dedicating to him his lectures on Anglican Difficulties, in his letters, in the composing of, or sharing in the, addresses presented by the clergy; and again in the History of his Religious Opinions, where he says: "When I first became a Catholic, nothing struck me more at once than the English out-spoken manner of the priests. It was the same at Oscott, at Old Hall Green, at Ushaw; there was nothing of that smoothness or mannerism which is commonly imputed to them, and they were more natural and unaffected than many an Anglican clergyman. The many years which have passed since, have only confirmed my first impression. I have ever found it in the priests of this diocese; did I wish to point out a straightforward Englishman, I should instance the Bishop, who has to our great benefit for so many years presided over it."

V. Last Days.

He went to live at Oscott in 1878, as we have said, after a serious illness—a course which had become imperatively necessary. He then practically gave up active work, leaving it to the charge of his Bishop-Auxiliary and Vicar General; still, however, reserving to himself the real ruling and superintendence of the diocese. His time was now mainly employed in reading, the writing of his greater works, the duties of a

large correspondence, and the helping materially his episcopal brethren by his wise and learned counsel in all their important deliberations. Occasionally he paid a visit to his Cathedral, and in the summer generally made a round of visits to his convents, staying at each a short time, and returning to Oscott for the autumn and winter. He kept the Golden Jubilee of his priesthood on September 24th, 1881, on which occasion he sang Mass in the College Chapel. Preparations had been afloat to make him a grand presentation, but he had interposed, and expressed his desire that the offering should be prayers and Masses. The loyal and universal response to this desire touched him deeply, as is evident from a beautiful letter which he sent to the clergy of the diocese. But in 1886, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, he was not allowed to escape a presentation, though it was of a private character. At the meeting of all the English Bishops in London, in Low Week, he was made to sit down in their midst. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster then offered him hearty congratulations in the name of all, and made him a present of a selection of books connected with his special line of studies, as a token of their "admiration, confidence and love."

The same year was also the 40th anniversary of his Episcopate; and Oscott commemorated it by publishing the "Ullathorne number" of the *Oscotian*, from which this short memoir is mainly taken.

For the rest, his life passed on quietly and peacefully in his last home, undisturbed save by occasional serious outbreaks of illness, arising chiefly from a chronic malady which was a real martyrdom to him for the last twenty years of his life. If he had seemed somewhat distant in his official relations of bygone days, he was not so now. He dined with the College clergy every day till his failing health kept him a prisoner to his rooms; and they and every visitor that went to see him received always a kindly welcome, and came away from his presence the richer for his wide experience and varied knowledge, his fund of anecdote and genial humour, and his depth, originality and grandeur of thought.

It was in July, 1887, that his increasing infirmities compelled him to resign his episcopal see. As is well known, his Auxiliary, Bishop Ilsley, was appointed his successor, while he himself on April 27th, 1888, was nominated by the Holy Father titular Archbishop of Cabasa, in Egypt, as a mark of honour for his long and valued services to the Church.

At Oscott, a little celebration was arranged in honour of this event; and in responding to the congratulations and the recognition of the honour and privilege the College possessed in his residing there, he said: "I have been studying my new diocese geographically and historically. I began life as a Yorkshireman, then I was turned into an Australian, after that into a New Zealander, and now at last I find myself an Egyptian; though, strange to say, I don't feel very different from what I was before. I find Cabasa was famous of old for many things—amongst others for having had an heretical Bishop. The Canons of the Church do not oblige me to go there personally, though I can send a Vicar-General there, if I choose. However, let me tell you a secret: I don't think I shall go at all, for I am very happy and comfortable where I am."

The greater part of a year elapsed, and then early in the March of the present year (1889), his last illness began. He had been accustomed for some time to say Mass in his room; he said it for the last time on St. Chad's day, March 2nd. A week afterwards he was in serious danger; on Sunday, March 10th, he was anointed by the President of the College, Mgr. Souter, and after renewing his profession of faith with intense earnestness, received the Holy Viaticum from the hands of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Ilsley, who had come over to visit him. Another week and more of pain and suffering borne without a murmur or sign of impatience; and then on the 20th of March, when he could no longer take nourishment, it was evident the end was near. About an hour after noon the next day, the feast of his patron, St. Benedict, he passed away to God. The bodily struggle was severe; for in spite of age and infirmities

his constitution was still a powerful one. But in his soul there was no struggle,—only perfect peace. He had had no fear of death. When it had become evident that he could not recover, he said with a smile to his doctor, with whom he had had many a philosophical chat: "Well, doctor, now that the old limbs are falling to pieces, I feel that I am beginning to live in the land of metaphysics." And afterwards more seriously: "You may think it presumptuous of me to say so, but my mind is completely tranquil." And again: "It is nearly time for *the man* to go." And, whether it was that, in the course of a long and difficult career he had acted ever on principle never from impulse or passion,—or that his last years were themselves a preparation for death,—or because his last days were blessed by the countless prayers of his devoted children,—or for all these reasons combined:—certain it is, there was no disturbance whatever: his soul was "completely tranquil" to the last. One could not but see in the "Pax" on his coffin a double fitness, when the thought came how perfectly it had been realised.

His funeral obsequies were conducted with all the solemnity of the Church's Ritual, and according to those traditions which he himself had inspired. There were three Requiems with the body present—first of all at Oscott, his last home on earth; then at his own Cathedral; where he had governed for over forty years, and where in the presence of twelve bishops and a vast representative concourse of clergy, religious and laity, fitting honour was paid to him as a bishop;—and lastly at St. Dominic's, Stone, which had been chosen as his last resting-place. And there, on Wednesday, March 27th, 1889, his body was laid beside that of his mother,—his "dear mother," as he always called her; to whom he considered that he owed so much; of whom, in spite of the striking uneffusiveness of his character, he never spoke but in terms of the utmost tenderness and respect.

The main outlines of his character will have been traced by the reader. It is not for us to criticise or discuss it. Who cannot see, by his writings and words

and deeds, that it was well summed up in the sermon preached at his funeral, when he was called "a spiritual man," and therefore one with a great soul, to whom littleness and meanness were unknown?

The rights and dignity of God's Church, the power of the Holy Spirit, the true wisdom, the real dignity of man, self-discipline, humility, the union of the soul with God—these were his themes. He lived and died in that nobler atmosphere which had become natural and habitual to him, but which is unknown to the world. "The sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the Spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand . . . . But the spiritual man judgeth all things . . . . For the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God." (1 Cor. ii. 10, 14, 15.)

The Church Catholic. *

BY
B. F. C. COSTELLOE, M.A.

"THROUGH all the centuries of civilization"—so I imagine Macaulay's New Zealander will say to an impartial generation—"through all the change and chance of history there runs one permanent power. Alike in the decay of Greece and the pride of Rome, alike through the tempest of the barbarian times and the gradual uprising of the kingdoms, from the ages when men accepted meekly their appointed place, to the latter day when every man's hand was against his brother in the bitter war of individual competition, one system of things has stood secure, as a castle founded upon a rock stands above the rising and the falling tide through the calm weather and the storm.

"An organization at first but of the unlearned and the outcasts of society—as was its Founder—placed under the ban of the most imperial despotism the world has seen, it was but a little later the sister sovereign of that same Empire through the Roman world; and when the Empire fell beneath the greatness of its task, the throne of the Fisherman continued to stand in the very palace of the Cæsars, and the city where the Popes of four centuries had been driven like things of darkness underground became the world-capital of the Papacy.

"In one age the apostle of an ideal morality in an evil time; in another the conserver of learning; in a

* An address delivered on Feb. 19, 1888, at the South Place Institute, London, to a non-Catholic audience.

third the mother of the arts; in all, the pattern and helper of political and social unity—this unchanging yet ever varying kingdom, this stern and yet most liberal philosophy, not only claimed to teach, but taught, as with authority, the children of men."

Surely I may claim, my friends, that it is a startling item in the secular march of things, a masterful fact not lightly to be put by—no more than that other cardinal fact to which it leads us back—the life and death of Jesus who was called the Christ. He founded this power; He said it should not fail; and it has not failed.

Not once but many times, indeed, there came great waves of what the world thought disaster. In the beginning it was persecution. Edict after edict went out against them, till in the darkest of the night before the dawn an illiterate barbarian bent the force of the twin Empires to exterminate the Christian name; and knowing how easy was the detection of those who never would deny their crime, the imperial statesmen said that the dangerous rival of the Cæsars would not be heard of any more—but it is the statesmen who are forgotten.

Then there was the wave of schism. The Arian heresy prevailed so far that men said the Church's time was ended upon the earth. Princes and peoples, Bishops and provinces, fell away, till there was but a handful left to continue the great tradition. Yet, in a little while, the Arians passed like a mirage, and men asked each other the meaning of the name.

It was an even darker hour when a rising tide of moral corruption and a swift outbreak of intellectual doubt, coinciding in the period of the Renaissance, seemed to have killed the energies of the Church, and swamped in wickedness and infidelity the very Court of Rome. Yet the curious reasonings of the Neo-Pagans have left but faint echoes in the history of thought—the worldly Popes and the corrupt Cardinals and all the unfaithful stewards who dared to lift their mitres up against their Master have gone to their account—and there does not remain upon the institutions or the morals or the doctrine of the Church a vestige of the evil time.

Wave upon wave, in the very worst of the danger,

came the great upheaval called the Reformation, wherein the spirit of Individualism, personified in the rough violence of Luther, rent the Church in twain; and in this rebellion and the disorders which accompanied and followed it, it seemed as if the bark of Peter, must assuredly go down. Yet as even Macaulay—most typical of English Protestants—has borne witness, the work of the Council of Trent and the early labours of the Jesuit Order and all that inner Reformation which accompanied these, left the Papacy not weaker but stronger than before.

Finally, in our time, are come the days when countless new chapters of revelation are unrolled by science, and when a universal criticism, laying faith and reverence aside, has summoned every creed and every law to answer at the bar of reason for its right to be. All these great and good men who are to free us from the trammels of old time—whether they come as agnostics or in the name of evolution, whether they say they hold God needless, or have found our immortality to be a phantom, or cannot recognize that there is such a thing as Sin—with one accord in divers tongues cry out to us that the old creeds have passed for ever, and that the religion of the future, if religion there be at all, must be something less archaic than the Church of Christ. But in the midst of them—not denying whatever truth they have to show, adapting indeed the message of the ages to the later time, but upholding always her profession of Christ's teaching and the Christian Law—the ancient Church goes on.

It is in this permanence amid the changing centuries, it is in this enduring triumph in defeat, that even the most hostile critics have felt something of that great appeal which to her children the mere existence of the Church implies; and something of the force with which to their eyes is realized in her the prophecy of the Divine Founder. May we not well call it a fulfilment of that commission, with which, in different wordings, it pleased the Spirit that inspired the writers of the covenant to close three Gospels and to begin the Acts: "As my Father hath sent Me, so send I you. Go ye therefore into all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit,

teaching them to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you always, even to the end of the world."

It is in this light, then, that I desire first to present to you the mission and office of the Catholic Church. Its name insists upon its universal claim. It is not a congregation of persons agreeing together; it is not a School of Philosophy; it is not a Mutual Improvement Society. It is not even *a* Church among other Churches. It is *the* Church Universal—the Living Voice of God, in Christ's revelation, unto all people, through all time. It is for this reason, and this only, that it teaches as its Master taught—not as the Scribes and Pharisees, but as one "having authority." It is for this reason that in God's name it makes that awful demand upon the faith of men which no human power, however arrogant, would dare suggest—that we who accept its teaching office shall accept those propositions which are "of faith," even where we do not wholly understand them, and even where they may seem to us to stand in conflict with other portions of our personal reasoning as to the things that lie within the human ken.

You will see at once that this demand cannot merely be waived aside as being incompatible with so-called rights of private judgement, unless you are prepared on the same principle to deny that there can be any authoritative revelation of God's truth at all.

Private judgement—meaning the paramount authority of that which at any moment may commend itself to me—must dissolve any divine authority of the Written Word, as surely as of the Living Voice. Luther, in his more consistent mood, was hardly less arrogant than Mr. Matthew Arnold in his assertion that the Canon of the New Testament was to be limited by his own theology. The Epistle of James, said Luther, cannot be the word of God, because it is tainted with "Justification by works." This and this cannot be a λόγιον of Jesus, says the modern critic, because *I* would not have said it.

I do not forget that one great watchword of the sixteenth century revolt was the appeal from the Church to the Bible. But the impartial critics have long since begun to recognize that the Bible is no ally of the

Lutheran and Calvinist theology, much less of the eclectic system of the so-called National Church of England. And as the inevitable disintegration has gone on, the appeal to the Bible has come to be an appeal against the Bible.

I do not hesitate, indeed, to say that the teaching office of the Church and the existence of any real revelation must stand and fall together. If there be no Church, neither is there any Bible, unless you mean by a Bible an interesting but scrappy compendium of oriental literature. If the Church be not a teacher, then there is not any Christ at all, unless it be a self-deluded Hebrew Socrates.

It will enable me to make my position clearer, if I may for a moment assume that those whom I address accept the proposition that the mission of Christ was to reveal to the whole world some knowledge of divine things not attainable or not attained before. My position is that, if this be true, the claim of the Church to be a living voice, expounding with authority from age to age what was contained in that revelation and included in the deposit of faith, must of necessity be allowed. For if a revelation *were* required for the spiritual guidance of the race, it is self-evident that the truth intended to be revealed must be capable of being apprehended by all sorts and conditions of men, and in the coming ages of the world, with some reasonable security. A revelation which in its cardinal points was open to such absolute doubt, that the most honest, enlightened and spiritual men could arrive at conclusions diametrically opposed, and yet have no kind of arbiter to whom they could refer their difference, is no revelation at all. That any revelation should be useful for the world or conceivable as a providential design, three things surely are necessary: that it should be guaranteed in its inception: that it should carry a continuing certitude: and that it should be applicable to the intelligence and practical necessities of every struggling soul. It is written, indeed, that the things of God are hidden oftentimes from the wise and learned, and are revealed rather to the babes and sucklings of the world. But assuredly it *cannot* be true that the revelation of Christ is a thing discernible by

sundry scholars and gentlemen, having leisure and much knowledge, but wholly misapprehended or not visible at all among the "little ones" of whom He always spoke so carefully—by the crossing-sweeper and the washer-woman, the labourer in the fields, the proletariat of the town. If from these, who need it most, the revelation of Christ is inevitably hidden, then God has mocked the universe. But if there be *not* a teaching authority and a living voice, how is the truth accessible to these?

Will you tell me they can read the Bible? I reply, that men better and more learned than they have found a thousand contradictory religions within the covers of the Sacred Books of Christianity. Even if it were not so, who shall guarantee to them either the degree of authority that attaches to these books or the very contents of the canon, if there be no continuing teacher in the world since the day when Christ last stood on Olivet, when not a line indeed of the New Testament was written?

The movers of the revolt against authority in the sixteenth century felt the difficulty dimly; but they evidently were not aware of the far-reaching scepticism which their protest logically involved. It is a common delusion that they appealed to human reason against the Church. They did nothing of the kind. They adopted, as a working principle, the doctrine of the infallibility of Bible texts, supplemented by the conception of the "testimony of the Holy Spirit." On this view, earnest souls throughout Protestantism, prayerfully reading the Word of God with the intoxicating belief in a personal revelation of its import, were not long in setting up an infinite diversity of creed and practice, wherein, for want of any pope, each teacher was his own. Even the montrosities of the Anabaptists in the earlier time, or of the Mormons in our own, have come to them guaranteed by the same authority which guarantees the sturdy Calvinism of Scotland, the Puritanism of the Ironsides, the mystic spirituality of George Fox and William Penn. Of all this I merely say that, to my mind, such a revelation reveals nothing: and that if the office of the Messiah were but to live and speak for a little while, and charge a few uneducated persons to commit to writing a fragmentary account of what He did and said, and a still

more imperfect set of epistolary remarks upon the theories of life and action which He taught, then He has left the world without any secure guidance in the ways of God, or any safe criterion of truth and right.

Surely the cult of isolated texts which is nicknamed 'Bibliolatry' is no possible assurance of God's teaching. There are texts which, taken apart, prove almost everything. And conversely there are many vital matters which no set of texts, taken apart, will satisfactorily establish. If anything is clear about the New Testament, it is that nowhere does it profess to set out either a reasoned philosophy of life or a comprehensive scheme of doctrine. Apart from the probability that there was even then a 'Discipline of the Secret,' it is obvious that in no one of the Gospels or Epistles has the writer any idea of writing a systematic exposition, or any notion that he is putting on record an exhaustive or complete account of the teaching either of Christ or any of the early Church. To them, as to me, the deposit of faith was a body of tradition, providentially safeguarded by the earthly work of the Spirit of Truth, but not depending on nor bounded by the Sacred Books, for it was going on concurrently before and during their construction, by the same authority which adjudicated, first vaguely and afterwards with definite precision, upon the number and office of the Sacred Books themselves.

There is of course another sense in which all Christianity must depend on the Bible, for it is there chiefly that we find the historic warrant for the belief that such a life as Christ's was ever lived at all. But when we have used our Matthew, and John, and Paul, with Clement and Hermas, and Ignatius and the rest, as we might use our Tacitus or our Josephus; and in the character of historic students have sifted out from these the fact that Christ's life and acts and works and personality are in the main as historic as Cæsar's; then, as a Catholic, I would say that we can collect from that account and the historic facts surrounding it the assurance not only that this momentous Person did found the Catholic Church—of which I am as certain as that Cæsar initiated the Empire—but also that in founding it He gave it a commission which, if He was truly God,

was verily Divine. Thus it is that when, in course of centuries, we find it declared that Matthew, John and Paul are " of the canon of scriptures " and are to be read as inspired writings, whereas Clement and Hermas, however venerable, are not; then we can go back to Matthew, and John, and Paul, and read them again, not as mere historical critics but as humble students of the word of God—and so are prepared to accept, on their authority endorsed by the authority of the faith, much in their narrative which, as historical critics, we were content to earmark as possibly legendary or of doubtful accuracy, and much in their doctrine which, as mere literature, might not have commended itself to a fastidious taste.

I have desired to define at some length this Catholic view of Christ's revelation and the Catholic attitude towards the Bible, as opposed to the Protestant theories on these matters, partly because it is vital to the understanding of Catholicism and partly because it is seldom understood by those who stand outside the Church. I now pass to the consideration of some of the main lines of the Catholic teaching. It will be understood that I have indeed nothing to offer but a few suggestions, whose only value, if they have any, is that they have been borne in upon me by reason of much converse with those to whom Catholicism speaks the language of a strange country.

Upon the commonplaces of controversy I do not propose to waste time. The "errors of Rome" which exercise the mind of anti-Popery lecturers and other wise men, are for the most part beside the point. Too often, they are either flat misstatements of Catholic belief, imputing to us what no Catholic would dream of teaching—as that " the end justifies the means ; " or they are a travesty of something which is the merest fringe of that great body of doctrine, such as the ancient usage of indulgences or the celibacy of clergy. Of such things, at a fit time, I should not despair of giving you a wholly reasonable account : but if a man desires to appreciate the Catholic Faith as it deserves, it is not with these high points of controversy that he will begin. It is the broad base-lines of that majestic plan that such a one will look for. It is the pregnant

words which, by that living voice, the Master speaks to all the world and to each man's soul.

I cannot hope to make you know these mighty words —which Paul heard in the third heaven—which all of us will hear when the last trumpet sounds—which, as we well know, descend at the altar rails into many a simple heart. To the ear of faith, they are not hard to hear: but to state them in the common language of the world, and above all in the customary speech of modern England, is a work that for its full accomplishment must wait, I think, till God shall send again that gift of 'prophecy,' wherewith He touched the lips of John of the Golden Mouth, and lit the fiery eyes of Savonarola and winged the gracious words of Lacordaire. Yet, however little power there be to do it, we must do the little that we may. For when we look back upon that woeful time when the body of Christ was torn asunder, and the mightiest semblance of God's Kingdom which the world had seen was rent by civil war, I think we cannot choose but say that these men, however we are to judge their motives or their aim, threw back the world's religious life by centuries.

We have had more than two hundred years of "Phœnix-cremation" since the Bull of Wittenberg was burnt; but I doubt if another two hundred will place us at the point the world might have reached, if the party of reform had been led by men of the type of Savonarola and of Thomas More, rather than by Luther and Henry VIII. That is our view: but of those who take any other, we may at least demand that they shall be willing to labour with us to restore the broken unity, to heal the secular war, to point the nations, amid a chaos that seemingly grows worse with every tide of books, to that City whereof the pattern is laid up in heaven, whose walls are justice and whose ways are peace, since it is builded upon the rock of an assured commission and lit for ever by the light of God.

I must pray you therefore to follow me a little, while I try to tell you what Catholicism means to me. It implies, first of all, a deep tremendous consciousness of the heaven-high difference between good and evil, truth and untruth, righteousness and sin, if it seems to be rigid in its teaching and in its insistence on obedience,

it is because it feels that the tolerance which holds that one thing may as well be true as any other, is but an opening of the floodgates of all misery. Tolerance we are perfectly ready to give where it is due. Where a man believes error honestly, only because he is somehow disabled from seeing the truth, we do not venture to condemn him; but we cannot talk of it as if he were as likely to be right as we are, or as if it did not matter which of us was right at all. For when we say that we *believe*, we mean it: and when we profess to hold the Truth revealed by God in Christ, we hold it as a precious gift, the wanton loss of which would be by far more terrible than any worldly calamity.

As with truth, so with the consciousness of sin. We are repoached, unjustly enough, with some unreasonable hostility to modern progress, and to that all-pervading spirit of emancipation which is the pride of the children of the Great Revolution. Neither with progress, nor with science, nor with freedom, has the Church any quarrel. She has herself in many ways been the promoter and guardian of them all; but she has always been, and is and will be, jealous of the *souls* that are in danger, for she counts the risk of moral evil as a thing far graver than material prosperity. As we would all say surely, in our personal ethics, that no amount of money gain should weigh with an honest man against his moral degradation; so the Church says, upon her wider plane, that no amount of monetary or material progress will compensate a generation, if thereby it suffers moral wreck. "What doth it profit a man," she cries from age to age, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" "Woe upon you," she cries to the heralds of comfortable Utopias of emancipation, "if by your recklessness the little ones of Christ are made to stumble and to fall." So much—but no more. Churchmen have been mistaken, as we all admit, in their application of that principle. You are free to say bitter things about their politics, if you will. But if you would do justice to the spirit which animated even the narrowest among them, you must remember that the thought which underlay their warfare was the paramount importance of saving, if possible, these little ones among their flock, from what seemed a probable risk of being led to sin against God.

Throughout all the Catholic doctrine and the living practice of the Church runs the same dominant note of the consciousness of sin. That God is above all things infinitely holy—that every single grave and deliberate sin is a disaster to the universe which we cannot measure—that, in the things of human life, sin is indeed the *only* real evil that exists, and that to advance towards perfection of personal character is our only real progress —these are the alphabet of the Catholic rule of life. If it be asceticism to hold that our pain and pleasure are of absolutely no account in comparison with any moral gain, then we are all ascetics in our belief, however little we may fulfil that rule in practice. And the reason why we hold each particular sin a woeful evil, is because it appears to us as a direct contempt of God, who is our absolute Lord and infinite benefactor, and because we feel that to Him by His essential nature, evil must needs be horrible altogether. If we are to talk of justice, therefore, any one rebellion could be enough to forfeit all His grace, forego His promises, and alienate the sinner by the issue of his own choice from that Heavenly Presence wherein no discord dwells.

Not only does the Church so think of sin, but she goes on to say that even if by repentance and in God's grace the direct offence is put away, the rebel absolved, the alien soul brought back into the happy family who are at home with God, yet even so the mischief of that once-committed sin is not put by. For it is the nature of evil to work itself out still, in evil and disablement and loss: and these, which are technically called the "temporal consequences" of sin, must needs be suffered even while there is rejoicing in Heaven over the sheep which was lost and is now found again. It is in this connection that we think of Purgatory. It is the life beyond this life where souls, who are indeed not rebels now but God's beloved penitents, must wait and toil and grow till they have wholly purged away the consequences of forgotten sin, and wrought upon the frail and faulty characters they built themselves, that final beauty of holiness which is alone receptive of the Vision of God.

But if the Church is stern and terrible in her anathemas on even the beginnings of moral wrong, she is not slow to preach the good tidings of the infinite mercy. I

cannot profess to you that the God of whom she speaks is the God of those who go their easy ways and say, "He's a good fellow and 'twill be all well." She dare not bid us think it will be well, unless we will it. "He made us," says St. Austin, "without our consent, but He will not save us so." For with the consciousness of sin, the Church insists by logical necessity on the paramount fact of human freedom. When the human soul came from the creative fiat as a self capable of moral life, and therein stamped with the very image of the Divine, it bore both the mark of responsibility and the inalienable power, in God's despite yet none the less triumphantly, to cause evil things to be, in what was God's fair universe before. Why did He do it? we may all ask: but with our little knowledge of the secrets of the Eternal we cannot give much other answer than that, as far as we can see, it was not possible to separate the transcendent gift of a potential moral goodness, whereby we are indeed ennobled as no other gift could honour us, from its correlative possibility of creating crime.

On Free Will, then, the Church insists; but she insists no less on Grace. If God be stainless purity, He is no less essential Love. If he does not *compel* us to obey the Holy Law, at least He plies us with inducement, with suggestion, with facility of every kind which infinite wisdom joined to infinite love can offer for our aid. The world which we inhabit is the world our fathers made, and it is beset with the results of old ancestral sin: for it is the tragic property of wrong that its ill consequences affect not only him who does it, but also those to whom his life is bound in this great family of struggling souls. We live then not in a Paradise of God's arranging, but in a Babylon of crooked ways, whose streets are littered with the rotting evil and barred with the accumulated rubbish of that past which we inherit. I do not forget, still less deny, that this same Babylon is a mighty city, wherein are also goodly sights and gracious buildings not a few, with many that, though still imperfect, and it may be dangerous in their imperfection, are full of promise for the later time. I am no decrier of the noble inheritance our fathers left us: yet I say that when I think of it as the abode wherein we must work out each of us his own salvation,

it would to me seem little better than a fever swamp or stricken city of the plague, were it not for the grace of God.

For, as the Church conceives, the teeming millions who are born and die, at mere haphazard as it were, along the crooked ways where to the human eye there is no light nor joy, are not forgotten. Up and down, as Jacob saw them, go the messengers of God. To all they come: to those who are working out, with fear and trembling always, yet with steady resolution, what they take to be for them the will of God; and to those who are wavering on the brink of danger; and to those no less—nay rather, more eagerly if possible,—who have already sinned and are persisting in their sin.

Up and down too go the messengers, in those hard places of the world where circumstance, to human eyes, is as a devil-giant coercing hapless lives not only into pain but into moral wreck. We do not say that evil circumstance, that plague-inheritance of ancient sin, is a light thing. We think indeed that He who judges all of us will make allowance amply. It seems evident that to some the avoidance of a special sin—say drunkenness—is easier than to others. To none, short of moral madness, is sin in truth a necessity: and the madman's acts are not sin. What we conclude is not so much that those who are thrown among evil surroundings are wholly to be excused, as that those of us who have had better advantage, have the deeper blame. But everywhere, and to each with the appropriate message, come the bearers of God's grace.

When the man who is clothed in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day, is basking in a sensual ease, some warning, whether it take the form of Lazarus or no, awakes him to remember better things. When the stricken child, to whom life never brought a sweeter message than the harmony of the outward squalor and the inward pain, lies wistfully drifting towards the welcome end, there are hands unseen that clothe upon its soul the raiment of an unearthly lesson. When the successful Philistine is blotting day by day from the tablets of his brain the memory of any spiritual possibilities, there is a hand that constantly renews the unconsidered lines, so that he cannot choose but some-

times see them. For every battle there is an ally, for every frailty a support; with every temptation, however fierce it seems to our not quite impartial judgement, there goes forth for us the possibility of bearing it.

Conceiving thus of human life, as a warfare wherein we daily fight with sin, with the perpetual assistance of the grace of God, the Catholic Church presents to us, as the central fact of the world's history, the coming of the Christ.

It is not uncommon to reproach us with our acceptance of the supernatural: and our critics seem to be quite satisfied that the admission of any belief which involves things not explainable by so-called "natural law," is mere superstition—as absurd as witchcraft and less respectable than Spiritualism or the Mind Cure. I will not stay to discuss this general point of view; but I will content myself with the remark that there is no necessary antagonism at all between Naturalism and the Supernatural, rightly understood. If Free Will be a fact, that alone transcends at once all that in the narrow sense is spoken of as "natural law:" for every free act, if it be truly free, introduces a spiritual new creation into the sequence of material and organic forces. Why should not the same be true in a wider field? If there be a personal God, why may *His* will not also intervene and mould the stolid course of physical change and consequence? And if there be such influence at all, why should we assume that it is opposed to law? Rather must it be itself the action and evidence of a higher and more spiritual reason in things, which we perhaps cannot as yet follow, but which we too may some day see.

To the Catholic, then, the cardinal fact of the whole world's history is the birth and life and death of Christ. The old world leads up to it: the new is its development and outcome. Unique in all the centuries—lowliest and yet most royal—that dying Preacher, who was crucified by Jerusalem and Rome for saying that He was the very Son of God, is the corner-stone of the world fabric,—the key of the human mystery—the Lord of Life. Reading the simple narrative, waiving all question of inspiration, if you will, we can come to no other conclusion but that He claimed to be the Incarnate

God. Not at all a wise Socrates—not in the least, a later Isaiah—not a mystic nor a magician: but the very God—the Word made Flesh—the absolute "I am."

Upon this paramount and central truth of Christ's Divinity, the Church insists as the focus and radiating point of all her teaching. I have spoken of her wide philosophy of sin and grace. For both, she takes us back at once to Christ. His life and death—the perfect sacrifice, the purifying and the reconciliation of sin-stained humanity—bore in it the needed infinite redemption, built in the counsels of the eternal mercy the golden bridge by which every sinner may return. In the mystery of that Life and Death, at once truly human and inalienably divine, is the origin of all grace. He is the link between the Finite and the Infinite: therefore He is the way whereby we come to God and whereby God communicates Himself to us. In that, by reason of His humility, we are the brethren of the Son of God, so are we heirs of the heavenly kingdom. In His Sonship is the eternal Fatherhood of God revealed. In that He died, He conquered death: in that He lived and liveth, He is the door of life eternal.

On all this, I say, the Catholic Church insists—and with far keener and more eager vigilance than any other of the confessions. For if Christ be not God, she feels, then is our hope vain. If He, who on a score of critical occasions claimed to be Divine, was but a madman or a fraud, let us not play at Christianity—let us rather eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Because from the first she guarded this essential truth before all else, therefore she spent centuries in defining and maintaining the doctrine of Christ, the Human and Divine. The elaborate formulæ of the Nicene theology and the rest are not scholastic subtleties or the quibbles of an oriental fancy: they are the necessary basis and security of the vital fact of Christianity. It is either these, or nothing.

And as she has insisted always on the doctrine of the Trinity, so, for exactly the same reason, she has been careful to uphold the honourable prerogative of her whom from the earliest centuries she has styled the Mother of God. Wonderful indeed it is to any Catholic to hear the stale invectives which are still bestowed on "Mariolatry," as if somehow the worship of the Divine were squandered

on a creature: for there lives no Catholic so ignorant as not to be able to tell you the true answer—that we honour her precisely because to do otherwise would be to ignore the real Godhead of her Son.

Believing then that Christ is the "very God of very God," who took upon Himself the human nature and dwelt with us on earth a while, the Church presents His earthly work under four different aspects—though these also are in truth the same. He is the Saviour of the world; He is the Revelation of the Truth of God; He is the Perfect Life; and He is the Founder of the Spiritual Kingdom. You will see that each and all of these grow naturally and at once out of the main conception of His nature and His office. In the world-reconciliation, it was needful that men should learn to know God better, and that they should be taught to do His will, seeing that the human wisdom and human good intentions had not sufficed. Equally, as I have sought to show you, was it necessary that an abiding institute should be created—not indeed a kingdom of this world, but yet a palpable, continuing, organic fact—a sure custodian and an abiding witness.

On some of these points I have dwelt already—of all, there is abundant notice in the Gospel texts. To insist on them at length here would carry me beyond my scope. I pass therefore at once to say that beyond this fundamental insistence on the Divine character of Christ, there is another derivative sense in which the Catholic Church insists constantly upon the supernatural.

I said that, in her view, the life of man must needs be constantly assisted by the spiritual help of God; and that she presents the life and death of Christ, as being, in the design of Providence, the fountain of this unfailing grace.

Now it is her special pride and office to be a means of salvation available to all—to be a Church truly Catholic, to whom nothing of humanity is alien, from whom the beggar can draw spiritual wealth as surely as the prince or the professor, though they too find, if they will seek it, all the special help they need. To the end that there should be in the world such tangible and easy ways of entering into the Heavenly Communion, of appropriating, each poor nature for itself, the riches of the treasure of the Lord, the Church believes that Christ

ordained that series of symbolic rites, adapted to the crises of our life, which we call Sacraments: and that it was His will to appoint concerning these that they should be to His disciples (apart from prayer) the ordinary channels of the communication of that grace and pardon and spiritual sustenance, which in and through the office of our Saviour we claim from the Almighty. True is it, that this infinite ocean of Love is waiting for us all the while. Yet in the spiritual order, Love too has its own laws, and this is one of them; that by Christ's appointment we draw its channels into our souls, as freely and as fully as we will or as our capacity for receiving it will allow, by obeying the sacramental ordinances of the Christian dispensation, in faith and love and humble trust in Him.

I need not tell you—for it is patent—that of this sacramental system the central power is that fact, which more than any theoretic point marks off the life of the Church Catholic from everything beyond it—the acceptance of the Real Presence of the Lord upon our altars under the sacramental form.

To those who approach this as mere critics, bringing neither personal experience nor sympathy to aid them, no man can hope to say what it implies. To them I will only say, "You read the Imitation and you hold it a great book—one of the treasures of the world—a mirror and revelation of the holiest in man. Read then the sacramental chapters of that soul-swaying meditation, and go back and scoff at us, if you can." Or let them go, if they prefer life to literature, into any Catholic church, not at a fashionable midday Mass but in the early morning, on some great day like Easter or the Birthday of Christ; and watch the still rapt gladness that has fallen on the meanest faces, watch the fellowship and democracy of the altar rails, catch the energy of better effort and of new beginning, and the enthusiasm of sincere repentance, and the nobility of high worship that makes the air electric—and tell us if they can, that it is all no more than mummery and priestcraft, folly counter-signed by fraud.

All this may be self-deception, you will say: and undoubtedly, although subjective testimony may be much to us who have believed, to others it is at the best a

noticeable phenomenon. Something more is wanted. We must show a reason for our faith in this most startling or most mystic doctrine of a spiritual Presence that transcends not only sense but maddest imagination, of which yet there is no outward sign at all.

Our first reason, naturally, is in the Bible text itself. We say, and I confess I cannot conceive that an intelligent atheist would doubt it, that Christ said neither more nor less than what the Church teaches concerning the Eucharist, not only when He founded that rite on the most solemn occasion of His intercourse with his Apostles, but at many other times, and above all in that startling test discussion which is recorded in the sixth chapter of St. John. But strong as is the Scriptural argument, the Church has another that is perhaps still stronger.

The doctrine of the Real Presence, linked with that of the ordinance of the Last Supper as a mystic, yet most effectual commemoration and representation of the Passion of the Lord, is the essence and import of "the Mass." Now that great act of common worship and of mystic sacrifice, of solemn commemoration and public prayer for all the living and the dead, is and has always been the central office of the Church—in every age and nation substantially, nay even minutely, the same. Being so notable a corporate act, it has been always safe-guarded by jealous provision for a settled liturgical form. There is no time in the history of Christendom when that liturgy is not before us, as a palpable and most significant record : for in every age and under every variation it testifies beyond cavil to the belief in a Real Sacramental Presence of the Lord as the whole point and meaning of the great office. I suppose there are many able and learned persons who imagine, in a very careless ignorance, that the Mass is a "fond thing vainly invented," somewhere in the Middle Ages. Yet nothing is more palpably untrue.

The case stands thus. There exist certain great types of the Liturgy of the Mass—all perfectly at one in their intent and doctrine and general plan, and even in their main forms of prayer and in unexpected coincidences of phrase and action, yet varying in practical arrangements and filled in with details

evidently arising by local usage. Each of these is clearly *parallel to* and not *derived from* the others. Each is attributed by the local tradition to an apostle, who was the early founder of the local Church. Each is carried up, by a separate chain of documentary and historical evidence, to a time not very many generations removed from the living witness of those who saw and heard the Lord. What is more clear as a mere matter of scientific historical criticism, than that these great trunk lines of liturgical tradition must have diverged from a common Apostolic Type or norm—and that this type must have been, as they are, a central and Sacramental and commemorative office, involving a Real Presence, and being to them in all essentials what the office of the Mass has been to us to-day?

Probably many of you will be incredulous, but the proofs are very simple. At Rome, we have the Liturgy which is now the common, though by no means the only form used in the Catholic Church, and we trace it back so far, that details of its use are attributed to Popes who ruled between 100 A.D. and 120 A.D. The names of the commemorated in the text are known to have been Saints added by gradual accretion, and yet all of them, with a solitary exception, were martyred before A.D. 310 (the excepted date being 362), while the earlier names go back to Linus, Cletus, and Clement, the immediate successors of Peter's Chair. Ambrose of Milan, himself the editor of a special rite still preserved there, cites, soon after 400 A.D., some of the Roman prayers as being taken from what he then called "the ancient rites." Like all the others, it seems to have been preserved in oral tradition, by reason of the Discipline of the Secret, until the fifth century: but a copy of the Canon, exactly as it is now, was set forth in the Sacramentary of Pope Gelasius about 496 A.D. There is, however, no question that the ancient form had been preserved in all its essentials, though we have reason to believe there was a certain shortening of all the liturgies after the Empire became Christian; and we have on record, in the Epistles of St. Innocent I. in the fourth century, that Pope's opinion that the Liturgy was in fact the true tradition given by St. Peter to the Church at Rome.

Turn now to the other great rite preserved at Alexan-

dria, which in like manner was probably committed to writing under St. Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria, after 400 A.D., and ascribed by him and by the whole Church to the direct oral tradition of St. Mark himself. The internal evidence of the prayers, as they were then set down and have been since preserved, points to the period of persecution, say 300 A.D., as the date of some of the added prayers, the body of the rite being still earlier. The condemnation of the Eutychian opinions in 451 led to the schism which detached all the Copts from Rome: yet the Copts have to this day a form of the same Sacramental Liturgy of St. Mark and St. Cyril, which was old among them then.

If you go to Syria, the great "Liturgy of Jerusalem," ascribed to the tradition of St. James himself and to the direct development of the Church described in the Acts of the Apostles, is the Liturgy long used by and still preserved among the Eastern Eutychians, who therefore held it as the true tradition before 450. The Nestorians, who have been separated since 431, keep to this day a related rite, named from St. Thaddæus the Apostle. Indeed, we are told that Nestorius was the first of the schismatics of whom it was even *alleged* that he had altered in the least the ancient Liturgy. It is curious to remember that the Portuguese, when they discovered Malabar in the 16th century, found a native Church there using this very rite: and it is now clear that they had it from the Nestorian Church of Babylon, where it was in use before 400. But we carry this rite still further back with an absolute historic certainty: for it happens by good fortune that there are preserved to us the Sunday-school lessons of St. Cyril, who was Bishop of Jerusalem in 347. In these he actually instructs his catechumens in the ritual and meaning of the Mass, and for that purpose he explains point by point the venerable liturgy much as we have it still as the basis of a hundred local rites throughout the Catholic East.

Now each of these three great normal types of the Eucharistic tradition—that of Peter at Rome, that of James at Jerusalem, that of Mark at Alexandria—is perfectly independent. No scholar can dream that any is derived from, or even moulded by any other. The

hundreds of minor variations fall to the scholar's criticism easily under one or other of these or other equally ancient types. But the types themselves are sisters not interdependent but collateral: and therefore they are sisters of a common stock. These three or four most venerable types—to leave aside the others—*involve an archetype*. Yet each of them by the fourth century was not only established but old, and based by those who loved it upon an apostolic tradition. Who made the common archetype, I pray you, which Rome and Alexandria and Jerusalem and Babylon assume? In what common Eucharistic centre do these traditions meet? Who taught the half-dozen intervening generations to accept this appalling mystery with common certainty, as a thing not doubted even when dogmatic heresy was rife and the world rang with polemical debate—as a thing which every schismatic took with him, whatever else he left? Who taught it, I ask, or could have taught it, but the Master who, on the world-historic night, commanded them to do in memory of Him the solemn act which He did then.

I have said that there is reason to believe that there was a general adaptation of the liturgies in the fourth century, when the universal spread and official acceptance of Christianity had somewhat slackened the early zeal. The main object was to shorten the great length of the earlier Eucharistic service. Most of the superficial differences we now observe, as distinguishing various liturgical "families," probably date from this time, for one Church dropped one detail and another dropped a different one. Before the period of these shortenings and adaptations, it is practically established by the historical critics of liturgical antiquity that the usage of all the Churches was substantially and even minutely parallel; and although no certain record of its text exists, its general tenor is perfectly well known, so that we know that it contained not only all the essentials but even many curious and remarkable details of the Masses which are said in our own day. The best German scholar, in fact, who is working at this subject, has lately collected all the references of the Fathers of the first three centuries to the liturgy they knew —and there are hundreds of such allusions—with the

result that they are found to fit in without the slightest variance with the scheme of what we take leave to call the Mass which came down from the day of the Apostles.

If you still doubt what I say of the Apostolic origin of the Eucharistic Act, I would have you read what is not hard of access—the Apologia of Justin, who is called the "Philosopher," addressed as early as 138 A.D. to Antoninus Pius, in defence of the Christian faith. Therein, speaking generally of the existing rites, for he had lived in Syria and at Alexandria and Rome, he describes the outline of the Mass. As the core and heart of it, he insists in plain terms on the doctrine of the Real Presence. With great simplicity and directness he bases both the doctrine and the office upon the institutionary words of Christ. And as if to exclude any caviller who might suppose it a new idea of his own or his contemporaries, he goes on to remark as a striking fact that "evil spirits" (as he puts it) "have introduced this very solemnity into the mysteries of Mithra," the then fashionable ritualism of Rome: proving so that to his knowledge,—and he was a master of all the schools before his baptism,—the Mass was older than these fantastic Eastern rites, and was in fact, as it claimed to be, the commemorative office framed by those who first received the Eucharist at the very hands of Christ.

If then the equivalent of the Mass we have to-day was known as the ancient and undoubted worship of the Churches by this Syrian convert, born when John, if dead, was only just dead, and to whom John's personal disciples and the immediate followers of James and Paul must have been known, what will you say? If the "Supper of the Lord," which Paul was setting in order among the Christians about 50 A.D., was not the same thing as Justin was admitted to about 120 A.D., who altered it? Not the Beloved Disciple, or his pupil if you will, who wrote the Fourth Gospel: for the Fourth Gospel insists most markedly on this very Eucharistic doctrine. Not the Church at Rome: for there, as I have said, the tradition was preserved by well remembered records from the joint martyrdom of Peter and Paul down to the Sacramentary of Gelasius. The answer is that there is no change, no innovation; only an untiring

effort to hold fast the ordinance of the Saviour, who left it as His most precious legacy when He went out to die.

Terrible it is, if you will—surpassing human speech—this heart of heavenly fire that lives within our worship. You will tell me it is vain to trace it back to the Apostles, for the thing itself is past believing. I admit that if Christ be not God, our hope is vain—our holy office, as you say, a mummery—our Communion with the Lord of Heaven and Earth a bitter fraud. But I warn you that if you come with me so far as to agree that Christ was, and that He was Divine, you must come further. If you repudiate the whole record, I understand you. But every competent critic now admits that quite worthy witnesses are before us. If you take the witness as of any weight at all, you cannot put aside the clear consensus and wilful repetition of the three Synoptics who record the words of institution: nor the still fuller and more deliberate enforcement of the same by Paul: nor, above all, that vivid dramatic sermon in the sixth of John. There, after His teaching ,they asked as you do, "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" and many of the disciples went away and walked no more with Him. He did not call them back to tell them that they misconceived, nor did He explain to the Apostles any hidden sense. He only turned sadly to the twelve, and asked "Will you too go away?" And Peter, spokesman of the faith as elsewhere, beaten down by the mystery, not understanding the hard saying any more than the seceders, answers, as we answer now, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life: and we believe and know that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God."

I have dwelt long upon the subject of the Mass and of the Eucharistic doctrine. It is, I think, an obvious dividing line between those conceptions of faith and worship which in our own day are tending towards Catholicism, and those which lead away from it. I have only time to pass now to one other aspect of the Catholic Church, in which it appeals with peculiar force to the present struggling generation, and to the coming time.

As the root idea of the Protestant Reformers was flat individualism, so the dominant note of the Catholic conception of the world is solidarity. In the beginning,

the Church was all but a communism. In the days of the persecution, all who had, without other compulsion than the love that Christ revealed, gave up their wealth to feed the needy; and this fraternal distribution was directly organized by the Church. At all times, though she has allowed private property, she has suggested that to forego it is the better way. At all times, to those who keep their own, she has preached a far-reaching duty of charity to all the world, which if it were carried out, would leave little disparity to mourn.

As in property, so in all else. The universal brotherhood has been to her no empty name, but a world-reforming fact and law. Strongly, through bribe and menace, she has striven to uphold the equality of prince and peasant before the moral code: and it is her pride to remember that even when the hatred of the English Crown was the penalty of refusal, a weak and hunted and tormented Pope refused to mete out to the Tudor any other marriage law than would be meted out to the meanest hind within his realm.

And no less is it our pride that we can say that while the Church stood upright, here and elsewhere—even to the latest hour of what they call her worst corruption—she provided for the people a career, far more sure and better worth their following than the most advanced democracy has given them since.

Take the great Churchmen, who, by their sheer ability and learning, did the chief part of the government of the world for many a century. They are a noble line, promoted often to an almost royal dignity, and in the vast majority of cases for no reason except their talents or their virtues, or both: and of these men an enormous multitude are the children of the poor. There was not a country side that had not within reach its abbey or its cathedral: and where a peasant lad showed promise and desired at once to serve God and to make his life useful upon a wider plane, it was very certain he would be put to school and made a 'clerk:' and once a clerk, the Church to him was but an organized democracy, wherein nothing, even to the Papal chair, was inaccessible to merit. You have sown the land with schools; you have improved the Poor Law and multiplied philanthropies; and you do well: but for all these

things it was easier for the deserving helpless ones of the earth to find help in their need, and easier for those whom God endowed with power to find their rightful place, before Henry sacked the monasteries and made himself the English Pope.

If you pass to social or political liberty it is still the same. In the Brotherhood of Christ the Church saw neither bond nor free. The patrician maiden and the slave girl, in the Acts of the Early Martyrs, meet as equals and as friends. As swiftly as human inertia allowed, the Church abolished slavery. In the home, she found women degraded by the licentiousness of the age. She freed them at a stroke when she declared that marriage was a Sacrament of God; and when she placed above her altars, as the symbol next in holiness to the Incarnate God, her stainless ideal of womanhood and maternity, she did more to hold in check men's proneness to brutality than all the laws that ever punished crime. In our own and every other struggling commonwealth, when the feudal power was at its worst, and threatened to engulf for ever the liberties of the tenants of the soil, it was the Church more than any other single force that bearded these lords of war, and made it possible for the common people to achieve their liberty. So it was the Church that gave articulate voice to justice and to civic reason, in adapting first and in administering afterwards the codes of written law: and here, as everywhere, she was but seeking, after the rough-hewn fashion of human institutions, to carry out Christ's paramount commandment—the Law of Love.

But not only within each single state was she a power for justice and emancipation—she was more and greater than them all. By the character of her Catholic title and her Catholic commission, she held up before the peoples the ideal of a world-community. Amid the lawless violence of the mail-clad centuries, she provided at least a possible arbiter. And however men may sneer at the ambition of the Popes, the European peace would be much nearer than it is to-day if the notable example of Prince Bismark's recent revival of the old precedents of Papal arbitration could be adopted as a commonplace of diplomacy.

When the Empire fell, the Church upheld its claim.

To this hour, she refuses in the name of her commission, and she will refuse, to bind herself by any frontiers, or to be otherwise than independent in her own field of every national government, whether it wears its crown in Rome or no. She knows that the world-progress is hampered while our narrow frontiers hedge us in with prejudice and tariffs, and our national self-seekings and distorted patriotisms keep all the nations lowering at each other like caged beasts, and stifle industry and freedom and every noble thing beneath the immeasureable load of military preparation: she looks for a better time when the human Brotherhood may be, even in statecraft, a practical reality.

Yet not even here can I pause. For if she prophesies of a World-State, and laughs at the little fences statesmen draw upon the map, no less does she bid us think of even such a commonwealth as but one province of the Heavenly Kingdom. "The Church" to her cannot be bounded by the narrow scene whereon we play our parts a little while; for the Church is the body of Christ. In our Father's house there are many mansions; and this is but the outer porch. Beyond the grave her children are not far away. She has taught and always teaches that they are linked to us, and we to them, in that Community of Saints which reaches upwards to the throne of God. It may be that they, our brethren, are of the company of the Church Suffering—purging away, by what endurance and patience and travail we know not, the moral stains they carried from the warfare of the Church Militant, where we were comrades and brethren in arms. It may be that already, if with our measures we can rightly appraise what with the immortals takes the place of time, they have passed into that other company of the Church Triumphant, whose place is in the sight of God. Yet wheresoever they may be, our comrades, we can reach our hands to them and they to us, in prayer and spiritual fellowship, and unseen in God's ordering a common life goes on. Members we are then, of one another—here and in the unknown: members of one transcendent spiritual yet organic whole—and that whole is the Body of Christ.

Endless, of course, are the things that yet remain to say concerning the great tradition of the Catholic

teaching. Endless also, I believe, are the ways in which it would be well for us and for our children, if the Catholic Truth were so stated in our modern speech, that those who now say that every Catholic must needs be either knave or fool could understand the things that they despise. For the present purpose I am content if I have been able in any measure to set forth these three outstanding aspects of the Catholic belief—the claim of the Living Voice, the treasure of the Sacraments, the Brotherhood of the Body of Christ. Like all else in Truth, they are but different aspects of the same thing—the application namely, of the work of Christ to the needs of all humanity. They are the same in this also, that in each there comes the note of Catholicity. In Christ all men are one—and that, not merely in any formal or theoretic unity, but in a brotherhood which, if we could once translate it into the formulæ of government, would leave Democracies and Socialisms behind.

Those who take themselves to be the best exponents of Western civilization, have been accustomed of late to treat the Church with scant courtesy; and I agree that if, as some of them suppose, religion, and perhaps duty also, is altogether to vanish from the earth, then the study of Catholicism would be but a waste of energy. But if, as I believe, the moral and religious consciousness of man be no less a fact than knowledge or physical growth or life or death, then I claim that this transcendent expression of religion through the Christian centuries demands a hearing from them all. They call it dead, yet it is more alive, in the moulding of humanity, than all their schools. They say it belongs to a forgotten past, but there are not wanting signs that it shall inherit the future. In the field of ethics and religion, England like the rest, is dividing rapidly into two camps —those who do and those who do not hold that religion is unnecessary and any reality of God superfluous. When that division is complete, it will be seen that the walls of the camp of the believers are but the fold of the Catholic Church.

In the field of social and political relations the old order changes, day by day more swiftly. Much is gone and more will go. Surely one thing is clear: that

neither just industry nor social health nor noble government is possible, unless we build on something better than self-seeking, and appeal to something holier than "the desire of a remembered pleasure?" Individualism, and the Manchester school, and freedom of contract, and all the theories that sought justice in the war of interests and progress in the clash of infinite selfishness, are being carried out before our eyes to burial. Protestantism is fighting for its life with organic disintegration and intellectual doubt, to which it can oppose neither a reasoned philosophy of life nor any authoritative gospel. It cannot rescue the body politic, for it cannot save itself. The masses leave it on the one side, and the leaders of opinion on the other. Is there no hope at all, of light and leadership in the coming time?

I submit to you that the promises of the Messiah have not failed. His followers were the social saviours of the earlier Europe: it is not more difficult to help the centuries that lie before us. That which He promised to uphold, lives on: and, gathering up the ancient truth and the modern hope, it points the nations, now as always, to that true Republic, where freedom is the law of duty; where all are equal as the sons of God; and where fraternity is the willing service of the brotherhood of Christ, when the Kingdom of the Lord shall come.

Why in Latin?

By the Rev. GEORGE BAMPFIELD.

I.

"AND you, an Englishman of the nineteenth century, brought up in a Protestant school and in a Protestant University, you boldly say that it is right and well for the Mass to be said in Latin!"

I do. Righter and better, more reasonable, and more Scriptural—yes! you may open your eyes, more Scriptural—than to say it in English.

"Well, If that is not wonderful! Why, I went the other day into your church. There was bending and bowing, and standing and kneeling, boys going here, and boys going there, lighting of candles and swinging of incense, the choir singing and the priest trying to sing, and a thundering big organ drowning everybody in the church with a deluge of sound, but what it was all about I could not for the life of me understand. The choir sang in Latin, and the priest sang in Latin—at least I suppose it was Latin, it certainly was not English—and when he was not singing you could not hear a word he said. Why, he had his back turned to you nearly all

the time, and he spoke quite low to himself, he didn't seem to want anybody to hear; so I came out of the church quite puzzled. I had not said a single prayer, and I had not the slightest idea what it all meant."

I fully understand you, and I thoroughly feel for you. You Protestants, when first you come into our churches, must think us the queerest of creatures. I remember how puzzled I was at the first High Mass I ever saw, a day or two after I became a Catholic. I had never been in a Catholic church before, except to look at the architecture, and I sadly disappointed the good priests of the church, who thought I should be delighted, by telling them honestly that the whole thing was to me a Chinese puzzle, and that I did not enjoy it a bit. I can quite feel for you; it must be very very hard for you. But now tell me this: did you look about you at all at the other people in the church?

"Well, yes; I did: there was nothing much else for me to do."

Well now! The poor Catholics in the church, the old applewoman, and the dirty old beggarman, and the horny-handed labourer, did they seem puzzled like yourself, or did they look as if they were quite at home and knew all about it?

"I must say they looked very attentive, and they seemed really to be saying prayers. There was that funny old Bridget McGrath, I could not help looking at her: she kept lifting her eyes up, and spreading her hands out, and beating her breast, and sometimes groaning a little, and really—though I did feel a trifle inclined to laugh—yet there was that look of awe and devotion about the queer old creature's face, that one could not help seeing that she was in earnest. And most of the people, even the children, seemed, I fancy, to understand."

Was there any part of the service at which they all seemed more devout than at another?

"Well, yes, there was; it was when a bell tinkled two

or three times, and the music stopped, and the choir did not sing, and the priest knelt just for a moment, and the people bowed down their heads, and there was such a strange hush and silence through the church that I felt half frightened, and bowed my own head, I scarcely knew why. Even poor Bridget was quieter than usual, and just whispered under her breath 'Ah! dearest Lord,' I think it was; something of the sort."

Were the children quiet?

"Yes; they were quiet too."

Well; you see; their all showing devotion at one time more than another proves that they all knew something about it. It was not all music and show. They were not staring at the organ and the singers, were they, all the time, or looking at the little boys with candles?

"No: only the Protestants did that."

And were there many poor in the church, or was it only poor Bridget, and a few other old things?

"Oh! it was crammed with poor people."

There it is: poor people would not come Sunday after Sunday to a worship of which they could make neither head nor tail. Somehow or other this Latin, which seems to you so terrible, neither frightens the poor nor puzzles them. Really they seem to like Latin better than English, for when I go sometimes into Protestant churches, where everything is in English, I see what is called a "highly respectable" congregation, but I see no dirt and rags. Now, as a matter of my own taste I don't like dirt and I don't like rags, but I do like to see the dirty and the ragged not afraid to go into the House of God. I think you will grant that our Latin Mass draws the poor more than your English prayers?

"You do get the poor somehow, spite of the Latin."

We do, and that is what I want you to think about. It does not follow because you are puzzled when you come into our churches, that even poor and ill-taught

Catholics are puzzled also. Our poor, though they know not a word of Latin, understand our Latin Mass far better than your poor understand your English prayers. That they love it better is quite clear from our crowded churches and your empty ones. A Latin Mass brings together a reverent crowd of praying poor; English prayers together a comfortable assembly of the well-to-do.

"You are hard upon us: yet there is some truth in what you say. For all that, you have not given us yet any reason for the Mass being in Latin!"

No I have not, that will come bye-and bye. I have merely forced upon you the fact that our poor *do* understand their Mass, so far as outward appearances go. I have shown you that our Catholic poor are not, as a matter of fact, puzzled by the Mass being in Latin, and that, so far as we can judge from their outward conduct, they know what they are about at the Latin Mass. If we are to judge of things by their fruits, the fruit of the Latin Mass is better than the fruit of the English prayers. If this is so, the understanding of the Mass, though it be in Latin, cannot be so terribly hard a thing. and if you are puzzled by it, the fault, I fancy, must be your own. A little trouble would make it as easy to you as to them.

Now, my next step is to show you how this comes about; it is a strange thing that the poor ignorant creatures should not be puzzled by Latin, and proves that there is something underneath, matters into which you have not yet enquired. When you see why the poor are not puzzled you will see also why there would be no earthly use in the Mass being in English. There are two things I have to prove to you: 1. That there is no use of the Mass being in English; 2. That there is much use in its being in Latin. We will take the first point to-day, that there is no earthly reason for the Mass being in English, and that so far as the devotions of the people go, they would be as earnest and warm and devout, if the Mass was said in ancient Arabic or

modern Chinese as if it was said in English. There are other good reasons why Latin should be the tongue, but so far as people's prayers go, it matters not what the tongue is which the priest is using.

"No matter? Why; if our clergyman was to pray in French, and read the Bible in Spanish, and preach in Italian, what would be the good of it all to us?"

What indeed? But then you see your service is not our service; our Mass is a different thing from your Morning and Evening Prayers. If your clergyman read your prayers in Latin it would be very absurd, but when our clergyman reads our Mass in Latin it is not at all absurd.

"Oh! you are always full of your puzzles. What is this mighty difference?"

Don't lose your temper with me; but tell me quietly; at your service, what is it your clergyman and you do?

"He prays, preaches, and reads the Bible, and there are psalms and hymns sung."

Nothing else.

"Nothing, except on Communion Sundays; but most people don't stop to that."

Then supposing it was all in Latin, or supposing you were a Frenchman and did not know one word of English, there would be nothing whatever in which you could join?

"Nothing whatever; there's that poor girl, the French servant at Lord Strange's, who comes without any bonnet on, I believe she's some sort of Protestant; but she does look so puzzled in church: she yawns and fidgets and makes great eyes at the clergyman, and the children declare she reads a French novel half the time."

I don't wonder; but you see our poor people don't yawn and fidget and make great eyes; and I will tell you why. In the first place it sounds a queer question to ask, but I suppose you know the priest preaches not in Latin but in English?

"Does he? You surprise me. I was always told he preached in Latin."

God forgive those who told you! It is strange indeed that such monstrous falsehoods should be spread, even by religious men. What odd consciences they must have! No; our Priest preaches in English, else where would be the good of his preaching? And though for good reasons he reads the Bible in Latin, yet he reads it immediately afterwards to the people in English.

"Read the Bible! The Bible! You!"

Every Sunday, in the English tongue. You've beeu told, of course, that we never read the Bible.

"I have often."

Great is Diana of the Ephesians; magnificent in its way is that unearthly power of lying which the truth-loving English enjoy on all Catholic matters.

"Then if the Priest preaches and reads the Bible in English, why does he pray in Latin? It makes it queerer still."

He is not only praying; he is doing a work which is greater than prayer; and the people join with him not in the words he is saying, but in the work he is doing. He does not want them to join in the words he is saying; he would rather they did not; so little does he want them to join that he says half the prayers, not only in Latin but quite low to himself: let the people use their own words, say their own prayers, point out to God their own wants, for each heart knows its own grief, and no shoulder bears the same cross; let many different prayers therefore arise to Heaven, so long as all join in the one great Act, the grand Work, which gives to all the different prayers their value.

"What is that one great act?"

Sacrifice. Sacrifice is the worship of God. The Jewe of old time had their synagogues—their chapels—all over the Holy Land, and in these synagogues they preached and read the Bible, and prayed. That was

good, but it was not THE worship of God. The worship of God, the true grand worship of God, was in the Temple, where daily, morning and evening, the lamb was offered to God and died—a blameless martyr—to the honour of Him who made it. It was to this worship that three times a year the Jews were ordered, at no little cost and weariness, to travel up. It was the loss of this that made David weep when he was in exile. The synagogue—the bible, the sermon, the prayer,—was not enough: it was for sacrifice, for the worship of God, that he yearned. Now your service is the service of the synagogue, ours is the service of the Temple. The sacrifice of the Temple is greater than the prayers of the synagogue.

"But were there no public prayers at the time of sacrifice?"

If there were, they were not the great thing. What God ordered was the sacrifice; we nowhere read that he ordered any form of prayers, what the people were to do was to be present at the sacrifice; each man said his own prayers; the Pharisee his prayer of unholy thanksgiving; this Publican his prayer of holier repentance; David his bitter prayer of sorrow for his sin, of anxiety for his dying babe, or for his sinning Absolom; Hannah her supplication that she might have a child; Simeon his earnest cries for the coming of his Lord; but all through the same sacrifice, as each man felt his want. It is quite curious to read what careful directions God gives to Moses for altar, and vestment, and incense, and candlestick, and every act and movement of the Priest; but of any form of public prayer no mention whatever. For sin even of ignorance, in thanksgiving for mercies, to ask for future blessings, to turn away dangers, or as an act of simple worship of the Great God, for all these things is ordered Sacrifice, for none of these things a a form of prayer. And the duties of the people were two: 1. To be present in the Temple while the priest sacrificed; 2. To feed upon certain parts of the victim. They joined with the priest in his Act, his great Work,

of sacrificing; they joined with the priest in his feast, in feeding upon the victim; they did not join with the priest in any public prayer or in any words said. Sometimes they could not see what he was doing, much less hear anything he said; yet they knew what he was doing, and joined in it. When the High Priest went once a year on the day of Atonement into the Holy of Holies bearing the blood of the sacrifice, he went alone, and the people were without, not even seeing his action, certainly not joining in any words, but knowing what his action was, and knowing that it was being done, and joining in it, each offering the victim's blood with the priest, each with his own prayers, each for his own needs. When Zacharias, S. Luke tells us, went into the Temple of the Lord to offer incense, "all the multitude of the people were praying without," at the hour of incense; not seeing his action, but joining in it, doing it with him, offering with him the incense to God, each with his own prayers, each for his own wants.

Clearly therefore, whatever prayers the High Priest might say in the Holy of Holies, or Zachary at the altar of incense, it could not matter to the people in what language he said them. In the synagogue it would matter, because in the synagogue there was no sacrifice, nothing being done but prayer, and therefore, if the prayers were in a foreign tongue, there would be nothing whatever in which the people could join. But in the Temple it would not matter. The people joined in the Act of the priest, not in any words of his; and therefore, if he spoke in the ancient Hebrew, as not impossibly he did, at a time when the people only understood Syriac, they would equally be able to join in all that they joined in before. The tongue would not be understood by the people, the Act would be understood by the people. In the synagogue, the prayers, bible, preaching, in Syriac; in the Temple, at the sacrifice, any tongue under the sun might be used for anything it would matter to the people.

So it is still with the Mass. Mass is the everlasting offering of the true Lamb of God. It is the highest

action that is done on earth. Our Blessed Lord, when He was going to Heaven to present to His Father His five wounds there, took thought for His Father's worship on earth, and left Himself on earth as the only worship that was worthy of his Father. And the unceasing offering of the Lamb that was slain, not indeed the slaying It, for It died but once, but the one unceasing offering It, is the great work of Mass. Mark you, I am not now proving to you the truth of our doctrine about Mass; that would take me too long; what I am now doing is showing you, that with our doctrine and our worship the use of Latin is reasonable and useful, and better than the use of English. We will suppose that it is true that the Catholic priest is not only as much a priest as the son of Aaron, but an infinitely greater priest; we will suppose it true that the lamb on the Catholic altar is a sacrifice infinitely higher and greater than the lamb in the Jewish Temple; and then I say the same rule holds good for the Catholic as held good for the Jew: let each man join the great act, offer the same Sacrifice, put up to God the same Five Wounds, the same crucified Body of God, the same saving Blood, but let each man offer It up in his own prayers, and for his own wants, for each man's need is different, and no one carries the same cross.

Think for one moment of the great worship of God that was done on Calvary. The greatest act of worship ever done was done there by the greatest Priest, the only Priest; but it was done in silence. Mary, S. John, and the Magdalen were beneath, and knew what the great act was, and as Abraham offered Isaac, so Mary, herself martyred, joined in the sacrifice of her Son; but seven times only amidst the thick darkness rang out the voice of the High Priest, nor always then in prayer. Not all three of those who stood beneath prayed surely the same prayer; one was the prayer of the Magdalen who saw there before her eyes the terrible work of her own sins, who crouched at her Lord's feet that those scarlet sins of hers might, as the blood dropped down, become white as wool; and another was the prayer of

him, the innocent one, the virgin friend of the virgin heart, who had entered by right of his innocence into all its tenderness, and understood the depths of its love; and another still the mother's prayer, who drew from that slow dripping blood a higher grander salvation than we all, who, saved more than we, had a work to do more than we, and a right to stand there offering the Son who saved her, the blood which she had given Him, for us, who were not yet saved, who were not yet one with Him. Each his own prayer, each his own thoughts, as they stood beneath the Cross, but all joined in the one Sacrifice, and to all their prayers and thoughts that one great Act gave their value.

So is it still. It matters not what the language be which the priest may use at the Catholic altar; what the people join in is the great act of worship, not any form of prayer: as the Jew in God's Temple at Jerusalem, as Mary and John and the Magdalen at the foot of the Lamb, bleeding His life, in that act of awful, hushed, worship, so silently away.

II.

"YOU still have to show me, why, if it matters not much as regards the people what the language is, Latin should be the tongue actually used. You have not answered that question yet."

No, I have not. I have put and answered a question that must go before it: Why need not the Mass be in English?

"Because the Mass is a Sacrifice, you say."

Yes. Prayer is something said to God: Sacrifice is something done to God. In prayer the words are ALL; in sacrifice the thing done is first, the words said are second. Sacrifice is a gift given; in a gift the grand thing is the act of giving, not the speaking of any particular word. When a multitude of people join in bringing a gift to God, each man of the multitude may have a different reason for bringing the gift. One may be in trouble and bring the gift to get out of his trouble; his neighbour may be in joy and bring the gift to thank God for his joy; a third in temptation, a fourth in sin, —all four bring the same gift, though for different reasons. The important point is that they should all join in offering the one gift, which gift is Jesus Christ: not that they should all join in the same words; joyful words could not express the sad man's sorrow, and sad words could not tell to God the happy man's joy; but both joyful and sorrowful tell their joy and their sorrow to God by the same gift, by the offering of the same Jesus Christ. The one thing required then is that all men should join in the act of Sacrifice; but a form of prayer—prayer in the vulgar tongue which would force itself upon the ear—would be in the way at the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is not the idea or wish of the Church, that her priest should pray aloud, and be heard, and take the people with him; she leaves the people each

man to his own freedom of prayer. Mass is a time of silent prayers, all put up through the one great Sacrifice. Sacrifice, and prayer without sacrifice, are in the Church's eyes different things. When in the Catholic Church we have what you would call public prayer or common prayer, then our prayers are in English. The evening service in most, or very many, Catholic churches is in English.

"You have prayers in English!"

Certainly: both more prayers and more beautiful prayers than any in your Common Prayer Book. There is no end to the variety of Catholic devotions. All the good parts of your Common Prayer Book are sparkles of devotion that you have stolen—and, between you and me, spoiled in the stealing—from Catholic sources. You have no devotion to our dearest Lord half so tender as our Litany of Jesus. You have no prayers about the Passion half so touching as our "Stations of the Cross." The best even of your hymns are ours. From S. Bernard down to Father Faber you take of our treasures and use them, and turn round upon us and tell us we do not pray. We have plenty of English prayers, plenty of English hymns, and give them to the people at our evening service. But at the Holy Sacrifice we choose to leave the people at liberty. We think, as many Protestants think, that one common form of prayer can never express the devotion of all hearts: Protestants feel this and try to escape the difficulty by extempore prayer: the Catholic Church knew it long before, and while she bids the people ever do the same act, offer the same Sacrifice, pray through the same wounded Lord, she leaves them to put up each his own extempore prayer; one day the prayer of sorrow, one day the thanksgiving of joy, and a third the agonized cry of the tempted and failing. The sacrifice must be the same for all, the prayer may be different for each.

I am dwelling on this and doing little more than repeating over again what I have already said, because it seems to me so hard for you to understand the differ-

ence between our Sacrifice and your Common Prayer. English people have quite lost the notion of sacrifice. Among the peoples of the earth, from the Creation until now, the English stand almost alone in this. They cannot understand, therefore, praying at a sacrifice, and their notion of our Mass is a set of Latin prayers, in which the people are positively idle, doing nothing, saying nothing, because they understand nothing. Whereas in fact the people are hard at work the whole time, joining with the priest in his great act, and praying, not indeed the same prayers as he, but each his own prayer, the whole time, as you can see for yourself if you will but enter a Catholic church and watch them.

There is another difference between our Mass and your public prayers, a difference which makes it not untrue for me to say—though it would startle you I know—that the Latin of the Mass is really a tongue "understanded by the people."

"Latin understood by the people? You do startle me indeed!"

I did not say Latin, but the Latin of the Mass. The difference is this. The larger part of your service is every day different; there are two or three different Psalms and two different chapters of the Bible at each service, and Psalms and Scripture-reading make the largest part of your Common Prayer. People, therefore, rich or poor, can hardly get to know it by heart. But it is not so with our Mass; the larger part of our Mass like your Communion Service is every day the same. Day by day the same service—nay! I know what you are going to say, we do not tire of it, there is no shadow of fear that we should weary of it—day by day the same service, a short service too, is gone through. For those who read there are translations of the Mass into English in their sixpenny prayer-books side by side with the Latin; and the dullest and poorest can pray by themselves in English, if they please, the same prayers which the priest is praying by himself in Latin. Nay! with a very little help they understand the Latin of the Mass

almost as well as the priest himself. I am sure the boys of my parish school do. Just look at that little fellow kneeling on the altar steps while the priest is saying Mass. He is answering the priest at times, as the clerks answer—if Ritualism has left any clerks—in the Protestant church; and he is answering him in Latin. He is but ten years old, and the son of a day-labourer, but I will dare to say that he not only knows what he is about, but knows the meaning of the Latin too. He has been saying it off and on these two years, and it would be odd if he did not. Just wait awhile: there will be High Mass directly, and the boys will be singing, some twenty of them, and men joining in. They are singing Latin: they have been singing the same words to that grand Catholic music—the boys these five years, and the men, some of them, these twenty years. Not know the meaning of them because they are in Latin! I do not advise you to say that to the hot-tempered Irishman, with the brawny chest and the big fist, in the front of the choir. I fancy that he might be indignant. In truth, though it may not seem so to you, it is scarcely possible that, after a short time, the Latin of the Mass should not be as familiar to a Catholic as his own tongue. More so, indeed, than the language of your Prayer Book and your Bible. Between you and me I question whether much of your Prayer Book is more "understood by the people" than Hebrew: but of that more bye-and-bye.

"You said just now that the Mass, though always the same, does not weary. I should have thought it would."

No: I believe this to be, not only from the awfulness of the sacrifice, but from that very freedom of prayer of which I have spoken. Some Protestants love a form of prayer, and feel their devotion aroused and guided by that which is old and familiar: others feel that to pray according to a form is to pray in chains and to imprison their devotion. Both feelings are, no doubt, true instincts of our nature, and both are satisfied by God's

true worship of the Mass, as true instincts of the nature God has made must be satisfied by God's religion. The same unchanging sacrifice is the cause and the guide of our devotion; our liberty to pray during the sacrifice as we will, takes all chains from our devotions and makes the same worship ever new.

"Still you have not told me why the Mass should be in Latin."

No, we have only been carting away rubbish, before beginning to build. We have settled that no possible harm can be done to the people by the Mass being in Latin. For they can join the great act each with his own prayers, they can use the priest's prayers in English, or they can even come to understand that much of Latin by constant use.

And having settled that there is *no harm done* by the Mass being in Latin, if there is any good in its being in Latin, let us by all means have that good.

"But is there any good?"

Very decidedly yes. In the first place, it is a proverbial saying of which you will not doubt the truth, because it is in the Gospels, that we must not cast pearls before swine. The things of God are in a world which is careless and irreverent. Even in the College of Apostles there was a Judas, before whom our loving Lord had bountifully thrown the pearls of His teaching, and who turned again and rent his Master. So in every congregation that kneels in a Catholic church, here and there must be a Judas—one or two who will betray, and one or two who will deny. Besides these there is the multitude without, who knows not our Lord—the multitude that throngs and jostles, and knows not whom it is so rudely pressing.

Now the Mass is the Church's pearl of great price. You do not understand that! No, you cannot till you become a Catholic. But the Mass is our pearl of great price. It is the life of the Catholic Church; the one thing for which it lives; nay, the one thing BY which it

lives—its food, its daily bread. Now, we give this food, this manna, to those who know it; from those who know it not we hide and protect it. Who cares to bare the secrets of a loving heart to a scoffing stranger? So we care not to put our holiest things in plain English before the common scoffer. He who comes to learn will learn easily and surely: he who comes to scoff will turn away baffled; there will be no holy words for him to carry away as a jest for his fellow-laugher. Look you how it is with the Scriptures that you have made so common, that hang upon the station walls, and lie side by side in the tap-room with the daily prints. Look you how Scripture words and sacred sayings of our dearest Lord, are flung from the mouths of infidels to point a jest, and scribbled in newspaper articles that they may spice a sentence. Truly the everyday mouthing of Scripture, and the way in which Scripture is made a jest-book, are a proof of what becomes of throwing God's pearls before the graceless.

Therefore now see the first use of our Latin. It does not hide our Mass for one instant from the believing; it does not puzzle our own people one whit; but it screens our holiest things from the rude gaze of the infidel and the irreverent. The world cannot get easily into our secrets; cannot make a household jest of our pearl; and because it cannot, the good world is wrath, and cries out, "English prayers for English people!" Yes, that English scoffers may make a mock! Here, then, you have one good. Were our Mass in English, the scoffer would scoff easily: it is in Latin, and he is baffled. This is better for him, who would sin; and for us, who would be troubled; and for God, Who would be insulted.

III.

"LATIN better than English for the Mass! You are getting on. You said at first there was no harm done by its being in Latin or any other language not known to the people—now you say 'better!'"

Better, most certainly; mark you for the Mass firstly, and for all the devotions of the Church, the devotions which She would have used by all nations alike everywhere. Each nation, or part of a nation for that matter, can have and has its own prayer books, its own hymns and the rest, in its own tongue:—English prayer-books, Welsh prayer-books, prayer-books in the native Irish, and so on the world through, prayer-books in county dialects if you like—but the Church's devotions are for all nations alike everywhere, but for them the one tongue.

"But Latin is a dead language!"

Exactly; that's just why it is better. Mostly living things are better than the dead. But a dead lauguage is not as other dead things. If it rotted and fell to pieces like other dead, then indeed would it be worse than living tongues. But when its meaning, which is its life, its soul, is fully known, when it has within it authors who cannot die, when anyone who studies it, whatever be his nation, can make it live again, use it for speech and for writing, then it is a dead language indeed in one sense, since no whole nation speaks it, but a living language in another sense, most living of all languages, because the best-taught in every nation, making a sort of nation among themselves, can use it, and do use it, a world-wide speech to make their thoughts known to each other. To speak or write in French is to speak and write for France, to write in

English is to write for the English-speaking races, to write in Latin is to write for the world.

"And this is why Latin is best?"

Part of my reason only. The Church is Catholic, world-wide, and it is clearly good for a world-wide church to have a world-wide language. So men, gathered as on the day of Pentecost from all nations under heaven, in one Monastery, or in one church, can not only be present at the same sacrifice because it is an act in which they all join, but can join in the same Psalms and the same prayers, in the very same tongue to which they were used each in his own land. The sailor who has heard Mass in Latin at a village church in Devonshire goes off all round the world, and wherever he puts in he hears the same Mass, takes part in the same act, in the same tongue which he used himself when he served at Mass before he left home, and he can answer the priest, though he were a native of Japan or China or Central Africa, as readily as he answered Father O'Brien on the coast of Devon. Clearly this is good both for layman and priest. The Jesuit, or other priest, who is ordered off at a moment's notice to Timbuctoo, would say his Mass just as quietly when he got there as he had done at Farm Street: but it would sadly puzzle your Church of England clergyman if he had to read prayers at a moment's notice to a congregation of Laplanders in their native tongue.

"Then is this your chief reason?"

No. A dead language can be made, without waking the jealousy of any living nation, a language for all men: but its deadness gives us—in religious matters—a greater good still.

"Greater?"

Far greater: you will grant me, I think, that the first duty of the Society which our Lord founded must be to keep the Truth which our Lord taught: exactly the same Truth. Christianity changed is not Christianity; Christianity added to, or Christianity taken from, is not

the Christianity of Christ. The care of the truth is the great and first duty of the Society of Christ. She would be a false bride to Him if she taught what He did not teach. This is so?

"You put it strongly; but—— yes, you must be right."

Well, then, the Church must guard against anything which might in any way change that truth, or bring wrong notions about it into people's minds.

"Granted: but what has that to do with Latin?"

This to do with it:—a dead language is better for this end than a living one.

"Why so?"

Because the meaning of its words is fixed and cannot alter. Latin, as I said, is dead in one way, but not in another. A dead language is somewhat like those dead bodies of some Saints, which still do not corrupt and still the limbs can be bent and moved by others. It is death, but a death which lets you see the exact figure and form of the Saint in life, and the look upon her face —a form and a face and an expression in that face which does not change. As her companions saw her three centuries or more ago, so we see her still. Limb will not grow nor change, and we know that our notion of her is what theirs was so long ago.

"How do you apply this to Latin?"

The meaning of the words cannot change. What Cicero meant when first he spoke the words in the parliament of Rome—what SS. Jerome and Augustine meant, and the writers who went before, and came after, that same is meant to-day and will be meant when the world ends. And what an Englishman means by the Latin word, that the Frenchman means, and that same the Italian and the Austrian and the Hindoo student in our colleges and the Japanese who is studying Latin.

"I think I see: but with living languages——"

It is not the same. It is hard to find in some tongues even a word that should express aright the Christian

thought of God. It is impossible as we know, to turn some French words into English, so we take the word bodily and make it our own. To translate from one tongue to another is the most difficult of tasks. The truth then, if it was left to be tossed about by a variety of tongues, would be in danger of taking a variety of meanings; and the One Truth of the Church of Christ would take different colours and shapes. Nor is this the only danger; there would be a like difficulty in each of all the countless tongues in the world. For a living tongue, like a living body, grows and changes. They tell us our living body changes once in seven years. Our dead Saint neither changes nor corrupts. As with the body so with the living language. It changes. Have you ever tried to read Chaucer? You will find it hard without notes. There are words which have dropped out of use, and words which have changed their sense, or which are getting new senses besides their old ones. So a word which was a true word for a doctrine two centuries ago might be a very bad one now, and give us a thought almost the opposite of truth.

"Give me an instance or two."

Well, this may do. You object to Catholics worshipping our Lady?

"Yes, certainly. They must not treat her as God!"

Of course they must not, and they don't. The word "worship" never meant in old times to treat as God. It mostly is taken to mean that now, though even now it is used sometimes in the old sense. When a Magistrate is addressed as "your Worship," no divine honour is certainly intended. When a bridegroom says to his bride "with my body I thee worship," he is far from saying, unless in the language of love, that the lady is more than human flesh and blood. And yet, so much has the meaning of the word changed, that you can accuse us to-day of idolatry because we may still use the word "worship" of honour shown to our Lady.

Now this change is going on, not in English only but

in the countless languages of the world. Think what danger there might be of changing that truth which which cannot be changed if the doctrines and devotions of the world's Church were left to be expressed by the changing words of countless tongues.

By the use of Latin these doctrines and devotions are embalmed in one unchanging tongue—as unchangeable as the doctrine. And hence no wrong idea can be brought by the growth of the language into the first Christianity: and in this we have another reason why Latin is best.

IV.

A DEAD tongue then is better than a living one—vastly better than a variety of living ones—for a world-wide Church meant equally for all nations:

Because in all nations equally it helps to guard holy things and holy truths from careless using:—

Because it gives a world-language—an universal language—a language such as commerce has tried to make for itself in "Volapuk"—for all the teachers, in every nation, of the truths most important to man, and for all worshippers in the one grand act of worship:—

Because, if any living tongue were so used to join man, the Church would seem to favour one race above the rest, and jealousy would spring up:—

Because, above all, truths are preserved unchanging in an unchanging tongue:—you have seen flies in amber?

"Yes."

You can see them quite clearly, and the most delicate little bit of them is there quite perfect, and quite perfect it will remain—no change, no corruption. In a living stream, a stream that was still flowing on, larger things than flies would be in danger of destruction or of change; but the amber has ceased to flow, and the smallest atom of the fly's wing shall be as now till the world's end: and so it is with truth, and with a worship, which is embalmed in an unchanging tongue. Its meaning can in no way alter nor be corrupted. The very same words, with the very same sense, were used in Rome and all the Roman Empire over for the very same truths well nigh two thousand years ago, and shall be used until the death of the great world at the last day.

"But Latin is not the only dead tongue."

There may be many dead tongues for aught I know, tongues of races which themselves are dead or nearly so, of races that never were in any way world-wide: but there are three world-wide dead tongues, three living-dead tongues, three amber tongues preserving truths.

"They are?"

The Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin; the three in which the inscription was written above the thorn-crowned Head,—"Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." Those were the languages chosen to tell the great truth to the whole world; if anything could make tongues sacred it would be this: Apostolic languages, witnessing to the truth, and—you will think me fanciful, but if fancy can make truth plain, it is well to use it—dying there upon the Cross with a death like the death of the Lord to whom they witnessed: a death that yet was to live on, proclaiming truth for ever.

"Were all three languages living then?"

The Hebrew was already dead, used only in the services of the Church, just as Latin is now; the old Scriptures preserved in it so as not to change; read in the Synagogue and then explained in the living tongue, just as with the Latin now; our Lord Himself and His mother using a dead language for their worship. So with the Hebrew: but the Greek and Latin were yet living—living with a strong life unlikely to die, yet both now by God's Providence dead: the New Testament, and the Old, "ambered,"—to coin a word—in an unchanging dead tongue.

It is God's own hand which has slain those tongues and left His divine truths guarded within them. And now at last I can give full answer to your question "Why in Latin?" Because Latin is the tongue given to the Church by God Himself. Of all the great empires that conquered nations, joined many in a natural oneness, Rome, as you know, was by very far the widest: and the tongue of the Roman was Latin. There were no nations then, as there are to-day: there was one world, clamped together by the iron arms of Force, and one capital city of that world—Rome: and the nations, as we know them now, were split up into tribes—each petty, and each at war with all the rest. And Rome had the great work to do, of giving law and knowledge and manners and all that is meant by civilization to these wild tribes, and had to take their rude imperfect tongues and fashion each into a language. And so, when the Roman Empire died leaving many peoples, its living world-wide language died also, leaving many children, so that to-day every tongue of every European nation is formed largely out of Latin. Of the three dead tongues, therefore, Latin is the easiest and nearest to us—our mother tongue out of which has sprung hosts of our own living words.

Thus then each nation learned to speak its own Latin-born tongue: but the Church, which is for all nations and for all times, kept, as the Jews kept their

dead Hebrew, so she her dead Latin, the safest to preserve unchanged the truth already preached and written in it, and yet the while easiest for her many peoples to understand. How could she cast away the one tongue through which she had converted her peoples; the tongue in which their laws were written; the tongue in which their learning was preserved; the tongue above all in which undying truth had been taught by her Saints, and a never-ceasing worship had for centuries gone up to God.

And this is "Why in Latin?" Because Latin was the language of Europe, and because Europe has spread itself the world over, and while, as we have said, a dead language is, for many reasons, the best tongue to use for world-wide and time-long truths, Latin is the best of the world-wide speeches that have died.

So now you will be content to take the little trouble needed that you may learn Latin enough to join in the Mass, and now and then in Vespers, and you will be content to think that the Church has done wisely to keep her worship in the old undying tongue by which the happy miracle of Whitsunday, undoing the curse of Babel, is in some sense continued.

Go, become a Catholic, and learn, like yonder little lad of ten, to serve Mass in the dear old tongue which was writ for the world to read above the Cross.

The Little Sisters of the Poor.

From the French of M. Léon Aubineau.

By the REV. JAMES CONNELLY.

The Birthplace of the Institute.

The work of the Little Sisters of the Poor began in the year 1840 at St. Servan, a small town on the coast of Brittany, opposite to St. Malo, from which it is divided by an arm of the sea. The coast is largely inhabited by a seafaring population, and to the havoc made by storms and shipwrecks is attributed the considerable number of destitute widows to be found there. These poor creatures have no means of livelihood but begging, and they are infected with all the vices to which this occupation gives rise. Theirs is a deplorable, vagabond life. Lingering about the church doors, without ever crossing the threshold, or knowing aught of the Sacred Mysteries which are therein enacted, they live and die in complete ignorance of all that concerns the salvation of their souls.

The needs of these poor women, their spiritual destitution far more pitiful than their physical miseries, which at least brought some alms, had for some time past been weighing heavily upon the heart of one of the priests of St. Servan.

The Founder.

The Abbé Le Pailleur was not more than twenty-five years of age when circumstances providentially called him to St. Servan. He went there to hold the position

of lowest *vicaire* of the parish.* His ardent and persevering desire was to devote himself body and soul to the service of God and of His suffering poor. The failure of several attempts which he had made for their relief had by no means shaken his resolution or daunted his courage.

Betaking himself to the post to which his Bishop had appointed him, the young priest had no sooner set foot in the parish than he felt himself seized and, as it were, carried away by a strong impulse, under which all the powers of his soul were absorbed. Entering the church he cast himself down before the tabernacle and offered himself to God, renewing his promise to accomplish the Divine will entirely and absolutely in all things. While making this offering he became convinced that God demanded of him the foundation of a work of charity, of self-devotion, and of prayer, which was to begin in the very parish to which he had just come. He did not know, he could not discern the precise form which this work was to take; but he understood that its object would be the salvation of the souls of the aged poor.

Born at St. Malo, the Abbé Le Pailleur had long known the destitution of the aged poor of the neighbourhood, and his loving heart had gone out in sympathy towards them. He was deeply grieved to see how absolute their destitution was in the parish to which he had been sent. In the young priest's mind, or rather in the designs with which he had been inspired, the ideas of a home and of spiritual aid for the poor, were inseparably united. He would fain have undertaken at once some measure for their relief, but he knew full well how slow and peaceful are the ways of God. Although fully determined upon his project, he was entirely destitute of means for its accomplishment.

* In France the title *Abbé* (from a Syriac word meaning *father*) is applied to all the secular clergy. A parish priest is called *Curé*, that is, one who has the *cure* or care of souls; a priest who assists him is called a *Vicaire*, or *one who acts in place of another*, as the Pope is called the Vicar of Christ.

The First Sisters.

No long time, however, elapsed before God's providence pointed out to him whom He had chosen for the work. Shortly after his arrival at St. Servan, there came one day to his confessional a young girl (Marie Jamet) whom he did not know, and who has never been able to explain why she went there.

The priest at once recognized in his penitent a soul eminently fitted for the great work which he had in view, while she, on her part, felt that peace and confidence which God gives to souls under the direction for which He destines them. She earned her living by needlework, and had nothing but her own labour to depend on. She had had a great desire to become a nun, but no prospect of being able to carry out her wish had as yet appeared. Her new confessor confirmed her in this desire, and already foresaw the day when his own plans for succouring the aged poor would begin to be realized. Among those whom he directed he had noticed another young girl, Virginie Tredaniel, an orphan, of much the same condition of life as the first. He advised them to become friends, and, without as yet dropping a hint of his scheme, assured them that God desired both of them to give themselves entirely to His service. At this time the elder, Marie Jamet, was not quite eighteen; the younger, Virginie Tredaniel, was hardly sixteen. Their confessor told them that they would both serve God in the same community. They believed him, and enquired no further. He urged them to prepare themselves for this happiness by endeavouring to overcome the wayward inclinations of nature, and they addressed themselves generously to the task. The younger he enjoined to look upon the elder as a superior and a mother.

Each was busy about her own work during the week, but the Sundays they spent together. Before the abbé had brought them together they had not known each other; but from that day they were united by one of

nothing but loving and serving Him with their whole heart, and devoting themselves to the welfare and salvation of their neighbour.

The First Inmates.

When Sister Mary Teresa came to live in the attic she did not come alone. She brought with her our Lord in the person of His poor. On the Feast of St. Teresa, the 15th October, 1840, Sisters Mary Augustine and Mary Teresa carried in their arms to Fanchon's attic the poor blind old woman of eighty years, of whom they had been taking care for some months, and the blessing of God entered with her into that little family. As there was still a vacant corner, they took in another old woman. The room was then full.*

There was no change, however, in the manner of life of the little household over which Fanchon presided. Sisters Mary Augustine and Mary Teresa worked at their sewing, and Sister Mary of the Cross at her spinning. From time to time they interrupted their labours to attend their two old patients. They did for them all that loving daughters could do for a mother, relieving their sufferings, enlivening their faith, kindling their piety. The abbé helped the little community to the utmost of his power, and with God's blessing there was enough for all.

A fourth servant of the poor joined the first three. She was sick and at the point of death, but she

* The Cradle of the Little Sisters of the Poor.—M. Augustine Guibert, merchant and landowner at St. Servan, has recently made a present to the Congregation of the Little Sisters of the Poor of the house into the attic of which, on the 15th Oct., 1840, the Abbé Le Pailleur, with the help of Marie Jamet, Virginie Tredaniel and Jeanne Jugan, received their first old woman. The house, which is of very humble appearance, stands in the Rue de Centre, St. Servan. *Semaine Religieuse de Paris*, 28th Jan., 1888.

wished to die consecrated to God. Carried to Fanchon's attic, she there in a wonderful way recovered her health. That life which she had given to God, and which He had given back to her, she devoted to the service of the sick and aged poor. They remained for about ten months in the attic. It was their time of probation—their novitiate, so to speak. But the care of the two old women was not to be the only fruit which the Church was to gather from the self-sacrifice of these devoted servants of God.

In their councils it was resolved that there must be an extension of the work. When we speak of councils we must explain what we mean. The father bade his children to pray; he prayed himself, and when he thought that he had discerned the will of God, he made it known to them, leaving to them the merit of obedience, that virtue of great price, which shines forth in all the great works of the Church. It was decided that Fanchon, the only one of the little household who had any credit in the town, should leave her humble lodgings, to which no doubt she was much attached, and should rent a low-pitched and damp ground-floor room, which had been used for a long time as a tavern. There was accommodation in it for twelve beds, which were soon provided, and as soon occupied.

The four servants of the poor, notwithstanding the help of their good old friend Fanchon, had their hands full with their patients. To make a livelihood for themselves and their *protégées* by working was now out of the question. It was all they could do to give their beloved poor the services which their age and infirmity demanded. They dressed their wounds, washed them, got them up and put them to bed, meanwhile instructing and comforting them. The relief committee continued to give bread and to lend linen to the old women, as it had done before they entered the home. To supply what was still wanting, and it was not a little, those of them who could walk went out every day to beg.

The Sisters prepared the meals, and partook of the food obtained by their old women's begging, and thus

with the help of unexpected alms it was possible to make shift.

Beggars for Christ's Sake.

But to share the bread of begging was not enough. God called for a new sacrifice, and a lower abasement. The old women's going a-begging had this inconvenience, it took them constantly into the danger of relapsing into their evil habits—into intemperance for example, a vice to which many of them were sadly addicted. Above all things solicitous for their eternal salvation, the Sisters longed to keep their poor people away from this temptation. Their father proposed to his children to be not only the servants of the poor, but for love of them to become beggars. The sacrifice was no sooner suggested than it was accepted. Without a moment's hesitation they became beggars. Basket in hand, they went about collecting alms. They boldly presented themselves at all the houses at which their old women had been accustomed to receive relief, and humbly and gratefully received the crusts of bread and the halfpence which people were willing to give. Thus accidentally, as it were, God's providence had discovered to the "Little Family" an unfailing and inexhaustible source of income and support.

The Sisters soon extended their begging beyond the narrow circle within which their poor people had been accustomed to present themselves. They collected in all directions, and to this day they procure their daily bread by means of this noble and holy begging. As long as her strength allowed it, Sister Mary of the Cross (Jeanne Jugan) continued to devote herself to the work, in so much that she came to be regarded as the chartered beggar to the little family, and in this capacity, in spite of modern anti-religious prejudices, she was crowned by the French Academy. *

* The French Academy, founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635, is an association consisting of forty of the most distinguished literary men of France. Every year this body awards what is called "a prize

From the first this devotion of the Sisters touched many hearts. Alms were given more abundantly to them than to the old people. Nearly every one added something to the usual pence or scraps of broken food. Before long not a few were beforehand with them, and begged them not to forget to knock at their doors. Clothes, furniture, provisions of all kinds, were placed at their disposal, and thus their poor people fared better than before.

Our Blessed Lady to the Rescue.

There had always been a deficiency of linen, and the want became extreme when the relief committee, having urgent demands from elsewhere, was obliged to withdraw the linen which they had placed at the disposal of the Little Sisters for the use of the old people. In their anxiety the Sisters betook them to their usual resource. They "fell to their prayers," and addressed themselves especially to our Blessed Lady, imploring her to come to their aid. On the feast of the Assumption a gendarme (soldier-policeman) in the neighbourhood of the home, touched with what he saw going on there day by day, undertook to build and to decorate a little altar for them. The Sisters spread out before it all the poor linen which their *protégées* possessed. Five or six old garments comprised their whole stock. There were no sheets. The Blessed Virgin was moved to compassion; who, indeed, would not have been moved at the sight of such poverty? Many came to visit the altar during the next few days; our Blessed Lady touched their hearts; every one was eager to relieve the distress. Poor servants, who had nothing else to give, took off their ornaments and put them on the neck of the Infant Jesus, whom the Virgin Mother held in her arms. By this charity, the poor people were well provided with sheets and other necessary linen.

for virtue," *i.e.*, a grant of 3000 francs (£120) to the person who is judged to have surpassed all others in works of charity. The recipient of this distinction is said to be "crowned by the French Academy."

Progress Slow, Obstacles Many.

Thus everthing was going on well; but yet no vocations were decided by the sight of the self-devotion of the first Sisters. Three years had gone by since the founder first spoke of his plans to Mary Augustine and Mary Teresa; since he gave them a rule of life and placed them under the patronage of Mary Immaculate, of St. Joseph, and of St. Augustine. It was more than eighteen months since the work of succouring the poor had begun, and yet no one had been willing to join the first four Sisters. If true sympathy had been aroused, if alms had come in abundantly, the devil was putting all manner of obstacles in the way of the holy enterprise. God doubtless permitted all this to prove the constancy of His servants and to consolidate their work.

All the works of God are subjected to contradiction. The Little Sisters experienced difficulties of various kinds. The curé of St. Servan had approved of their charitable enterprise; but for all that many objections were raised against it. The undertaking was so new and so strange —it was so contrary to the maxims of human prudence. It was not merely the feeding and housing of the poor in an unusual way; was it not an unheard-of thing to attempt to form a community out of poor work-girls without education? Who, people asked, was to train them? Who would teach them to love and to conform to the practices of the religious life? Would it not have been better to have first formed them in some old-established and well-known community? At any rate, before setting to work, they ought to have been placed under the care of some mistress of novices, long accustomed to live by rule, skilful in forming and in discerning vocations. All this was perfectly just and reasonable; but the spirit of God breatheth where He will, and the founder felt at the bottom of his heart that he was undertaking a new work, and that for a new work there was need of new methods.

However excellent religious institutes may be, they should confine themselves to the work for which they

were founded. It is unreasonable to call upon them to make sacrifices and to undertake works which their founders did not contemplate. The ruin of religious congregations has not unfrequently been the outcome of such departures from their rule and from their original object. Possibly the founder of the work of which we are speaking did not see so far ahead; he was merely following the inspiration of God, and nothing appeared to him simpler than to act as he had done.

Ridicule and Contempt.

Meanwhile, in addition to these arguments which might have been reasonably and prudently urged, the devil craftily raised various obstacles in the way of the good work. The Sisters were subjected in all directions to ridicule and contempt. They were pointed at, laughed at, and scouted in the streets of St. Servan. Their former schoolfellows and workmates hardly dared speak to them. Those who were attracted by their example, who admired their self-devotion, and who felt drawn to imitate them, were nevertheless repelled by all the stir and the scandal which their enterprise was making. One only of the four Sisters, Mary Augustine, had any near relations, and they by no means spared her their reproaches. Her younger sister, who is at present Assistant-General, when she met her on her rounds going a-begging used to say, "Go along with you, do! Don't speak to me; I'm perfectly ashamed of you, with your basket on your arm."

Sister Marie Louise, who has been Superior of one of the houses in Paris, was deeply moved, and would have wished to imitate the zeal of the Little Sisters, but on seeing the contempt in which they were held, she was altogether disheartened, and turning to God, she said within herself, "No, my God; no, I cannot! You do not expect this of me."

Sister Félicité, who died Superior at Angers, burning with a desire to consecrate herself to God, used to pray to St. Joseph to obtain for her the grace to be a

nun; "but," she artlessly added, "*not* with the Little Sisters of the Poor."

The Work Expands.

The first to break the spell, after these four hard years of isolation, had no idea of staying when she entered the house; she merely came to help the Sisters at a time of unusual pressure. But when she had tasted of the peace which they enjoyed, that peace which God gives to them who love Him and devote themselves to His service, she begged to be admitted into their holy company. She was not the only one who joined them in this way. Another went to visit one of her companions who had lately been admitted among the Little Sisters, and she found them so light-hearted and joyful that she longed to remain with them and share their happiness.

In another house, which was afterwards founded, two needlewomen offered one day to mend the linen. One of the Sisters had gone to their village on a begging expedition, and had told them of the good work. Finding themselves out of employment, they thought they could not spend their time better than in looking over the clothes and linen of the Sisters and old people. To do them this little service they came twelve miles. After some days they left, embracing the Sisters with tears, and promising to come again. They came again, not to give to God their spare time, but to devote their whole lives and their whole strength to the service of Him and of His poor.

Though the first Sisters of the institute were still so few, they went on receiving more and more poor people. When their ground-floor was full, they did not hesitate to buy a large house, which had been previously occupied by a religious community. It is true they had nothing wherewith to pay for it. Abbé Le Pailleur sold his gold watch, silver church-plate, and some other effects; Sister Mary of the Cross had a small sum, and another of her companions had some little savings. Fanchon added the remainder of what she possessed. But all

told, it was hardly enough to pay the lawyers' expenses. They trusted to Providence to find the balance, and they did not trust in vain. Before a twelvemonth had passed the house, which had cost £880, was entirely paid for. At this time they received the humble and beautiful name of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The Vow of Hospitality.

In addition to their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, their pious founder, who developed the constitutions as time went on, wished to bind them also by a vow of hospitality, so as to give to that virtue which they had long practised in so wonderful a way that infinitely great reward with which God's goodness recompenses every service done in the name of a particular engagement entered into with Him. By their constitutions, and in virtue of their vow of hospitality, the Little Sisters are obliged to provide in the first place for the wants of their old people. If the inmates' meals have always been sufficient, and even abundant, the Sisters have at times had to put up with short commons. One winter evening the old people had gone to bed, and there was nothing in the house but a quarter of a pound of bread. The Sisters sat down to table cheerfully, said their grace, and heartily thanked God for leaving them this morsel. Each of them passed it on to another, maintaining that she had no claim to and indeed no need of it. While this friendly little contest was going on, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the door-bell rang. God had sent them an abundant supply of bread and meat from the priest's house.

The more they devoted themselves to the service of the poor, the better they came to understand the importance of the work which God had entrusted to them. The poor creatures whom they had got together could not resist the appeal of the blessings which they were receiving at the hands of the Sisters. Previously lost in vice and ignorance, they began to live and to hope again. They learned to love and to bless God Who had

sent them in their misery Sisters so devoted and compassionate. It would be easy to mention many beautiful examples of virtue, of courage, of resignation, of piety—practised by these poor people, who for the most part were, before their admission to the home, degraded by all manner of vice and misery.

First Experience in Building.

At the sight of the happy results with which their labours were crowned, the Sisters' thoughts turned to all the souls redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ which were in danger of perishing, and which a place in their home might save. Their zeal became more and more burning, and they yearned to extend their work. But how was it to be done? Their house was already quite full. To make room for more old people, the Sisters had gone up into the loft, and yet there was not room enough. There were still poor people in the town and neighbourhood to be provided for. They thought of building. They had a site, and there was a fivepenny piece in the cash box. This coin was put under the feet of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, and they boldly began. They were already familiar with the marvels of God's goodness in their behalf. Previously used to washing and sewing, they set about the building with their own weak hands. They cleared the ground, dug out the foundations, and endeavoured to collect the materials. Once more this was all God asked. He abundantly rewarded this confidence which wavered at nothing.

The workmen of St. Servan, seeing the Sisters at work, freely offered to do the building for them. The carting was all done for nothing, and contributions to the expenses were given in abundance. A legacy of £280 from an inhabitant of Jersey came in opportunely at this time. The "prize for virtue" (3000 francs or £120), awarded by the French Academy to Sister Mary of the Cross, was applied to the same object. The new building was no sooner finished than the number of Sisters began to increase. At

length God was to repay the constancy of the founder and of his children.

The First Offshoots.

The four Sisters were able only with the greatest difficulty to meet the demands made upon them by their house at St. Servan, and yet their boldness had gone so far as to think of founding other houses. They resolved not to let this little town alone enjoy the benefit of their undertaking. As soon as their numbers were sufficiently increased, the founder, without resources in hand, but full of the spirit of God, and quite in harmony with the plans which he had had in mind from the first, sent Sister Mary Augustine (Marie Jamet) to Rennes. She went to attempt a second time the marvels of which she had been the instrument at St. Servan. She set out alone (1846), armed solely with obedience, but full of courage, and perfectly confident that God was guiding her steps. At Rennes her first care was not to collect money, but to find out the old people. She established herself temporarily in some poor premises in a suburb crowded with taverns and publichouses. There, as elsewhere, she was met with the warmest sympathy, and some little help. It is one of the characteristics of the work of the Little Sisters of the Poor to accept help of all kinds; the offerings of the humblest are as precious to them as those of the rich. They counted, however, so confidently on the latter that they did not hesitate to buy a house in Rennes. When they were leaving the neighbourhood where they had lived for a time, the soldiers who frequented the taverns of which we have spoken helped them to transfer the poor women to their new quarters. To carry on this new foundation the good Mother Mary Augustine, whom we may now call the Superioress-General, left four Sisters whom she had sent for from St. Servan.

The next foundation was at Dinan, a small town in the diocese of St. Brieuc. With the consent of the two *curés* and the approbation of the Bishop, the Little

Sisters repaired thither. As at Rennes, their first care was to come to the rescue of the aged poor. They installed themselves provisionally in a building which had been a prison. It was a damp and infected spot, under which the drains of the town passed, and exhaled fumes which had been thought too foul for the prisoners. The Sisters, however, were by no means alarmed. The more wholesome of the two rooms was assigned to the old people, while the Sisters contented themselves with the other. It is their practice to give always the better part to their guests: both charity and their vow of hospitality demand this. The disused prison had another peculiarity: the doors could not be fastened except from the outside. Thus for some months the Sisters were obliged to lie down to rest trusting to the good faith of the public. Some months elapsed before they were able to find a suitable house in which to lodge their old people; and with the house they found also all that was needed for their support.

We have seen with how much difficulty the institute was established. The time was now at hand when the work was about to be rapidly and wonderfully extended. The Sisters found themselves at the end of the year 1846 with three houses, which were self-supporting, and were served by sixteen Sisters. They were thinking of a fourth foundation. This time it was a question of going beyond the little circle to which they had hitherto confined themselves; they were asked to establish themselves at Tours, a town two hundred miles from St. Servan.

Going Further Afield.

In spite of the distance the Sisters did not reject these overtures. They asked for no more than they had asked for at Rennes and at Dinan—a little spot in which to take shelter when they arrived, and their liberty of action. M. Léon Papin-Dupont, the well-known zealous promoter of devotion to the Holy Face, and of various works of reparation, provided them with the money for their journey, and deemed it an honour to have these servants

of the poor under his roof for a few days. When they reached Tours in the early part of January, 1847, they had a few pence left in their pockets. They first took a small lodging, in which they were able to receive a dozen old people; later on they rented a whole house to themselves; and at last, in the month of February, 1848, they acquired a considerable property at a cost of £3200, capable of accommodating a hundred and fifty persons.

But how was all this paid for?—how was food found for so many mouths from day to day? The marvel is still the same. Broken victuals and other alms collected daily sufficed for all purposes. What others rejected with scorn became, in the hands of the Little Sisters, a considerable resource. At the present day, in all their houses, coffee-grounds form the basis of a beverage which is esteemed a delicacy by their old people. The most thrifty housewife will not refuse to let them have her coffee-grounds; to what little flavour can still be extracted from them they add a drop of milk; scraps of bread gathered in all directions from boarding-schools from colleges, from hotels, complete the breakfast. From these two resources a hundred, two hundred, sometimes three hundred, old people in a single town are provided daily with a wholesome meal.

The Tours foundation was one of the most difficult that had been undertaken. By reason of the small number of Sisters in the institute at that time, and of the distance of Tours from the mother house, the three Sisters who arrived there in February, 1847, remained alone for some five months. They had, however, got together eighteen old women. They had to provide food for them, to get up and dress those who were ill, to instruct them, and to keep them all cheerful and happy, a matter of which the Little Sisters make a great point. They had to do the work of three times their number.

Hard work, it is true, is not inconsistent with happiness. The Sisters used to set out in the morning, carrying two large tin cans, divided into compartments, into which were put pieces of meat, soup, vegetables—in a word, all the odds and ends which are picked up on one of their

begging rounds. At home the care of so many old people obliged them to work hard, as may be easily imagined. Among the inmates of their house miseries of every kind were represented. But upon this heart-rending poverty and these manifold afflictions there shone, as it were, a bright ray of dignity, of happiness, and of contentment. Their souls were at rest; they knew and tasted how sweet God was. The Sisters honoured God in His poor; the poor loved and cherished Him in their Sisters; and nothing was more beautiful and touching than the opening of all these poor hearts—happy, at rest, full of hope, and of gratitude, in response to the love with which they were treated.

At one time at their house at Tours the three Sisters had only two straw-mattresses between them. In virtue of their vow of hospitality, when a poor person comes to one of their houses, and there is no bed to spare, one of the Sisters gives up hers, and accommodates herself as she best can. The two mattresses were put close together, and being covered with a single sheet, formed the bed of the three Sisters. Seven poor old women had already been taken in, when an eighth arrived. She had her bed, but no sheets. The good Mother said to the Sisters, "Children, we must cut our sheet in two for this poor woman whom the good God has sent us." It was no sooner said than done. Two Sisters held the sheet, the third took the scissors and was on the point of cutting it in half when a knock was heard at the door. One of the Sisters went to open it. She found there a young man, who hurriedly handed her six pairs of sheets and went away. When the Sister took them to her companions they went on their knees, and with tears returned thanks to God. It would be easy to mention hundreds of such instances of God's loving goodness which have occurred in every house of the institute.

In the spring of 1849 the Mother-General and Mother Marie Louise went to establish a house at Paris. Weeks and months passed without their being able to find anything suitable for the purpose. Meanwhile how were

they to live? The Nuns of the Visitation sent them some provisions from time to time. Oftentimes they were obliged to go to the soup-kitchens kept by the Sisters of Charity, to get some of the soup and vegetables which were there distributed to the poorest beggars. Unknown and lost in the crowd, they waited their turn with the rest, and handed in their jug at the window, and on payment of a penny received their dinner. The Mother-General being called away by other duties, Mother Marie Louise occupied her time in attending on the cholera patients, and fell a victim to this disease, which completely shattered her already enfeebled health. After five months' waiting she found at length a house in the Rue Saint-Jacques, of which she afterwards became superior, and which now affords shelter to one hundred and fifty old people.

How the Poor Helped.

In most of the towns the Little Sisters were in the habit of going to the markets to collect alms. On their first arrival at Nantes one of them went to the vegetable market, where she asked the dealers for the love of God to give her something for their poor old women. "With all my heart," answered the first good woman to whom she spoke; "with all my heart; for it's a beautiful work you're doing." "By all means, Sister," replied a second; "for when I'm old I shall want to go to your home myself." Others made similar answers. Between them they filled three sacks with their offerings, and the Sister was hoisting one of the sacks on to her shoulders when they all exclaimed, "You mustn't carry that, Sister. We'll manage that for you." Between them they carried the sacks to the home, and when taking their leave said, "Come and see us every Wednesday and Saturday, and remember us in your prayers."

At Besançon when the Sisters called to ask his blessing on their work, the Archbishop emptied his purse into their hands. We are bound to say that the purse contained only a few shillings, but it was all he had.

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Placing this modest sum before a statue of the Blessed Virgin, the good Archbishop knelt with the Sisters to offer a prayer to the Comforter of the Afflicted, and when they were leaving he bade them call twice a week for the pieces from his frugal table.

In 1850 houses were opened at Angers, at Bordeaux, and at Rouen, but we need not give details of these foundations. The offerings of the rich were, of course, an important aid in carrying out these extensions, but the distinctive characteristic of the Little Sisters' work is that it depends on the sympathy of the people. What took place in the market at Nantes was repeated over and over again elsewhere. At Bordeaux the butchers and other provision dealers were most generous. At St. Servan the workmen did not content themselves with helping in the building; at one of the timber yards some five hundred men agreed to subscribe a halfpenny a week each to the work of the Little Sisters. Every Sunday the sum thus collected was taken to the home. Elsewhere soldiers would deprive themselves of a portion of their soup and bread to put them into the Little Sisters' cans for their old people. The first time Sisters appeared at the market-place in Rouen there was almost a riot. Every one was calling them, every one was rushing to give them some contribution. The police were on the point of expelling the creators of this disorder from the market. When they found what was the matter, they made the regulation that the Sisters were to go the round of the market, and receive the offerings of each in turn. In future the only ground of complaint was that some were not visited as regularly as others. It was at Rouen, too, that the Sisters first made use of a donkey with two panniers on his back to collect the offerings of the charitable. One day as the poor beast was trudging along a narrow street a carriage crushed the baskets and tumbled all their contents into the mud. A workman who saw what had happened, lent a hand to put things right, and on returning to his workshop spoke of the disaster which had befallen the Little Sisters. His mates at once made a collection among themselves, and presented the Sisters with two beautiful new panniers.

More Blessed to Give than to Receive.

The Sisters' charity was a source of blessings to others besides their poor people. At Rouen the Founder was thanking one of the manufacturers of the town who had been extremely generous in contributing to their work. The good man replied, with tears in his eyes, "It is I who ought to thank you. Before I knew your Sisters I did not know God. They have taught me to know Him and to love Him." A rich, avaricious, and worldly man, who was altogether indifferent to the claims of faith and of charity, was taken one day by his wife and daughter to see one of the homes. He was quite touched at the sight of the Sisters' self-devotion and of the old people's happiness. On leaving he put a five-franc piece into the alms-box. On the following day he sent a hundred francs, and afterwards became a constant benefactor. One day he said to the Superior, "Look here, my good Mother, you with your poor people have opened to me the gates of heaven. Before I knew you I had no love for the poor. Now, thank God, I love them, and I love the good God who made both them and me."

Arrival in England.

In the year 1851 the first English house of the institute was opened at Portobello Road, Notting Hill, London; and in 1853 a second in the South of London, at Kennington. In 1856 the noviciate and mother-house was established at La Tour, St. Joseph en St. Pern. This house at the present day contains some 600 novices, who come there from all parts of the world to be formed in the spirit of their holy institute. To the present day the venerable Founder and Mother-General direct the work of their thousands of Sisters, and the affairs of their hundreds of houses throughout the length and breadth of the world, from this single centre.

The Little Sisters of the Poor live according to the rule of St. Augustine and their own constitutions.

These constitutions, which were drawn up expressly for them by their venerable founder, the Abbé Le Pailleur, in view of the particular manner of life which their special work entails, received the provisional approbation of the Holy See on the 9th July, 1854, and were definitively approved by our Holy Father Leo XIII. on the 17th July, 1886.

Inside One of the Sisters' Houses.

But it is time that we should give our readers some idea of what goes on inside the houses of the "Little Family." And, first, as to the Sisters themselves. Having overcome a quite natural distaste for a fare composed of scraps of food collected from all quarters, they have still to put up with a want of the most ordinary furniture and necessaries of life. Not only have new foundations to dispense with such things as bedsteads, mattresses, and sheets, but even some old-established houses have not more than enough chairs, for instance, for the old people's use, so the Sisters have to do without. This want has been so general that it has become a common practice among them to sit on the ground. They voluntarily assume this humble posture when listening to the instructions of the "good Father," or of the Reverend Mother in their community rooms.* But in the midst of these privations they are animated with an unclouded joy and happiness.

The happiness of the Sisters is perhaps intelligible. They have deliberately made their choice of abjection, poverty, humility, and self-sacrifice. But these poor creatures whom they shelter—subject to miseries of every kind—how can they be made cheerful and contented? There is no sadness in the homes of the Little Sisters. Everywhere peace and contentment reign. Besides sheltering, clothing, feeding, and caring for the aged poor, the Sisters find a thousand opportunities of

* The present writer has seen the Sisters thus seated on the occasion of a visit by the Bishop to one of their houses in London.

affording them little gratifications, to which the poor people respond by all sorts of endearments. They are treated like children, and they enter into the spirit of the thing, and become childlike in their carelessness, frankness, and joyous simplicity. The Sisters sing to them and make them sing; dance for them and make them dance; but this is only on great occasions.*

But above all, care is taken to make the religious ceremonies as attractive as possible. In the processions of the Blessed Sacrament all the good old men and women walk round and round the narrow paths of the little garden; the Sisters sing their hymns, and the old people, while hobbling along and coughing, with tremulous voices take up the refrain. At various intervals along the route those who are unable to walk in the procession are devoutly kneeling or seated. At the windows are all the poor invalids who cannot leave their bed or chair, with clasped hands waiting to receive the blessing of God, whose delight is to be among His poor. Thus tenderly cared for and caressed, thus at peace these poor creatures learn to love God and to find their happiness in Him. Amid this calm and joy they prepare themselves for a happy eternity, and look for its approach with untroubled serenity.

A poor old woman who had just received the last Sacraments was asked how she was. "Happy, very happy," she replied; "I trust that God will give me a place in His holy paradise, and that I shall soon be there." She begged the bystanders to pray for her. There, in her spotless bed, with her hands joined, her beads twined about them, looking so venerable and so

* The present writer visited St. Peter's House, Kennington, on the good Mother's feast day. The old men were dressed in their best clothes, the old ladies quite brilliant with gay ribbons in their caps. They sang and danced and acted just as described above. The men are great at speeches and addresses on any solemn occasion, such as a visit from the Bishop. At the Sisters' house in Rome an old lady showed him a Jack-in-the-box with the greatest gravity: when Jack suddenly jumped out of his box he was greeted with rounds of laughter by her and her aged companions.

peaceful, one might well envy her the grace of such a death. Received into the home just after she had been turned out of doors by her own children, for a long while she could not be got to forgive them for this unnatural cruelty. But among the Little Sisters she learned the lessons of our Divine Master. Pardoning them from her heart, patient and peaceful, with joy and hope upon her lips, she fell asleep in our Lord.

The work which began so humbly half a century ago at St. Servan has become one of the most imposing and important manifestations of charity of the present day. There are more than four thousand Sisters of the Institute of the Abbé le Pailleur. They occupy two hundred and fifty-three houses, and have under their care no fewer than thirty thousand old men and women. The marvels of their first beginnings are still being renewed from day to day. The little grain of mustard seed which that humble priest sowed forty-nine years ago has grown up and become a tree, and its branches have spread over not France alone, but the four quarters of the globe.

Of the Little Sisters and their work it may be said, as was said of the holy Apostles, "Their sound hath gone forth into all the earth: and their words unto the ends of the world" (Ps. xviii. 5). "This is the Lord's doing, and it is wonderful in our eyes" (Ps. cxvii. 23).

Who will not count it a happiness and a privilege to have some small share in a work so noble and holy? Who will not feel ashamed to grudge a few shillings for a cause to which the Little Sisters have given their lives? "Give alms of thy substance, and turn not away thy face from the poor; for so it shall come to pass that the face of our Lord shall not be turned away from thee. If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to give willingly a little" (Tobias iv. 7).

HOUSES OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

			Established.
1.	St. Servan	France	1840
2.	Rennes	„	1846
3.	Dinan	„	„
4.	Tours	„	1847
5.	Nantes	„	1849
6.	Paris, Rue St. Jacques	„	„
7.	Besançon	„	„
8.	Angers	„	1850
9.	Bordeaux	„	„
10.	Rouen	„	„
11.	Nancy	„	„
12.	Paris, Avenue de Breteuil	„	1851
13.	London, Portobello Road	England	„
14.	Laval	France	„
15.	Lyon-la-Villette	„	„
16.	Lille	„	1852
17.	Marseilles	„	„
18.	Bourges	„	„
19.	Pau	„	„
20.	Vannes	„	„
21.	Colmar-Elsass-Lothringen	Germany	„
22.	La Rochelle	France	„
23.	Dijon	„	„
24.	St. Omer	„	„
25.	Brest	„	„
26.	Chartres	„	1853
27.	Liége	Belgium	„
28.	Rolbec	France	„
29.	London, South Lambeth	England	„
30.	Paris, Rue Picpus	France	„
31.	Toulouse	„	1854
32.	St. Dizier	„	„
33.	Le Havre	„	„

34.	Blois	France	1854
35.	Brussels	Belgium	,,
36.	Le Mans	France	,,
37.	Tarare	,,	,,
38.	Paris, Rue Notre-Dame des Champs,	France	,,
39.	Orléans	,,	1855
40.	Strasburg-Elsass-Lothringen	Germany	1856
41.	The Noviciate and Mother-House, La Tour, St. Joseph, St. Pern, Ille-et-Vilaine	France	,,
42.	Caen	,,	,,
43.	Saint Etienne	,,	,,
44.	Perpignan	,,	,,
45.	Louvain	Belgium	,,
46.	Montpellier	France	,,
47.	Jemmappes	Belgium	1857
48.	Agen	France	,,
49.	Poitiers	,,	,,
50.	Saint Quentin	,,	1858
51.	Lisieux	,,	,,
52.	Annonay	,,	,,
53.	Amiens	,,	1859
54.	Roanne	,,	,,
55.	Valenciennes	,,	1860
56.	Grenoble	,,	,,
57.	Draguignan	,,	,,
58.	Châteauroux	,,	,,
59.	Roubaix	,,	,,
60.	Boulogne-sur-Mer... ...	,,	,,
61.	Dieppe	,,	1861
62.	Béziers	,,	,,
63.	Clermont Ferraud	,,	,,
64.	Lyon, Croix Rousse ...	,,	,,
65.	Metz, Lothringen	Germany	,,
66.	Manchester	England	1862
67.	Bruges	Belgium	,,
68.	Nice	France	,,
69.	Lorient	,,	,,
70.	Nevers	,,	,,
71.	Flers	,,	,,
72.	Glasgow	Scotland	,,

73.	Bristol	England	1862
74.	Villefranche	France	1863
75.	Cambrai	,,	,,
76.	Barcelona	Spain	,,
77.	Dundee	Scotland	,,
78.	Namur	Belgium	,,
79.	Manresa	Spain	,,
80.	Edinburgh	Scotland	,,
81.	Anvers	Belgium	,,
82.	Niort	France	,,
83.	Grenada	Spain	,,
84.	Birmingham	England	1864
85.	Paris, Rue Philippe de Girard	France	,,
86.	Lerida	Spain	,,
87.	Lorca	,,	,,
88.	Malaga	,,	1865
89.	Antequera	,,	,,
90.	Plymouth	England	,,
91.	Les Sables-d'Olonne	France	,,
92.	Troyes	,,	,,
93.	Leeds	England	,,
94.	Ostend	Belgium	1866
95.	Newcastle-on-Tyne	England	,,
96.	Maubeuge	France	,,
97.	Madrid	Spain	1867
98.	Nîmes	France	,,
99.	Toulon	,,	,,
100.	Jaën	Spain	,,
101.	Tourcoing	France	,,
102.	Cherbourg	,,	,,
103.	Valence	,,	,,
104.	Périgueux	,,	1868
105.	Waterford	Ireland	,,
106.	Reus	Spain	,,
107.	Brooklyn	America	,,
108.	Cincinnati	,,	,,
109.	Algiers	Africa	,,
110.	New Orleans	America	,,
111.	Dunkerque	France	,,
112.	Reims	,,	,,

113. Baltimore	America	1869
114. St. Louis	,,	,,
115. Vic-en-Bigorre	France	,,
116. Philadelphia	America	,,
117. Louisville	,,	,,
118. Cannes	France	,,
119. Aosta	Italy	,,
120. Boston	America	1870
121. Cleveland	,,	,,
122. New York	,,	,,
123. Washington	,,	1871
124. Albany	,,	,,
125. Huesca	Spain	1872
126. Pittsburg, Alleghany City, P.	America	,,
127. Salamanca	Spain	,,
128. Indianapolis	America	1873
129. Gand	Belgium	,,
130. Grasse	France	,,
131. Troy	America	,,
132. Rochefort	France	,,
133. Chantenay	,,	,,
134. Lous-le-Saulnier	,,	,,
135. Detroit	America	,,
136. Saint Pierre-lès-Calais ...	France	1874
137. Charleroy	Belgium	,,
138. Mataro	Spain	,,
139. Richmond	America	,,
140. Liverpool	England	,,
141. Autun	France	1875
142. Birkenhead	England	,,
143. Jerez-de-la-Frontera	Spain	,,
144. Limoges	France	,,
145. Cork	Ireland	,,
146. Saint Denis	France	,,
147. Milwaukee	America	1876
148. Chicago	,,	,,
149. Ouch	France	,,
150. London, Stoke Newington ...	England	,,
151. Palma	Spain	1877
152. Rive-de-Gier	France	,,

153.	Zamora	Spain	1877
154.	Tarragona	,,	,,
155.	Saintes	France	,,
156.	Armentières	,,	,,
157.	Vienne en Dauphiné	,,	,,
158.	Cadiz	Spain	,,
159.	San Lucar de Barrameda ...	,,	,,
160.	Pampeluna	,,	1878
161.	La Valette	Malta	,,
162.	Murcia	Spain	,,
163.	Manchester	England	,,
164.	Seville	Spain	,,
165.	Catania	Sicily	,,
166.	Medina, Sidonia	Spain	,,
167.	Newark	America	,,
168.	Vitoria	Spain	,,
169.	Ecija	,,	,,
170.	SanSebastian	Spain	,,
171.	Gerona	,,	,,
172.	Braeza	,,	,,
173.	Plasencia	,,	1879
174.	Naples	Italy	,,
175.	Bibao	Spain	,,
176.	Lyon-Vaise	France	,,
177.	Tortosa	Spain	,,
178.	Carcassonne	France	,,
179.	Carceres	Spain	,,
180.	Brooklyn, second house ...	America	1880
181.	La Madelaine-les-Lille... ...	France	,,
182.	Brighton	England	,,
183.	Germantown...	America	,,
184.	Liverpool, second house ...	England	,,
185.	Rome	Italy	,,
186.	Carlisle	England	,,
187.	Toledo	Spain	,,
188.	Valladolid	,,	1881
189.	Providence	America	,,
190.	Aci Reale	Sicily	,,
191.	Preston	England	,,
192.	New York, second house ...	America	,,

193.	Bona	Africa	1881
194.	Bruxelles, second house ...	Belgium	,,
195.	Osuna	Spain	,,
196.	Turin	Italy	,,
197.	Barcelona, second house ...	Spain	,,
198.	Dublin	Ireland	,,
199.	Tunis	Africa	1882
200.	Le Ferrol	Spain	,,
201.	Carthagena	,,	,,
202.	Milan	Italy	,,
203.	Messina	Sicily	,,
204.	Cincinnati, second house ...	America	,,
205.	Evansville	,,	,,
206.	Alicante	Spain	,,
207.	Kansas City	America	,,
208.	Sheffield	England	,,
209.	Arienzo	Italy	,,
210.	Nola	,,	,,
211.	Chicago, second house ...	America	,,
212.	Florence	Italy	,,
213.	New Orleans, second house ...	America	,,
214.	Calcutta	India	,,
215.	Sunderland	England	,,
216.	Segovia	Spain	,,
217.	Puerto-Santa-Maria	,,	1883
218	Ronda	,,	,,
219.	Charlestown	America	,,
220.	Saint Paul	,,	,,
221.	Verviers	Belgium	,,
222.	Biarritz	France	,,
223.	Gibraltar	Spain	,,
224.	Cuneo	Italy	,,
225.	Greenock	Scotland	1884
226.	Evreux	France	,,
227.	Grand Rapids	America	,,
228.	Madrid, second house ...	Spain	,,
229.	Melbourne	Australia	,,
230.	Granville	France	,,
231.	Ubeda	Spain	,,
232.	Cindad, Real	,,	,,

233.	Lisbon	Portugal	1884
234.	Elbeub	France	,,
235.	Modica	Sicily	1885
236.	Marseilles, second house ...	France	,,
237.	Douai	,,	,,
238.	Oran	Africa	,,
239.	Toledo	America	,,
240.	Alleghany City... ...	,,	,,
241.	Valparaiso ...	South America	,,
242.	Fourmies	France	,,
243.	Talavera	Spain	,,
244.	San Fernando	,,	,,
245.	Valls	,,	1886
246.	Andria	Italy	,,
247.	Jersey, Isle of ...		,,
248.	Perugia	Italy	,,
249.	Alençon	France	,,
250.	Sydney	Australia	,,
251.	Montreal	Canada	1887
252.	Lucca	Italy	,,
253.	Colombo	Ceylon	1888

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HOUSES IN GREAT BRITAIN.

ENGLAND.

London—St. Joseph's House, Portobello Road, Notting Hill, W. 1851

London—St. Ann's House, Manor Road, Stoke Newington, N. 1876

London—St. Peter's House, Meadow Road, South Lambeth, S.W. 1853

Brighton—St. Joseph's House, West Brighton. 1880

back to repentance those who had forsaken their religion through hope of reward or fear of torture.

Father Almond was one of the most zealous of these saintly men. He had not been long in England before he had worked miracles of conversion by the burning eloquence of his words, and still more by the example of his holy and mortified life. He had passed from one hiding place to another, stopping but a few weeks in each and so far had escaped the pursuivants, who were however on his track, and with the ferocity and perseverance of bloodhounds would hunt him down at last and give him up to death.

Well did the good Father know the fate that awaited him. The cord and the hangman's knife were certain to be his portion, for the fame of the conversions he had wrought was spread abroad, and the priest catchers were thirsting for his blood. Lady Mowbray knew too well the risk she ran in harbouring a priest; but she would as soon have turned away our Divine Lord Himself from her door as this His minister, who stood in need of rest and shelter from his enemies. For herself she cared not: nay, she courted the crown of martyrdom: and since Sir Gilbert's death in prison her thoughts had all been turned to that bright country where she hoped to meet him once again. But her child, her boy, so young, so brave, so full of life and spirits! she shuddered at the thought of danger coming near him. He was of such tender years: they surely could not harm him; if *she* transgressed the law he was not responsible. Nay these were foolish fears, she would confide her boy to the keeping of Him who is Father to the widow and the orphan, and she would risk all she had that she might once again assist at the Holy Sacrifice, and receive once more the Bread of Life which perhaps might be her Viaticum.

The priest was vested and the Mass began. O how fervently the worshippers prayed! with what devotion they approached the Altar to receive their God! How deep the silence, as each one knelt wrapped in prayer, begging their Heavenly Guest to make them strong in the hour of combat, strong even unto death.

But hark! a knocking at the outer gate! Each heart stood still, each face grew pale; and rising from their knees they scanned each other's countenances, and hoarsely whispered, "The pursuivants are upon us."

"Quick, Hubert," said Lady Mowbray to her aged steward; "go to the gate and hinder them as long as thou canst; we must get the good Father to his hiding place and all may yet be well." Then turning to the terrified servants, she bid them disperse, that no suspicion might attach itself to their being congregated together.

Meanwhile the priest terminated the Holy Sacrifice, unmindful of the ominous sounds without. As soon as the last gospel was finished, Lady Mowbray and her maid hastily stripped the table, which had served for an altar, of its ornaments; and touching a spring in the wainscotting, a panel receded, disclosing a cavity into which she hurriedly flung them.

"Courage, dear children," said Father Almond, "our good God will protect us. I will hasten to my hiding place; it is secure and well furnished, and I will bide there till the danger be passed." Then following Lady Mowbray to an adjoining chamber, Father Almond cheerfully entered the dark hole in the wall, which had been constructed in those times of persecution to shelter hunted priests; the aperture closed with a spring, and was quite invisible on the outside.

Lady Mowbray had hardly returned from securing the good Father's safety when the pursuivants rushed into the hall, vociferating curses against all the household for being detained so long without.

"How now, varlet," cried Topcliffe, their leader, "is this the way ye treat the King's officers? how much more of our good time mean ye to make us waste at your gates? Quick, sirrah, we would see the mistress of this Papist nest; and keep us not waiting, at thy peril!"

At this moment Lady Mowbray entered the hall, holding her son Gilbert by the hand; he would not leave his mother's side, thinking, poor child, that he could protect her in the hour of danger. The lady's

face was pale but calm, and she advanced with dignity to meet the intruders. It required a supreme effort to still the beating of her heart and her courage almost forsook her when she saw that Topcliffe was the leader of the band—a wretch from whom she knew she could expect no mercy.

"What means this intrusion?" she said, "it seemeth to me no hour to disturb a peaceful household and rouse it from slumber."

"Marry, good dame," cried one of the men, "there's been no slumber in this dwelling for some hours past."

Lady Mowbray's heart sank within her; for the man's words and insolent manner told her too plainly that there was a traitor in her little camp, and then indeed nought but ruin lay before her. Still the priest was safe; none of the servants knew of his hiding-place save her trusty steward, Hubert.

Turning then to the impatient Topcliffe she asked: "In whose name, sir, and by whose authority is this unseemly intrusion made?" "In the King's name, Mistress; here is our warrant; well we wot ye have a jail bird in your nest, and we would catch him in his gay plumage, which, if I mistake not, he has already donned. Lead the way, Madam; and if we find not what we seek, we will burn this hornet's nest to the ground, that it may never again be a harbour for Papists."

Lady Mowbray signed to the men to follow. They rushed from room to room; they broke open every chest, sounded the walls and fire-places, but all in vain. With savage oaths they pulled the tapestry from the walls and pierced the very beds with their swords to make sure that no one was concealed within. Their search seemed likely to prove fruitless. Lady Mowbray's courage rose as she saw that they were baffled. They had reached the room where the priest was concealed, and after searching every portion of it in vain, were about to retire, angry and disgusted with their fruitless efforts; when the eyes of Topcliffe fell on the child, who clung to his mother's hand, frightened and astonished at the scene of noisy tumult he had witnessed.

"Stay, my men," cried the ruffian. "I have found another means of coming to our end. Come hither, varlet, till I question thee." So saying, he laid his hand on the shoulder of the shrinking child.

"Nay," cried Lady Mowbray, "surely ye war not with children? He is too young to fall under the penalties of the law."

"We will not harm the boy, good mistress," said one of the men, less of a ruffian than his fellows: "Master Topcliffe would but question him."

"Aye, aye," responded Topcliffe; "'tis an old saying, Mistress Mowbray, that fools and children speak the truth; let him but answer truly what I ask, and I will not hurt a hair of his head." So saying he dragged the child roughly from his mother, and the men closed round him.

O the anguish of that moment to the poor mother, as she stood by helpless, unable to save her child! How she reproached herself that she had suffered him to stay with her when she had placed the priest in his hiding-place. It was in that very room, and the child knew it. He was brave, but O how young and tender, and how merciless were his tormentors. Why had she exposed him to this trial? What could she do to save him? Her heart beat wildly as she listened to the conversation that ensued, and heard Topcliffe addressing her child: "Thou art a fine lad to be mewed up in this dreary old house; wouldst thou not like to go to Court and see his Gracious Majesty? He would make a gay young page of thee; thou shouldst have a horse to ride, a hawk to fly, and a silver bugle and dagger to call thy own."

The boy's eyes sparkled, but he answered not.

"Come," continued Topcliffe, "tell us where the priest lies hid, who we know was mumbling his Mass here this morning, and I will give thee all these things. Thou canst not deceive me, varlet, I can read thy very thoughts."

The child looked up and fixed his clear blue eyes on his questioner. "I cannot speak a lie," he said, "but I will not tell thee where the good priest lies."

"Ah, ah," exclaimed Topcliffe, "we'll get at it now, the young springald knows the secret, and I will have it out of him tho' I should have to drag it from his very heart." He seized the child roughly, and with a fierce oath demanded: "Where is this traitor priest? Speak, boy, or I will shut thee up in the lowest dungeon of the tower, and I doubt not but that starvation will unclose thy lips."

The colour fled from Gilbert's cheek: his lips trembled and he tightened his little hands together, but still he answered: "Indeed, Sir, I *cannot*, I *must* not tell thee."

"Ah," sneered Topcliffe, "thou speakest fine, young man, '*cannot*,' and, '*must not*' forsooth! We'll try what a little present chastisement will do towards unsealing thy lips. The whipping post can do good work. Here, Giles, fetch me a stout rope; we'll try it across his white shoulders, and methinks he will soon give a civil answer."

He was interrupted by a wild shriek from the distracted mother, who, bursting through the circle of armed men, clasped her son in her arms and held him in a passionate embrace. "Ruffians," she cried, "ye shall do him no harm; my body shall be his shield; only death shall part us, alive I shall never give him up."

"Unloose him," cried Topcliffe, trembling with rage, "or by heaven, I will have you both shot."

The terrible scene would certainly have ended in bloodshed; but at this moment the secret spring of the hiding-place was drawn from within, the wainscoting opened, and from the aperture stepped Father Almond and confronted the astonished soldiers. "Cease," he said, "this unseemly persecution of women and children. I am the man ye seek; do with me as ye will, but let these go their way."

"Seize him, my men," cried Topcliffe, "'tis the vagabond priest who has given us so much trouble. Leave the stripling with his mother; we have enough evidence here to hang them both an' we will."

Father Almond was immediately surrounded by the soldiers. Lady Mowbray threw herself sobbing at his feet, begging him to bless her and her child. He raised

his fettered hand and blessed them, but Topcliffe hurried him away, and in a short time they were far on the road to London, and Father Almond was thrown into Newgate, to await the mockery of a trial.

Lady Mowbray was deeply grieved at what had happened. She succeeded in providing for her child's safety by sending him abroad with a faithful servant, and then repaired to London, hoping to get access to Father Almond's prison and procure for him some alleviations of which she knew he stood in need. Her efforts were vain. The jailer refused admittance to his prisoner; and she soon found she was in such peril from accusations made against her, that she was obliged to quit the country and join her son in France.

Father Almond was brought before Judge King, then Bishop of London. The Bishop entered into argument with him, but finding himself hard pressed, reviled the good man, who replied: "God forgive you, your words trouble me not."

Refusing to take the oath of allegiance as then worded, he was sent back to prison but again brought to trial upon an indictment of high treason, "for having taken orders beyond the seas by authority of the see of Rome, and for remaining in this kingdom contrary to the laws." He was found guilty by the jury, though he neither confessed or denied his being a priest, and no proof could be brought of his being such. The 5th of December, 1612, was the day fixed for his execution. A large crowd had assembled outside Newgate to see the good priest go out to die.

It was a raw, cold morning, and as the great prison clock struck nine the gates were thrown open, and Father Almond, with a smiling countenance, came out and stepped on to the sledge on which he was to be drawn to Tyburn. Arrived there, and having his hands untied, he lifted his hat, and blessed God that He had found him worthy and had brought him to that place to die for His Name and glory. He got up into the cart with much difficulty, his legs being stiff and weak; he made the sign of the cross and prayed silently for a

while. Then rising and turning to the executioner, he gave him a piece of gold, saying, "I don't give thee this to spare me, for I am ready, as my duty doth bind me, to lose both life and blood; therefore, do thy worst, rip me up alive, cut off my hands; no torment is sufficient to satisfy my love for my Redeemer. I would I had the heart of St. Vincent or the body of St. Lawrence to be broiled on a gridiron. I am ready with God's grace to suffer; all the blood I have is too little, and not enough to shed for my Master, Christ." Then looking round, he begged all true professors of the Catholic faith to pray for him and with him; and repeated often, "Into thy hands," etc. The cart being ready to be drawn away, he asked to have a handkerchief over his eyes. One in the crowd offered him a foul rag, but another stepping forward gave him one of fine linen. He smiled his thanks, and the signal being given by the executioner he cried, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus;" and then hanging for the space of three *Pater Nosters*, some of the standers-by pulling him by his legs, he was cut down and quartered, his soul passing quickly to His Saviour, for whose love he had given up his life.

Such were the scenes of violence and bloodshed witnessed by our forefathers, and such the sufferings endured by heroic men in their endeavours to keep alive the spark of Faith still left in England.

Deep and lasting should be our gratitude to these holy Martyrs. Verily, their blood has been the seed of the Church in this country. In return let us each one do our part in furthering the cause of their canonization. Money and talents we may not have to devote to this great cause, but all can pray to God to delay no longer the vindication of the glorious lives and deaths of our noble English Martyrs.

A.M.C

The particulars of Father Almond's martyrdom are taken from Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests."

The Snow Maiden.

BY AUGUSTA MARRYAT.

It was during the latter part of the year 1871 that a girl sat busy at work plaiting osiers for baskets, outside a cottage in a little village of Normandy. The country had not yet recovered from the effects of the late war, and orchards, once thick with fruit-laden trees, were now bare, whilst erst smiling fields remained uncultivated, giving no prospect of future crops. There were still traces to be seen of French bivouacs; and where the various ambulances had buried their dead, clay had been dug out and piled up in parallel ridges of unequal length, like huge flat-topped potato pits, with huge crosses placed at either end. The iron had entered into the very souls of these poor peasants, and they had not yet found courage sufficient to make good what the German army had ruined.

The village girls as they passed to and fro, carrying water from, or washing clothes at the general fountain never addressed so much as a word to Marie sitting silent at her work, for a natural reserve had given her companions the idea that she was proud. From a child, dedicated by her parents to the Blessed Virgin, she had held herself as religiously from mixing with other children as her white dress was removed from their coarse garments. Until her first Communion she was clothed from head to foot in white, even to her little linen boots; a dress that was at times a grievance, since it would contract dust and get spoiled with mud. And then her mother would bid her keep herself apart from the rude boys and girls belonging to the hamlet—"But see then my child, how thou soilest thyself!"

As Marie grew up, she became the belle of the neighbourhood, tall and stately and very pale. Two smooth bands of dark hair shone on either side of her forehead beneath the high Normandy cap she wore,

and her white muslin kerchief was crossed upon a bosom as pure as itself. Over this hung a big gold cross, which, with a pair of earrings, comprised at once her entire fortune and inheritance.

At seventeen, Marie showed none of those flirting coquettish propensities so common to young women; and was so indifferent to gossip and tittle-tattle, so regular at confession and Mass, that the neighbours called her in derision, "the Snow Maiden."

At twenty years of age, no breath of slander had passed over her, no man had gained her affections, although more than one in the happy days before the war had tried to do so, until, piqued by her coldness, they had all turned for consolation to the Babettes and Fanchons, who, if less beautiful, were fair to them. All but one, Octave Piver, heir to an old uncle, and considered the best match in those parts.

But although he loved her fondly, and wooed her faithfully, Marie remained callous; until the young man, driven to desperation by her obduracy, enlisted, and went with the rest of the flower of France to fight the Germans. He had now been away more than a year, but whether a prisoner, or dead, or fled for refuge amongst the Lerins mountains, no one knew.

If Marie ever regretted the coldness that had sent him away to death or exile, she kept her feelings to herself. Her only surviving parent, her mother, had died during these months of trouble, so that Marie lived quite alone in a small cottage near the stream, on the borders of which the willows grew from which she cut the osiers for her work. Whilst her manners repelled the men of her acquaintance, her great beauty provoked the jealousy and spite of the women. She had no friends save the Curé. She rose in the morning with none to greet her, and lay down without any to wish her good night. Gradually she became more silent and self-repressed. Mère Poupon, who would have chattered to a dying man, affirmed that Marie Dumont might as well be dumb for all one could get out of her; and her wonder was how any man could tolerate her, much less go as a soldier to get killed for love of her.

The days were long and monotonous, the nights dreary, but having once elected to live independent of the sympathy of others, Marie was now forced to accept the lot chosen. Her pride had told her she could live without love or the approval of others, but nature was already beginning to revenge herself for the outrage. Yet even whilst the Snow Maiden confessed to herself she was not happy, she in no wise connected that sorrow with the absence of Octave.

It was late autumn, and the days were beginning to draw in, when sitting one evening at the door to catch the last gleam of daylight, Marie saw a man, in the dress of a soldier coming slowly towards her. Ragged, worn, travel-stained and lame, he halted between each step as if the exertion of walking was too much for him. She raised her eyes, not recognising her old lover at first, so altered was he ; and it was not until he spoke and called her by her name, that she was aware that Octave stood before her. Then she rose and was about to welcome him, when he swooned at her feet. Seeing him lying there insensible, a great pity, such as she had never felt before, seized her, and lifting him up with strong young arms, for he was thin and attenuated, she carried him in, and laid him on her own and only bed.

She tried to restore him to consciousness ; but there was no consciousness for him or any return to life except the delirium of fever. Marie in her anxiety had given no thought whatever to consequences. It was nearly dark when Octave came to her door, and most of the villagers had already sought the warmth of their wood fires, or in default, gone to bed, so that the fact of the wounded sick man being harboured in Marie's cottage was only known to herself. She had no female friend or intimate in the whole place to whom she could confide the awkwardness of her position, beside she felt bashful that anyone should know Octave Piver lay ill in her house.

As day succeeded day, and still she watched, waiting and hoping for his recovery and departure and he did not get better, the maiden's heart began to fail her.

What if he died, just as she had discovered the sweetness of having someone to care for? What if he died and left her to bear alone, not only the grief of his loss, but the odium of his having been living under the same roof as herself all this while?

The days turned into weeks, the snow lay thick on the ground for winter had come, and still Octave lay too ill to be moved; and still Marie watched and waited on him with such devotion as only a woman who loves is capable of showing. His weakness and helplessness appealed to her most generous feelings. The privation she herself endured in order that she might procure him all he required, endeared him to her for the very sacrifices she made. Yet she did not know she loved him; she called it pity, charity, what you will, anything but love. Her basket plaiting was almost laid aside: she could only do it at rare intervals, when Octave could spare her, so that her livelihood was almost taken away. She had given him up her bed in the more moderate temperature of the kitchen, and went to sleep herself in a kind of loft, where, until now, fowls had roosted and where there was no outlet but one, through which the poor child had to creep on all fours before coiling herself up in some straw. The window or door of this garret, gained by a ladder, had no shutter or other means of keeping out the cold air; but God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, sent the half-clad maiden such dreamless sleep as only the young and innocent can know, sleep in which she forgot she was cold and uncared for. It never occurred to her that she was enduring any hardship; as she rose in the morning and tried to warm her half-frozen feet by stamping with them on the hard ground, until her wooden sabots rang like castanets, before kneeling to thank her particular patroness, the Blessed Virgin, for the care that had been taken of her during the dark hours of the night.

It was a terrible time with the poor, this Christmas season of 1871, and especially so with Marie. She had sold her gold cross and earrings, and taken everything else of value to the *mont de pieté*; for as Octave got

better and consciousness returned, he required such delicate food as she found difficult to procure him. The weather was bitterly cold; he must have fire, and wood was so scarce and dear: and Marie, too proud to ask of her neighbours, would go into the forest herself to pick up sticks and dry fern, and now and then, by good luck, a log or so.

One day, returning after having pawned her Sunday red petticoat that she might get a piece of beef for Octave's soup, she met Mère Poupon, who, peering curiously into her basket, said, "We dine well: meat! and times so hard as they are too!"

Afraid lest the old woman should guess her secret, the girl hurriedly shut the door, but not before Octave had been seen, who, risen from bed, was sitting before the hearth. Though worn and attenuated so as to look but the shadow of the once stout young soldier, he was on the road to recovery and Mère Poupon recognised him at a glance.

Marie, almost breathless, sank down upon a stool, for notwithstanding her robust frame and twenty years, she was beginning to experience the effects of privations undergone. She felt weak and nervous, though she did not tell Octave, then or ever, how all these long winter nights she had given him up her own bed, whilst lying on straw in a loft; or that his illness having interfered with her basket making, to say nothing of having two mouths to feed instead of one, she had been obliged to pawn most of her clothes. But she exerted herself to find him his supper; and leaving her only remaining garment to cover his feet, climbed up into her garret.

She did not weep, it was not in her nature to be loudly demonstrative; but Octave thought she looked paler, if possible, next morning. Christmas day was past, the bells had rung out from belfry and tower to announce the birthday of the Christ-King, and it wanted but a few days to the New Year.

Octave was now well enough to go out, though still too weak to walk without a stick. "Ma belle," he said, "wilt thou not make a little promenade with me? There is the sun, it will warm us finely."

Marie answered "I am occupied; I have to do work which will keep me at home." She dreaded his going out, knowing what would be said and thought by the neighbours. How could she tell him, even make him aware of the injury he had unintentionally done her, laid up ill all these weeks alone with her in her cottage? She blushed when she thought what she might hear whilst dreading he should guess how much it troubled her.

Her surmises were correct. Exclamations of surprise greeted his appearance, mingled with derisive remarks.

"But I have been here since seven weeks," he answered. "My good Marie has nursed me through a fever like a sister. My faith, but she is a brave girl!"

"Thou needst not tell us where thou hast been all this while, need he, Mère Poupon?" said one. "A sister indeed!"

"Ah! this comes of being so very much better than other people, too devout to go for a walk with any young man. I hate such hypocrisy," remarked another.

"Make our compliment to the Snow Maiden," said a third, "and ask her if she will condescend to visit us now?"

"Ah!" from Mère Poupon with a sarcastic laugh, "but it is not to be credited, my son, that she—Bah! this comes of carrying one's head so high."

Some other women now joined in the laugh, all ready to throw stones at a girl who, by her superior discretion and maidenly reserve, had turned them into enemies.

"Well, Mesdemoiselles," replied Octave, "I trust you will not think my wife carries her head too high, or that Marie is an unsuitable mistress for Bellerive." Then bowing to the discomfited ladies, he left them to express their surprise and wonder in what terms they pleased.

Meanwhile Marie, who could hear the laughing and guessed she was the object of it, had run off to the Curé, with whom she was a great favourite, to tell him her trouble and ask his advice. The Angelus was sounding as she neared the presbytery, and the priest was just returning from visiting a sick person.

"My dear child, what has happened? why that sorrowful face, this agitation?"

"Dear Father, I am very unhappy, and yet I have done nothing to displease the Lord God or the dear Virgin;" and Marie's tears flowed afresh.

"Well, well! let's hear all about it. If you have done no wrong, things can be easily righted. If God is for us, who can be against us?"

"But they are all against me," said Marie; and then she told her story.

The Curé looked grave. "You have been wrong in allowing Octave to be in your house without making the fact public," said he.

"But Father, there was no one I could tell: no one has ever been inside my cottage since my mother died: they all dislike me so," and again Marie's tears began to flow.

"And whose fault is that? But even supposing, my poor child, that you have no other friend, why did you not tell me?"

"I hoped every day he would get well and go away, and I was afraid of the neighbours' remarks."

"Dear child, perhaps you have been too proud in the consciousness of your own purity, and God has seen fit to try you, by wounding that pride. Perhaps you have been a little uncharitable to your neighbours, whose animal spirits, even if it makes them rather rude and rough, may be quite innocent. Octave is well enough now to leave your house; he must not remain there another night: send him home. As for you—'I was a stranger and you took me in.' You have compromised yourself for Christ's sake; leave it to Him to restore you your good name in His own time. God bless you; be patient, my dear child, and go in peace."

Marie as she walked home was very sad, for she felt that by this time her character had probably been torn to shreds before the person for whose good opinion she cared most; but she tried to think only of what the Curé had said, as she sat down by her empty hearth, pale from emotion, but tearless.

When Octave came in, he saw she had been crying by the weary droop of her swollen eyelids. She began at once: "Thou art well now, Octave, at least well

enough to go elsewhere. Thou must not think me unkind if I ask of thee to leave this day. Monsieur le Curé bade me tell thee to go to him."

"Go? then thou dost not love me, Marie, or my good little nurse would not send me away."

The Snow Maiden cast down her eyes.

"Wilt thou always continue cold to one who loves thee faithfully. Say then, my angel, wilt thou not marry me? I am rich now. I had wanted to tell thee, my uncle died during the siege."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I heard the news from a fellow prisoner, and I was coming back to thee when I fell ill on thy threshold. But thou shiverest, what ails thee?"

"Nothing," replied Marie sorrowfully: "I am tired."

"Hast nothing to say to me? Wilt thou not be mistress of Bellerive, as thou hast always been of my heart?"

"No," drawing herself up; "since I would not take thee when thou wast poor and I without reproach, how can I do so now when thou art rich, and I am poorer of my good name? Thou hast but to listen to what Mère Poupon and the rest have to say of me."

"But since this has all happened through my fault, it is not more than just that I should restore what I have robbed thee of. The life thou hast given me back belongs by right to thee. Wilt thou not accept this devotion, and make thy Octave happy?"

Then Marie unbent willingly, for it had cost her severe trouble to steel herself against the man she loved and had nursed back into health. She gave him her hand, with a promise to be his as soon as their wedding could be arranged.

The good Curé was as pleased at the turn affairs had taken as if he had been a mother secure of the best match of the season for her daughter, and the New Year dawned on a happy bride.

Mère Poupon, looking on Marie in her gala dress the first time she saw her tripping out of church after Mass beside her handsome young husband, exclaimed, "Ah, but marriage seems to have melted away all the snow, and left only a sunbeam in its place!"

The Story of a Coin.

By Theo Gift.

Some little while ago I happened to be in the small room at the back of the shop of my friend Josef Emmanuel, in Southampton Street, Strand. Most people know Emmanuel's; but if you don't happen to be in that line you may not know that besides being a vendor of antique curios and bric-a-brac, and one of the best living authorities on the genuineness and life-history, if I may so express it, of such articles in general, his particular speciality is coins. For myself, I don't believe there is a man in all Europe who knows as much about coins, or is in fact a more thorough numismatist; and of one thing you may be certain. If you have set your heart on any special coin he will get it for you if it is above ground and *to be got;* and if it is not you will at least have the satisfaction of knowing why, where it is, who has it, and how long it has been in his possession.

I always go to see Emmanuel when I am in town. For one thing, I do a little in the way of collecting coins myself; a *very* little; but an idle man must have a hobby when he gets to a certain age, or else he becomes a bore; and then one is always sure of a pleasant half hour there, listening to the polyglot conversation of my Hebrew friend, whose father was a German and his mother an Englishwoman, and who, having been born and brought up in Paris and resided at different times in every capital of Europe, has acquired a command of mixed languages which is apt to become almost unintelligible at times.

The occasion in question was not long after the

death of Lord———, so well known as having the largest private collection of coins in the world: and the announcement that this was to be for sale at Christy's on a certain day had I suppose brought a good many other "virtuosi" up to London, beside my humble self. As for Emmanuel, he had put a piece of crape round his hat out of respect to the deceased nobleman whom he called his "goodt an' tear vriendt:" and he almost wept with indignation when he told me that the authorities at the British Museum had had the offer of the whole collection first, and had let it slip rather than give the price required. Now it would be all broken up and dispersed, and "Lord only knew ven zhere sall be so goodt a one again."

I expressed my surprise at its being sold at all. True, Lord——had left no son; but he had a daughter who was married and I believed his son-in-law, the Hon. Mr. Dalziel, took a lively interest in such matters. Emmanuel shook his head and thrust out his under lip.

"*He?* Zat young man? Not a bit, not a bit! Don' know a goodt coin when he see heem, an' don' care if he neffer see heem again. What make you sink ze odder sing?"

"Only that I know he helped Lord———, in collecting before he married the daughter at all, and once even took a journey to St. Petersburg for the purpose of verifying a single coin belonging to Lord———, the duplicate of which was in the Museum there. By the way, he nearly got into a row about it too."

Emmanuel's eyes glittered and he took a quick step towards me. I could see he was excited.

"How *you* know zat? Who toldt you?" he asked eagerly.

"Why, it was when I was temporarily attached to the Embassy there about seven years ago, and just before I left the diplomatic service. I heard something about it at the time, and Dalziel told me the rest himself not very long ago when I met him at a dinner party."

"He tell you hisself? I do weesh you wouldt tell

me. I vill keep secret, you needt not fear an' maybe I can tell you some sing into ze bargain,"

"Oh, there is no secret in the matter that I know of," I said laughing. "It was an awkward incident, and makes an amusing story, that's all. Dalzie was only a lieutenant in Her Majesty's dragoons then, and the very impecunious younger son of an Earl who went through the Bankruptcy Court soon afterwards; but fame put him down as the handsomest man in London society, and as a hopeless admirer of Lady Laura ——, whose father, however, would have nothing to say to him. I heard that when he called at the Embassy to present his credentials, but we were not introduced to one another, and as he left St. Petersburg a couple of days later I did not make his acquaintance till quite recently.

"It seems, however, that on the afternoon preceding his departure, a tall handsome aristocratic-looking young man presented himself at the coin department of the Imperial Museum, and handed in a card from His Imperial Highness Prince ——— requesting M. Paul, the most courteous keeper of the department (you know him of course Emmanuel, a Franco Russe and one of the most delightful of men), to afford the Hon. Lester Dalzie every facility for examining the collection under his care.

"Some such introduction is the usual form before leave for such indulgence can be granted; and M. Paul simply glanced at it, signed the required permission, and handed the gentleman over to an attendant, specially deputed to assist visitors in their researches.

"I daresay you know as well as I do that the coins in the Imperial Museum are arranged very much as in ours here, set out in glass cases on a velvet bed, each one being sunk in a little circular depression which exactly fits it. Those who have an examination order are privileged to have the cases unlocked for them: the attendant standing by to perform the office and make sure that the specimens are all right and in their proper places before and after being exposed to investigation.

It is not a very exciting duty: nor is it to be supposed that the official keeps an unvarying eye on the properly credentialed visitor; and on the occasion in question Mr. Dalziel had timed his inspection so late, that the impatient glances of the attendant wandered more frequently to the big clock on the lobby without than was consistent even with his own sense of decorum. The long watched for hour for closing struck while he was thus engaged, and in his joy at being at last free to fly to the public gardens where his sweetheart had promised to meet him, he exclaimed:

"'Time's up, Excellency! I must close the rooms, in such a loud and joyous tone that the visitor, who was bending over a case in absorbed interest, started up with such violence as almost to bring the whole concern to the ground. He recovered himself immediately, however, apologised for having been so long over his inspection, and saying he must finish it on the morrow was leaving the gallery; when the attendant, who had stayed behind to close and refasten the case, called out suddenly, and came hurrying after him.

"'Excuse me, Highness,' he said, as Dalziel turned round, asking what was the matter, 'but I must beg you to return a moment. There is a coin missing from this case. They were all correct when I opened it to you a few minutes ago. Perhaps you have inadvertently——'

"Dalziel turned back at once, staring.

"'A coin *missing!* nonsense!' he exclaimed with evident incredulity. 'I left them all right a second ago. You must be mistaken.'

"'Pardon, most excellent one, here is the vacant place;' and the official laid his finger on the tiny circular socket, from which sure enough a coin was missing. 'Further it happens to be an extremely valuable one, the only specimen of that date known to be in existence. Your Highnesship can scarcely have failed to notice it: a gold denarius of the early Roman Empire, with the head of Marcus Aurelius on one side, and a winged figure representing Rome pursuing a couple of armed Scythians on the other."

"'Of course I noticed it,' said Dalziel quickly. 'I noticed it particularly, you may have seen me doing so; and I could swear that when I left the case a moment back it was in it. You must have brushed it on one side with your hand.'

"'Honoured Sir, it is impossible. I had but laid my hand on the lid when I observed its absence. It is my duty to be on the alert in such things; but perhaps your Excellency may have moved it unknowingly. You were bending over the case when I startled you, and your sleeve———'

"For an answer Dalziel turned back his coat sleeves at the wrist, unbottoned his cuffs and shook them somewhat roughly. He wore a well cut, tightly-fitting frock-coat, buttoned up the whole way, and seeing the attendant's eyes wandering to it he added with considerable impatience:

"'I suppose you don't think the coin can have jumped up into my pockets; but if you do——' plunging his fingers into the breast pocket as he spoke, and afterwards turning out both the tail ones in succession; adding as he did so, 'There! as you see, nothing else but my handkerchief and purse, so I hope you are satisfied.'

"The attendant failed to look so.

"'Highness, it is a most unfortunate circumstance; but as the coin is gone, no matter how or where, and I am answerable for its safety, I must beg that you will at least accompany me to the keeper of the department that I may acquaint him with the fact.'

"'You had better make sure that it *is* gone first,' said Dalziel. 'I can swear positively that I left it in its place a minute back; and therefore if it is out of it now it must either be in some corner of the case or on the floor besides it. Look for yourself. I would have done so for you but that you seem so suspicious of me.'

"But though the attendant searched all about and with anxious care, no sign of the missing coin was to be seen; and on his again requesting the visitor to accompany him to his chief, Dalziel at once consented.

"M. Paul listened to his subordinate's account with

equal gravity and patience; and when it was finished turned courteously to Dalziel and said:

"'Monsieur, you will I am sure excuse the clerk, who is only doing his duty in manifesting anxiety for the safety of the articles for which he is responsible. Without such anxiety, valuable specimens might disappear any day, and the one in question is particularly choice, being supposed to have been struck by order of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius just before his death in commemoration of his last victories over the Scythians. As you are aware, he was attacked by the plague and died in the full tide of victory; and it is therefore doubtful whether this coin ever came into circulation, specimens of that bearing the head of Commodus and the date of the year contemporary with his father's decease being not uncommon; while the fact that this solitary denarius of Aurelius was found by some workmen, while excavating at the base of the column erected in that Emperor's honour, has led to the belief that it was only issued as a proof of the new coinage to be and was purposely buried with other relics of the great man who designed it at the foot of his statue. It has only lately fallen into our hands; and I need not say that we esteem it as of great value. You of course, Monsieur, as an English gentleman and so highly recommended, are above any suspicion in the matter of its disappearance. Still as you own it *was* in the case when the latter was opened for you, and as there did not happen to be any other person whatever in the room———'

"'Except the attendant!' Dalziel broke in rather warmly.

"'Except the attendant,' repeated M. Paul, with a slight wave of his hand as who should say, 'not that he counts as anybody'—'you will, I am sure, be gracious enough to prove to the good man that the missing specimen has not concealed itself—inadvertently of course—among your garments.'

"'I have done so already,' said Dalziel quickly, 'I even emptied my pockets and turned up my coat-cuffs for him that he might see it was not in them.'

"M. Paul bowed very low.

"'Precisely. Monsieur acted with the frank condescension to be expected from an English gentleman; but since the coin is not to be found elsewhere, and this is a serious matter, perhaps he might not object—might even wish, for his own satisfaction, to submit himself to a little closer investigation before he leaves.'

"Dalziel drew himself suddenly erect, his face crimsoning with astonished indignation.

"'Investigate? How? What do you mean?' he asked bluntly. 'You don't dare to insinuate that you want to *search* me, do you? *Me*, an English officer and the son of an English nobleman!'

"M. Paul bowed lower still and spread out his hands in deprecation.

"'Mais, Monsieur, it is as a form only: a mere form for the vindication of your honour; and to which, as you are so sure, so above all suspicion in the minds of those who know you, you could not possibly object.'

"Dalziel took a step backwards, his lips compressed, his whole demeanour altered in a moment from its previous carelessness to one of almost savage determination.

"'It is not a form,' he said roughly. 'It might be if I wore an open jacket or a cloak, into the loose folds or pockets of which the coin might have fallen; but, as you see, this coat of mine fits tightly and is buttoned up the whole way. The outer pockets I have already turned out for the benefit of your subordinate. If your property is in an inner one, or anywhere else about my person, it could only have been concealed there by myself, and of malice prepense. To talk about a 'search,' therefore is to argue that you think me capable of such an act, and is not a form, but an insult. Sir, I decline to submit myself to be insulted by any man. Search your room or your own official if you like. You will not search *me*.'

"M. Paul looked as he felt seriously embarrassed. He had certainly never expected such violent resistance to what he felt to be, under the circumstances, a perfectly natural proposal; and one which appeared all the more

necessary to him from the very fact of the visitor's wholly disproportionate wrath, combined with his own knowledge of the lengths to which the avidity of a true connoisseur will lead an otherwise honest man. In his desire to avoid any active unpleasantness, however, he caught at the suggestion contained in Dalziel's last words; and made haste to answer that if *that* was all that was needed to restore Monsieur's equanimity, and prove to him that no insult was intended, both the coin room and the attendant should be searched most thoroughly. Indeed he was sure M. Petrovoskoi would not need asking—

"Dalziel shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. M. Petrovoskoi, he said with unmistakable decision, might do so as he was asked or not according to his pleasure; but for himself, he should simply abide by what he had already said, and refuse to submit to the indignity suggested while he had a drop of blood left in his body to defend himself. Of course they might use force. Let them dare to attempt it, that was all. He should appeal to his ambassador. He should—He was going on at this rate, his wrath waxing higher with each word; while M. Paul vainly protested, and the attendant implored almost with tears that someone—anyone—would strip *him* to the skin, nay, to the very roots of his hair and the quick of his nails, for the proving of his innocence; when of a sudden the whole scene was brought to an end, and the turmoil put a stop to, by the appearance of the official who had been despatched by M. Paul to re-search the coin room; and who now presented himself in the doorway bowing respectfully and holding out between his finger and thumb a small piece of gold, worn in surface and irregular in shape, which all present recognised in a moment as the missing specimen itself. 'Gentlemen,' he said phlegmatically, 'here is the coin you asked for. It was in its own case all the time and quite safe, only somebody—he who last examined it—had, in replacing it pushed it under a loose piece of velvet in the lining so that at first sight it was not visible. I detected it by putting my finger into the place and feeling the metallic substance under the stuff.'

"There was a sudden silence. M. Paul, the angry young Englishman and the almost hysterical attendant looked at each other for an instant without speaking; and then all in the same breath burst into a volley of questions, exclamations, and apologies, not unmixed with laughter at the absurd simplicity of the accident which had nearly caused so serious an imbroglio. Dalziel and the attendant now vied with one another in taking on themselves the whole blame of the incident, the former for having omitted, when startled by the cry of 'Time to close,' to make sure that he had replaced the coin in its proper position; and the latter for his carelessness in not prosecuting a more thorough search for it in the first instance. Only M. Paul preserved his equanimity; and ventured, though with great courtesy, to remind the young Englishmen that he himself had not gone an inch beyond his formal duty in making the suggestions which had been received in such an offensive spirit, though he still failed to see why it should have been so, seeing that, but for the fortunate accident of the coin's discovery, Monsieur's innocence could not have been demonstrated by any other means either as quick or as simple.

"Dalziel coloured up at the reproof. Possibly now that the affair was over he was feeling a little ashamed of his late unnecessary violence.

"'Well, Sir,' he said frankly, 'I daresay you were quite right and only acted within your duty; and as I have already said, I suppose I have to blame my own carelessness for the accident; but all the same no man likes to be told to his face that he is suspected of being a thief; and besides I had another reason for refusing; a much better one than any mere feeling and pride, and which, now that your coin is found and safe under lock and key, I do not mind telling you. See here!' and he rapidly unbuttoned his frock-coat, 'the first thing in a search would be to do this; the second to find *this*'—and putting his forefinger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket, he drew out a small yellow object and held it up to them.

"It was an ancient gold coin, *the facsimile in every respect of the one about which the dispute had arisen!*

"Even the imperturbable M. Paul uttered a slight exclamation; and the attendant ran to the case and glared at the lately discovered specimen within as though he feared it had in some way been spirited through the glass.

"Dalziel could not resist a somewhat mocking laugh.

"'Yes, gentlemen,' he said 'that unique denarius is not unique after all. It has a brother, and this is it; and the worst of the matter is that the owner of the latter will be just as much disgusted when I inform him of the fact, as you perhaps are at the present moment. To put it briefly, that owner is Lord————, of whose fame as a collector of coins you may, even at this distance, have heard.'

"M. Paul bowed low. Truly not to have done so would have been impossible even to his mean capacity. Was not the name of Lord ———— as one of the greatest European numismatists known in all quarters of the scientific world?

"'Exactly, but even the greatest numismatists can make a mistake, it seems; and for some months back Lord ———— has rejoiced in the mistaken belief that *he* was the happy possessor of the last denarius of Aurelius. Lately, however, a rumour reached him that one very closely resembling it was to be seen in the Imperial Museum here: and in his distress at the doubt, and knowing I was going to visit this country, he entreated me to verify or disprove it by comparison with his own specimen which he entrusted to me for the purpose. My principle errand here this afternoon was to discharge his commission, and I grieve to say that I fear the result of it will cause him acute anguish. There is no question of likeness between the coins: they are identical in every respect; and that being the case you will *now* perhaps understand, Monsieur, why, if the Imperial denarius had not been found and by your own official it would have been utterly impossible for me to either propose or submit to a search which could only have had so seemingly degrading and compromising

a result. Gentleman, I am sorry to have detained you so long. Good evening.'"

"Vell? And vat zen? Vat follow?" said the old Jew eagerly, as I stopped; his glittering eyes and absorbed attention having led me on to tell the story much more fully than I had intended.

"There is nothing more. That is the end so far as I heard; and I only mentioned it because I thought it showed that young Dalziel took an interest in his future father-in-law's hobby at that time, at any rate. Perhaps he only did it to win favour with the old man. He left St. Petersburg next day, I know; and I remember thinking of the incident when all society was wondering at the news of his marriage to Lady Laura quite a short time afterwards."

Emmanuel clapped his long lean hands together very softly several times over.

"Ah-h-h! *I* not vonder! Lord ——— he hadt ze true soul for art, he not shtop at noting; an' ze Hon. Misther Dalziel he teserve—oh! he teserve his prizhe. Well, I neffer heardt zat shtory before; but now you haf toldt it me I think I musht tell you von leetl' von in return. O, not a shtory, an anegdote only; but I vil ask you to keep it shecret all ze same. If Lord ——— had been 'live shtill I wouldt not haf toldt even you for he was a fery great friendt of mine; but you are a goodt friendt too an' a man of honour, you vill keep shecret, no?"

And then Emmanuel told me the following history, which I venture to print in English somewhat more intelligible than his own.

"It was some years ago when one day I got a letter from Lord ——— asking me to go down to the Abbey, his place in Yorkshire you know, to help him with the dating and arranging of some new curios he had been buying. I had often been there on that business before, so of course I went; and very nice curios they were: bronze coins, engravings, and what not; for his lordship had been making a tour in Germany and Austria

and was in high spirits with what he had picked up. When we came to the coins he rubbed his hands quite excitedly, and said:

"'Now, Emmanuel, you will see the gem of the whole collection, *a unique!* one I would have given my head for, any time; and now at last it is mine. Look!' and he opened a velvet case and showed it me. Ah! can you guess what it was? The very one you have been telling me of; the last denarius of Aurelius! Well, I took it in my hand and I looked it all over once, twice, a long time, and then I asked his lordship where he got it. He told me at the sale of Count Tolstoi's collection in Prague. He had heard it was there some years ago from a person in the trade, and when the collection was advertised he took a journey there on purpose and bought it.

"Ah-h-h, I was sorry, very sorry, he had a great soul; but I looked at the Aurelius again and I said:

"'My lord, you have a very good collection. Can you bear one little disappointment? And first, that person in the trade—who was he, and where does he live?'

"His lordship said, 'He don't live anywhere now. He was young Elias of Coventry Street, and he's dead now.'

"'Ah-h-h!' I say, 'that is well, for young Elias he made a mistake. The coin that he told you of, which was found at the foot of the column of Aurelius, the unique denarius: that was never in Count Tolstoi's collection, never.'

"His lordship stared at me.

"'Why,' he said, 'what do you mean? Don't I tell you I bought it there myself?'

"'This one, yes,' I say, holding up the coin: 'That is perfectly true. You bought it there, I don't doubt; but this is not the true coin, it is a forgery; and if Count Tolstoi was alive he would have told you so himself.'

"Lord——looked at me as if he was going to faint.

"'What do you mean?' he said again. 'How do you know that's true? I don't believe it.'

"'My lord, I know it because I have examined this very coin before; and Count Tolstoi, he told me himself.

He bought it of Van Laase, son of the the Van Laase who made so many forgeries at the beginning of this century —*you* know all about that, eh? and how it drove half the collectors mad when it was found out. All the same, Van Laase, the rascal, he had very many—quite as many genuine antiques as he made; and the Count knew that when he bought this one of the son. He thought he had got the true Aurelius, and may be Van Laase thought so too, for by all accounts he was an honest man, not clever at all, and did very little business.'

"'And—do you mean to say it was a forgery then?' cried my lord. 'But in heaven's name, how did Tolstoi find it out?'

"'In the way I shall show you now. He chanced to exhibit the coin to a man like myself, an expert, my own old master it was; and this expert he examined it very carefully, looked at it through a microscope, tested it and then told the Count, 'This is not the Aurelius. I do not know where that is; but I can tell you that this is not it: it is a forgery. For one thing, it is made of gold mixed with an alloy that was not used in those days; and for another this is *more* pure than the real one, which was at that time much more debased than the earlier denarii used to be; and then again, though this is imitated so carefully that I myself, who have seen the real coin in my youth, could scarcely tell them apart by the look, there is one little difference which I will show you. On the shield of the fallen Scythian in the true Aurelius is a small puncture, *so* small that not one in a hundred would notice it, not being part of the design; but which I have noticed and could swear to: while in this of Van Laase there is no puncture at all, which proved he was not quite so clever after all as he ought to have been.'

"'Well, my lord, when the Count heard this, you may guess he *was* mad; but he told the expert to say nothing, that he might not look a fool to the friends he had boasted to of his new coin; and he set off to Amsterdam where Van Laase lived, to make him restore his money. But, alas for him! Van Laase had died just a month

before, and an agent of the Russian Government had been beforehand with the Count, and had bought up the little that was left of his father's collection already. The real Aurelius was in that collection, and whether Van Laase the younger knew that he had it at all, or whether he thought he sold the Count the true one, and that the other was a forgery, I cannot say. All I know is that the veritable denarius of Aurelius with the puncture on the shield—stay! I will show the exact spot where it is. See! no bigger than this little pin-prick—is in the Museum at St. Petersburg where I have seen it myself, while as for this one—my lord, you may believe me for I am very sorry to say it—it is true that you bought it from the sale of Count Tolstoi, though why the Count kept it I cannot tell; but it is also true that it is one of the forgeries of the old Van Laase, and worth nothing but the gold that is in it.'

"Well, Lord———he *was* furious! Did you ever hear him swear? Ah-h-h! you should have heard him swear that day! He vowed he had paid for a real denarius and he would be—well, bothered—if he would put up with a sham; also he would be bothered if he believed a word of my story, and a lot else. But—there! I didn't mind him: for it *was* a pity, a very great pity, seeing that his collection of the Emperors was so perfect a one, and he had gone talking already of having got this one to complete it. He might swear as much as he liked for me."

"But—I don't quite understand," I interrupted. "Lord———'s coin was not a duplicate then, but a forgery, and young Dalziel knew that when he sent to verify your——"

Emmanuel put up one lean finger, his keen little eyes twinkling shrewdly.

"You wait a minute. I haven't come to that yet,—or to what Mister Dalziel was sent for. Next day Lord—— wrote to me saying I was not to say anything about the denarius till I had come down to him again, for he still thought I was wrong. Also he sent me a cheque for five pounds. He did not say what for; but I

supposed it was to hold my tongue, and I did hold it. Why not? Some three months afterwards, however, I got a note from him to come down to the Abbey again on business. It was about pictures that time, and he made no allusion at all to the denarius till quite at the end, when he said, all of a sudden—

"'By the way, Emmanuel, I wish you'd look at that coin of mine again. I have rubbed it well since you were here, and *I* can see the puncture now quite plainly; though if it is on the Russian one too—and Mr. Dalziel here, who has been in St. Petersburg lately and examined it for me says it is—it must either be part of the pattern, and there are two existing denarii of this stamp instead of one, or else the Russian one,' and he laughed a little, 'is, may be, a forgery and not mine.'

"Well, I took the coin in my hand and looked at it again. We were then in the gallery of antiquities, and young Mr. Dalziel, whom I had never before seen, was there too looking on.

"I took it and I examined it—true enough the puncture was plain to anyone now: and I put it under the microscope, and I tested it, Mr. Dalziel and my lord looking at me and one another all the time; and then I made a low bow to them, and I said very quietly—

"'Yes, my lord, you are perfectly right. This coin is not the forged coin of Van Laase or a forgery at all. It is the true denarius of Aurelius. I have no doubt whatever of it.'

"Mr Dalziel put out both his hands to Lord —— and said 'There! Didn't I tell you so? Emmanuel, you and your expert friend made a little mistake, that's all. I've seen the Russian coin myself, in fact I've had it in my hands; and I can swear to you it's identical with this in every way.'

"I looked at him. He was laughing and quite triumphant, and I said with another low bow—

"'Mr. Dalziel, you are more clever than all the experts. My lord ought to be very much obliged to you. But, my lord,' and I turned to him, 'you have given the coin a good cleaning indeed, for when I examined it

before I took the liberty to make a little mark on it myself—a very little one. Perhaps you did not notice it, eh?—and now it is gone: cleaned away! You have rubbed well!'

"Lord——he looked at Mr. Dalziel, and Mr. Dalziel at him; and then he said:

"'When I do a thing, Emmanuel, I always do it well, and now I am going to pay you well for the trouble of coming here to-day. Take this,' and he gave me a note for ten pounds. Ah! he was a true nobleman was Lord———!

"'You will not need to say anything of that little mistake of yours, Emmanuel,' he said; and I never have, never till now, when he is dead. I did not even tell him that when I visited St. Petersburg some months later (by the way Mr. Dalziel had been married to his daughter just one week before) I went to see the coin-room there, and there I saw the Aurelius———O yes! quite safe; but if you will believe me, not only with the puncture in the right place; *but with my mark, the one I made on it as well!* Ah—h—h! this is a strange world!"

Mary Stuart.

(1542-87.)

BY THE HON. MRS. MAXWELL SCOTT.

Mary Stuart, whose charms and whose misfortunes render her one of the most interesting figures in history, was born at Linlithgow Palace on Dec. 8th, 1542, at a moment of deepest gloom in the history of her country. Her royal father, James V., lay dying at Falkland, of a fever, as men said, but more truly of a broken heart, caused by the evils of the times and the fatal issue of the Battle of Solway Moss. The state of the kingdom, exposed both to the domestic treachery of the nobles and the rapacity of Henry VIII. of England, seemed well nigh desperate; and it is not surprising that the birth of a female heir to the throne, instead of the longed-for prince, should have appeared a fresh misfortune, not only to the nation at large, but to her father himself. When the news was brought to the dying monarch, he roused himself from the lethargy in which he lay, to exclaim in mournful allusion to the Crown of Scotland, "It came wi' a lass and it will gae wi' ane." These were James's last words. Soon afterwards he passed away, and the infant Mary was proclaimed Queen of Scotland, a dignity

which brought her unceasing strife and sorrow for forty-five long years.

Tradition tells us that Mary was baptized in the Church of St. Michael, Linlithgow, and nine months later, the baby-Queen was solemnly crowned at Stirling. It was about this time that the first coin bearing Mary's effigy was issued. On it she appears as a round-faced baby wearing a cap of the period, and we cling to the tradition which asserts that with this coin of the baby-Queen originates the Scotch name for a penny, a *bawbee*. If our space permitted, it would be pleasant to linger over the description of Mary's infancy and the quaint etiquette which surrounded her in the mourning chambers of her mother; for Mary of Guise was too true a mother to suffer any separation from her child, and accordingly the royal nurseries were established under her own eye. There exists a charming description of a visit paid to the two Queens by Henry VIII.'s ambassador, Sir Ralph Sadler. This astute gentleman, having paid his respects to the Queen Dowager, begged for a sight of her daughter, and Mary of Guise conducting him herself to the nursery, Sir Ralph paid his homage to the infant Majesty of Scotland, whom he describes to Henry as being "as goodly a child as I have seen of her age, and as like to live with the grace of God." This report was no doubt highly pleasing to the King, whose present policy it was to obtain Mary's hand for his son Prince Edward; a project warmly opposed by all true Scots, who saw in it only a new plan for the subjugation of their country. Henry had, however, supporters among the Scottish noblemen. Among the prisoners taken at Solway Moss and conveyed to England, he had found the tools he sought. Having convinced these gentlemen of the advantages of the proposed marriage (especially to themselves), Henry despatched them to Scotland, where they were received with much contempt, and were styled in derision the "English lords." The Regent Arran, however, favoured them; and with this powerful ally the Queen's union with Prince Edward might have become a reality had not Henry's own arrogance defeated his plan. He demanded that Mary should be delivered up

to him to be educated in England, that all treaties with France should be cancelled, and that Dumbarton and five other principal strongholds of Scotland should be given over to him!

We cannot wonder that such proposals roused the national spirit to the utmost, so that Sadler reports that the people would rather "suffer extremity than come to the obedience and subjection of England." Nay, that "if there be any motion to bring the government of this realm to the king of England, there is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die than submit to it." Warned by the feeling throughout the country, Arran deserted Henry's side, and consenting that Cardinal Beaton should resume the reigns of government, consigned the charge of the Queen to that able prelate and the staunch national party.

For the next few years, however, the question of the English alliance continued to trouble the kingdom, while the young Queen grew and prospered, in happy unconsciousness of the grave issues at stake. At length, after the disastrous Battle of Pinkie (10 Sept., 1547), even Stirling Castle, where the two Queens now resided, seemed no longer a safe refuge for the royal child from the power of Henry and the treachery of her own subjects; she was consequently removed to the Priory of Inchmaholme on Lake Menteith. Here—in company with her mother, her faithful nurse Janet Sinclair, and her young namesakes and playmates, the four Maries—the young Queen spent some of the most peaceful hours of her life.

Although Mary was only in her fifth year she had already made good progress in her education, and at Inchmaholme pursued her studies under the care of the Prior and another learned priest. French was literally her mother-tongue, and she likewise learnt Latin, history and geography, while her governess, the Lady Fleming, instructed her in the womanly arts of tapestry-work and embroidery, accomplishments which often served to cheer her weary imprisonments in after years. Mary already possessed that charm of manner, the

result of a pure and warm heart, which was to gain for her so many devoted friends, while it fascinated even her bitterest enemies; and at Inchmaholme as elsewhere she won all hearts. Happy would it have been for Mary, exclaims one of her biographers, if she had inherited no wider kingdom than that small and peaceful island!

Meantime the state of the kingdom continued so unsettled, and the danger to Mary so imminent, that her mother and faithful councillors resolved to send her to France, where she could remain in safety until she was of an age to be married to the Dauphin, a union which Mary's connection with France and the alliance which had so long existed between the two countries rendered peculiarly appropriate. It was however no easy matter to arrange for the Queen's safe journey. Henry of England's cruisers were on the alert to prevent the escape of so valuable a prize, and the French admiral had to resort to a subterfuge to throw them off the scent.

Admiral de Villegaignon, with four galleys belonging to the French navy, lay off Leith ready to set sail for France. This all the world knew, and everyone was also aware that when he sailed, according to arrangement, the Queen was not on board his vessel. But happily Mary's enemies were not aware that the gallant admiral, as soon as he was out of sight of land, changed his course, and skirting the coast of Sutherland and Caithness, the small French fleet passed through the Pentland Firth and made its way in safety up the Clyde to Dumbarton. Here the two Queens were awaiting it, and Mary was consigned to the care of Monsieur de Brézé, who had been charged with the honour of conveying her to France, whither she was also attended by her Maries and my Lords Erskine and Livingstone, besides other faithful followers. The poor little Queen, separated at six years of age from her mother and country, was seen to weep: but, early trained in those habits of self-control rendered necessary by her sad circumstances, she offered no resistance, and allowed herself to be carried to the galley which the King of France had had sumptuously prepared for her voyage. An eye-witness of Mary's

departure says that "the young Queen was at that time one of the most perfect creatures the God of Nature ever formed, for her equal was nowhere to be found, nor had the world another child of her fortune or hopes."

The voyage, in spite of the dangers to be apprehended both from English ships, and winds and waves, was safely accomplished, and on Aug. 13th, 1548, Mary landed at Roscoff, on the coast of Brittany, where she afterwards erected a small chapel dedicated to St. Ninian in thanksgiving for her safety.

Mary's arrival in France marks a new and happy epoch in her existence, in place of the strife and danger which had surrounded her in her own country. A life of freedom and sunshine now opened before her, and the little maiden who had been Queen of the few faithful hearts at Inchmaholme, became at once, by her innocence and charm, sovereign of all hearts in her adopted country.

In Brittany, Mary was welcomed with the honours due to her rank, and she made a right royal progress to St. Germains, where, the King and Queen being absent, she was received by the royal children of France. Besides the Dauphin, Mary was now greeted by Prince Charles, Prince Henry, and the three Princesses, Elizabeth, Claude, and Margaret, all eager to welcome her as a sister. From the first moment of their meeting the Dauphin was taught to look upon Mary as his future wife, and she received with innocent satisfaction the little attentions he paid her. All these royal children were younger than Mary, and for this reason as well as because of her superior dignity as a crowned Queen, she, by special desire of the King, took precedence of all.

The projected union of the crowns of France and Scotland was very pleasing to the King, and from the first he took an affectionate and fatherly interest in Mary, calling her his "Reinette," or little Queen, and occupying himself with arrangements for her comfort and pleasure. Far different were the sentiments of his consort, Catherine de Medicis, who appears always to have disliked Mary, and in later years this antipathy proved fatal to the interests of the young Queen.

Fortunately for Mary, she did not depend on the Queen for her education or guidance during these early years, for although she, together with the French Princesses, appeared on state occasions at Court and shared in the brilliant gaieties of the period, her time was chiefly spent under the affectionate care of her maternal grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon, Duchesse de Guise.

This lady, whose prudence and piety won for her the admiration of all, took charge of Mary's education, and to her influence we may trace those strong sentiments of faith and of loyalty to the Holy See which always characterized Mary, as well as the tender consideration for others which the Duchess's example was well calculated to encourage. In Mary these sterling qualities were united with the undaunted personal courage which she inherited both from her Guise and Stuart ancestors. This gift of courage was especially appreciated by Mary's uncles, and the great Duke of Guise once said to her: "My niece, there is one trait in which above all others I recognise my own blood in you. You are as brave as my bravest men at arms. If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times, I think you would know how to die well." Little could the Duke foresee how truly his words would be fulfilled. Yet perhaps even in her bright girlhood, Mary's countenance was not free from the tinge of melancholy which seemed to overshadow her race; for it is said that when Mary of Guise showed her to the famous Nostradamus, he gazed long at the fair child, and in answer to her mother's questions as to what he could predict as to her future career, he is said to have replied that he saw blood upon her brow. This anecdote is connected with a visit made to France by Mary of Guise in 1550, a visit full of happiness to both mother and daughter, which mercifully they could not foresee to be their last meeting on earth.

After the Queen Dowager's return to Scotland, she showed her appreciation of her daughter's progress by consulting her on private matters concerning the government, thus early initiating her in her future duties. An affectionate correspondence took place between them, while Mary's uncles also kept her mother well informed

as to the state of her health and the progress of her education. In addition to her knowledge of Latin and French, Mary spoke Italian fluently, and wrote verses admired by such critics as Ronsard and Brantôme. She was well read in ancient and modern literature, and above all, she was a careful student of Holy Scripture. No womanly accomplishment was disregarded by the young Queen, for, remarkable as were her literary powers, she showed equal proficiency in lighter studies. Music and dancing were favourite diversions, and throughout her life, she delighted in riding, and was a fearless horse-woman.

As we now approach the moment of Mary's marriage and her entry into public life, it may be well to give some description of her person, and for this purpose we will endeavour to describe her as she is represented in a picture painted at this time, and given by herself to one of her faithful subjects.*

In this beautiful portrait, Mary wears a dress of rich crimson damask, embroidered with gold and jewels, her only ornament is a string of pearls with an amythyst cross. On her head she bears a little round cap ornamented with precious stones which are raised in front, thus giving a regal character to the headdress. The Queen's complexion is that of a delicate brunette, the hair of a rich chestnut colour, which well accords with the darkness of her eyes and majestic eyebrows; the hair is parted in wide bands across her forehead, and rolled back above the small delicately formed ear. It is not difficult to believe that Mary was considered one of the most beautiful women of her time.

The spring of 1558 witnessed Mary's marriage with the Dauphin. She was then in her 17th year, and the youthful bridegroom was two years younger. In view of an event of such deep importance to both nations, the King of France invited the Estates of Scotland to send deputies to Paris, to witness the ceremony. The proposal met with a cordial acceptance, and the Scottish envoys were received in Paris with every mark of esteem

*The Earl of Cassillis—this portrait is now in the possession of the Marquis of Ailsa.

and distinction. In the midst of these pleasing preparations, and when the union of the two kingdoms seemed complete, a transaction occurred which, deplorable in itself also laid the seeds of future misfortunes. Three days before her marriage, the young Queen was induced to sign three secret documents, the legal significance of which was probably unknown to her. By these thrice-fatal deeds Mary made over the realm of Scotland to the King of France, in the event of her own death without heirs. She assigned to him possession of Scotland until he should have repaid himself the monies advanced by him for her personal expenses or education, and thirdly, she declared that, although in the future she might sign a declaration concerning the lineal succession to her crown, her real wishes were contained in the two previous declarations. It is difficult to excuse those who advised the young Queen in the execution of these extraordinary documents; and if, as is probable, they were signed by her out of deference to the wishes of her relations, it is an instance of one of the weak points in Mary's character. Loyal and straightforward herself, she was easily deceived, and placed implicit confidence in those connected with her by blood or friendship—a trust which, alas! was often fatally abused.

The Queen's declaration, however, remained a secret for the present, and no cloud appeared to obscure the radiance of the wedding day. The young royal pair were united by the bride's uncle, the Archbishop of Rouen, in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. Mary's dress is declared by a contemporary chronicler to have been beautiful beyond description, and seems to have consisted of a pure white robe with a royal mantle and train of cut-velvet embroidered with pearls. The train was carried by the Queen's maidens, presumably the Scottish Maries. The Estates of Scotland had utterly declined to send over the Regalia for the occasion, but Mary wore a magnificent crown, the gift probably of her uncles or the King, and round her neck hung the famous jewel known as the "Great Harry," a present from Henry VIII. to her grandmother, Margaret Tudor.

In this gorgeous apparel Mary's beauty was dazzling,

and it is said that one poor woman exclaimed that she must be an angel! The wedding festivities were endless, and the whole country rejoiced in sympathy with the Dauphin and his wife. Adored by her young husband and surrounded by the affection of her relations and of her people, Mary's destiny seemed a brilliant one indeed; and who could foresee the dark days which were to come?

A few months after the marriage an event took place of grave importance to Mary. Her cousin, Mary Tudor, died, and the question of the Dauphiness's succession to the throne of England began to agitate men's minds. Elizabeth's claims to the throne were denied by many, and failing her, Mary was undoubtedly next in the succession. Her claims were warmly supported by the King of France and by nearly all the Catholics of England and Scotland. By the mere force of circumstances Mary was thus placed in an attitude of hostility to Elizabeth. She was—probably against her own wishes—proclaimed Queen of England by her French relations, who also caused the arms of that country to be engraven on her plate and emblazoned on her armorial bearings. Elizabeth's fear and jealousy were aroused by these demonstrations of rivalry, and the question of the succession proved for ever a barrier between the two Queens and was, together with Mary's faith, the true cause of Elizabeth's incessant persecution of her rival, as she considered her.

Other changes were at hand. In the course of 1559, Henry of France lost his life at a tournament, and Mary and her young husband ascended the throne. Their reign was brief and uneventful; barely two years from the time of their marriage Francis also died, and Mary was left a childless widow, to commence alone the life of duty and self-sacrifice which the interests of her own country now imposed upon her.

Within a few months of Francis's death, the Queen returned to Scotland, but before following her thither, we must cast a glance at the position of affairs in that country.

The death of Mary of Guise, which had occurred

two years previously, had been a severe blow to the cause of the Church. The government of the country now lay in the hands of the Lords most devoted to the doctrines of the so-called Reformers, among whom Mary's illegitimate brother, Lord James Stuart, stood pre-eminent. The after history of this nobleman is well known, but here it will be well to remember that even at this early date Lord James had traced for himself a policy of antagonism to his sister's interests. For some time previously he had been engaged in secret dealings with Elizabeth, nor did he shrink from sharing that Queen's endeavours to intercept Mary on her homeward voyage. It would have been highly satisfactory to him, no doubt, had Mary been safely consigned to Elizabeth's keeping, and himself, in reward for his good services, appointed Regent of Scotland. The day of Lord James's triumph was however still distant.

In the month of August, 1561, Mary set sail for Scotland. The voyage was, she well knew, a hazardous one, for Elizabeth's vessels were on the look out for her, as her father's had been thirteen years before, when Mary set out for France. On the present occasion a thick fog favoured the Scottish Queen, under cover of which she made her way safely home. The historian Brantôme, one of the gallant train of Frenchmen who accompanied her, tells us of her grief on leaving France. She passed the night on deck, watching the receding shores of the country in which she had been so happy, and which a sad presentiment told her, she should see no more.

The friendly mist, which had facilitated the Queen's safe voyage, unfortunately also shrouded the shores of Scotland, and threw additional gloom over the melancholy reception prepared for her by her people. On reaching Leith, the royal party were obliged to remain on board their vessels until such time as the Queen's lieges were ready to receive their mistress: and then, mounted on horseback, Mary, attended by her suite, made her entry into Edinburgh, dismounting at Holyrood. The influence of Knox and his followers had effectually prevented the usual manifestations of loyal rejoicing, suitable to the return of a sovereign to her kingdom; and

the only sign of welcome shown by the citizens of Edinburgh consisted in a concert of no very inviting kind. As night closed in, the Queen was serenaded by five or six hundred of her subjects, who sang psalm-tunes under her windows to the accompaniment of a few violins and fiddles. Mary, with her usual sweet courtesy, thanked the musicians; but her night's rest was not improved by the inharmonious sounds.

Mary might well feel saddened by the gloomy and hostile attitude of her subjects, and the future must have looked very dark; but she was a brave woman, and set herself undauntedly to the task before her. In so slight a sketch, it is of course impossible to enter into any detail regarding the Queen's life, social or political, or do more than glance at the chief events among the many that are crowded into the four short years of her reign.

One of Mary's first acts was to issue a proclamation guaranteeing liberty of conscience to her subjects. It might have been supposed that what she so freely granted to others would not have been denied to herself, but the event was far otherwise. Knox thundered against the Queen from the pulpit; the royal chapels were on more than one occasion assaulted by the mob; and every opportunity was taken to insult the faith which was Mary's dearest possession. In other respects she soon gained the affection of the majority of her subjects, and her winning manner and kind heart brought her the love of the poor. In her charities she followed in the steps of her great predecessor, St. Margaret, by setting aside a portion of her income for orphan children, and by reviving or continuing the office of "Advocate of the Poor." She would herself preside in court from time to time, to see that the claims of the poor were attended to, and that justice was done to them whatever might be the rank of their opponent. The Queen took a prominent part in all affairs of state, and in a letter to one of his colleagues, the English Ambassador draws a pleasing picture of her seated at her work-table in the council chamber and brightening by her presence the grave and often stormy debates of her privy-council. Among the nobles who composed it are the well-known names of

Arran, Huntly, Morton, Bothwell, with Lord James Stuart at their head. In him Mary confided implicitly in the early days of her reign, and most of her misfortunes may be traced to his influence. The Queen created him Earl of Mar some time after her arrival in Scotland, and finally Earl of Moray, ceding to him a large part of the territories belonging to this title forfeited by Lord Huntly, whose disgrace and death are too surely to be laid at Lord James' door. Few things in the history of this period are more pathetic than the so-called rebellion of Huntly, and the overthrow of this gallant Catholic nobleman, who should have been Mary's chief support, had not the intrigues of her unworthy brother poisoned her mind against him.

The next great political event was the Queen's second marriage. Ever since the death of Francis this question had seriously occupied the courts of Europe, and various suitors had been proposed, among whom it seems probable that Don Carlos, son of Philip II. of Spain, would have been the most acceptable to Mary herself. But it was evident that any foreign alliance would be displeasing to the Scotch, and that of Spain in particular, on account of the excited state of religious feeling in the country. A nobleman of English or Scottish birth was thus apparently the most desirable husband for the Queen, and Lord Henry Darnley seemed to unite the necessary qualifications. Son of Lord Lennox and Lady Margaret Douglas, he was the Queen's cousin and a Catholic, and the next to herself in the succession to the English throne.

Darnley was young, handsome, and attractive, and he won Mary's heart in spite of his weak and wayward nature, which was soon to work such mischief both to her and to himself. The marriage was solemnized in the Royal Chapel of Holyrood on July 29th, 1565. Darnley had been created Duke of Albany, but this did not content him; and the Queen yielded so far to his wishes, as to declare that he should bear the title of king and sign, with her, all public documents. Even this dignity did not long satisfy Darnley. From the first, his foolish vanity made him enemies among the

nobles, while his weak and unworthy conduct was a constant source of anxiety to Mary. Other troubles weighed upon her at this time also. Knox and his followers were making fresh efforts, on the score of religion, to disturb the peace of the kingdom, in which they were encouraged and supported by Moray and others of the lords. The Queen herself took the field against the insurgents; and this rebellion, the second in two years, was easily crushed. Moray and his confederates escaped to England, where they found liberty to plan further mischief.

The next plot against the Queen's peace ended in a tragedy well known to all, and the fact that her husband was involved in it gives a peculiar horror to the crime. We have said that Darnley's ambition was not yet satisfied, he aimed at obtaining the crown-matrimonial; and in his discontent Moray and the disaffected nobles saw an apt instrument for the furtherance of their designs. They accordingly persuaded Darnley to enter into a convention with them, in which they pledged themselves to maintain his right to the crown and the supreme power, Darnley on his side promising to uphold their interests and to protect them in case of failure in the execution of their plans. These general resolutions soon took a definite form and purpose, the first fruit of which was the death of an innocent victim in the person of the Queen's Italian secretary, David Rizzio. This able foreigner had won the Queen's favour by his talents and faithfulness. She employed him for her private correspondence, and sought his advice in state matters. He was unpopular with the proud nobles, who could not brook seeing one of Rizzio's inferior birth and position preferred before them; and to Darnley he was specially displeasing, as it was known that he had upheld the Queen's resolution not to grant the dignity Darnley sought. The confederate lords therefore determined that Rizzio should die, and to cloak their proceedings, they endeavoured to provoke Darnley's jealousy by spreading reports derogatory to Mary's honour. Darnley seems to have paid little attention to these false accusations, but, inflamed by his own ambitious wishes, he consented to take part in the cowardly plot.

On the evening of the 9th of March, 1566, three hundred armed men surrounded Holyrood, some of whom entered the palace while the rest remained outside to guard the approaches to the building. Darnley's apartments were on the ground floor, under those occupied by the Queen, and here he awaited Ruthven and the other accomplices. Darnley then led the way up the private stair, through the Queen's bedchamber, into the small turret-room where she was at supper with the Countess of Argyll, Lord Robert Stuart, and three of her attendants, among whom was the unfortunate secretary. Here, regardless of the Queen's presence or of her condition—for she was shortly expecting the birth of her child—Rizzio was cruelly murdered, and every insult offered to Mary herself, who endeavoured to protect him. That night the Queen was a prisoner in her own palace, and to what extremities the rebels would have proceeded we cannot tell, had not Mary's own courage procured her release and that of the unworthy Darnley, who had by a partial confession obtained her forgiveness.

On the second night after the murder, the royal pair escaped from Holyrood and rode to Dunbar. Here they were safe, but Mary was, as she wrote to one of her uncles, a Queen without a kingdom. Happily this state of affairs was of short duration; her loyal subjects rallied round their sovereign, and ten days later Mary returned in triumph to Edinburgh. Darnley, who had acknowledged only a portion of his own share in the late crime, now turned informer and revealed the names of some of his accomplices. These in their turn laid before the Queen the two bonds with their fatal signatures, and she thus became aware of the extent of Darnley's treachery and ingratitude. We can imagine what such a revelation must have cost Mary, and the utter faithlessness of her husband must have caused her to distrust all around her, but she was, as always, too forgiving. At this moment, when her condition unfitted her for political cares, the peace of the kingdom was her first thought, and a reconciliation was effected for the time between her and her rebellious lords. Edinburgh Castle was

considered the safest residence for her at this time; here therefore she took up her abode, and on the 19th of July the pealing of cannon announced the birth of an heir to the throne. This event seemed a promise of future peace and prosperity to the kingdom, and for a time all parties united in common rejoicings. Elizabeth herself sent messages of goodwill and congratulation, and agreed to be god-mother to the infant Prince.

It had been arranged that the baptism should take place at Stirling, but before that event the Queen's life was placed in great danger by a serious illness at Jedburgh, whither she went to hold the Assizes. On this occasion Mary's courage edified all around her. Aware of her danger, she prepared for death with great faith and calmness. Addressing the noblemen who surrounded her, she commended her son to their care, and implored them not to persecute the Catholics. She declared that she died in the Catholic Faith, and that she pardoned all who had injured her, and in especial Darnley.

The latter, whose conduct was becoming more and more heartless and capricious, was not with her during her illness, but on her convalescence he paid her a hasty visit. It is about this time that the designs against this unhappy prince first come before our notice. The chief noblemen whom he had so deeply offended had determined upon his ruin. The first step in these proceedings was to suggest to Mary that she should consent to a divorce or separation from her unworthy husband, and for this purpose a deputation consisting of Murray, Argyll, Maitland, Huntly, and Bothwell waited upon her. To their proposal however Mary returned a distinct and dignified refusal. "I will," said she, "that ye do nothing through which any spot may be laid on my honour or conscience; and therefore I pray you rather let the matter be in the state that it is, abiding till God of His goodness put remedy thereto."

Thus balked in their wishes, Maitland and his accomplices set themselves to plan a deadlier method of revenge.

In the meantime, the Court assembled at Stirling for

the baptism of Prince James, which was performed on Dec. 17th with great magnificence. Mary bore her part in the festivities with her usual grace and amiability, but she was sad at heart, for Darnley had—from a feeling of pique and jealousy—utterly refused to be present on this happy occasion. He foresaw that he would not be treated by Elizabeth's envoys with the deference and honours he desired. He therefore withdrew to Glasgow, where he was shortly afterwards seized with the small-pox. Illness often effects a moral cure, and Darnley, sick and lonely, began to regret his cruel and wayward behaviour, and sent to request Mary to go to him, which she hastened to do. A happy reconciliation took place, and Darnley begged Mary never to leave him. It would have been more fitting had Darnley undertaken never again to desert his wife; but Mary was too happy at the change in his sentiments to quarrel with the manner of their expression. Towards the end of January, Darnley was sufficiently recovered to travel to Edinburgh; here—in order to avoid any risk of infection for the baby-Prince at Holyrood—the King was lodged in a house in the south part of the town, called the Kirk o'Field. In this place, destined to be so fatal to him, Darnley was comfortably established, and here the Queen was with him constantly.

In these last days of his life, Darnley's better nature asserted itself, and there seemed a greater prospect of future happiness for the royal pair than had ever before been the case. But these hopes were not to be realized; Darnley's enemies had now matured their plans, and on the 9th of February the blow was struck. Shortly after midnight Edinburgh was startled by the sound of a terrible explosion. The house of Kirk o'Field had been blown up, and the lifeless body of the King was found lying within a few yards of the building. The precise manner in which Darnley met his death will probably never be known; but from the fact that his body bore no marks of violence it is conjectured that he did not suffer in the explosion, but was intercepted and strangled as he was attempting to make his escape. Bothwell, whom we now know to have been the chief actor in this tragedy,

brought the fatal news to the Queen, on whom the shock fell the more heavily that she had parted from her husband but a few hours before in good health and spirits.

In her grief, Mary showed all the energy of her character, her one wish was to discover her husband's murderers. She had also fresh cause of anxiety for herself and her helpless child, for she well understood that by Darnley's assassination the conspirators had gained another step in their secret warfare against the throne. Mary's feelings at this moment of trial are well summed up in a letter to her ambassador in Paris, to whom she expresses herself in these terms : " God has (we are persuaded) saved and preserved us in order that we should fittingly punish this horrible crime ; for rather than leave it unpunished we would prefer to lose our life and our all. We are assured that whoever may be the authors of this crime the enterprise was in reality directed against our own person as well as against the King." As may be easily imagined, the discovery of the criminals was an impossible task, as they were themselves among Mary's most trusted advisers and officers, and their common danger united them in every endeavour to defeat suspicion.

Popular rumour, however, soon fixed upon Bothwell as the principal instigator of the crime, and darker whispers, accusing the Queen herself of complicity, were industriously circulated among the excited people. In thus for the first time coupling the name of the Queen with that of Bothwell, Mary's enemies were preparing the public mind for the irreparable disasters which were to follow. So far Bothwell's position had not been a very prominent one. As Warden of the Marches, his duties kept him absent from Court, and he was better known as a warrior than as a courtier. He had hitherto proved himself a faithful subject, and was one of the few noblemen who were not in the pay of England ; but his moral character was of the lowest, and his bad passions, aided by his boundless ambition, made him a fit tool for the designs of the conspirators. Aware of the Earl's ill-directed ambition to obtain the Queen's hand, they saw

in this project an easy method of working the Queen's ruin and attaining their own ends.

Before their plans could be matured, however, Bothwell had to stand his trial for the murder of the King: if trial it may be called, where the judges were bound by the circumstances of the case to acquit the prisoner, their own accomplice.

Shortly after this farce of justice, we find Mary's chief nobility, headed by her brother, signing a petition to implore her to marry Bothwell. The Queen declined this extraordinary proposal; but Bothwell was determined to effect by force what he could not obtain by persuasion. On the 24th of April (1567), accordingly, as the Queen was returning from Stirling, where she had been visiting her little son, Bothwell, accompanied by a large force, intercepted the royal party, and on the plea of having discovered some plot against the Queen, persuaded her and some of her retinue to take refuge in his Castle of Dunbar. Here instead of finding safety from danger, fresh perils awaited her, for she found herself the Earl's prisoner. These days must have been the darkest in Mary's life. What sorrows in the past or future could compare with the indignities which, according to Bothwell's own confession, were then heaped upon her! He did not hesitate to resort to violence to attain his end, and before the Queen was permitted to return to Edinburgh he had obtained her consent to the marriage. This step, so fatal in its results, has been so amply discussed by Mary's biographers that we feel a diffidence in approaching a subject to which it is impossible to do justice within the narrow limits of our sketch; but it will be well to draw attention to the following facts.

Mary's enemies would have us believe that the Queen had for some time already indulged in a guilty passion for Bothwell, and that she was an only too willing bride; but happily the simple facts of the case are a sufficient refutation of such a charge. We find that, after undergoing the insults we have mentioned, Mary, far from being a free agent, was virtually kept a prisoner till the day of the marriage. She was allowed to return to Edinburgh, but only under Bothwell's care, who kept her

under strict ward and guard until she became his wife. That Mary was forced into the marriage sorely against her will is also apparent both from her own report of the transaction, and from the testimony of contemporary witnesses of high character. It is evident that, under the circumstances of the case, no other course was now open to her.

The second great charge against Mary, founded on the supposition that Bothwell's first marriage was a valid one, and that therefore she was consenting to an immoral and illegal union, can now by grave documentary evidence also be entirely disproved. Bothwell's marriage with Lady Jean Gordon was already annulled for the cause of consanguinity, both by the Pope's Legate in Scotland and by the Kirk; and that the Church sanctioned the Queen's marriage is made evident by the presence of the Primate and two other Catholic Bishops at the ceremony. The marriage took place on May 15, and there were present besides the Bishops alluded to, the Earls of Crawford, Huntly and Sutherland, together with several other noblemen and gentlemen. Moray, as we know, had conveniently absented himself during this period of unusual trial for his sister; but his signature at the head of Bothwell's "Band" leaves no doubt as to his sentiments regarding the marriage. One important person refused to be a witness of an act which he deplored,—Du Croc, the French ambassador,—but he paid his respects to the Queen in the course of the day, and he tells us that he found her in the deepest dejection. She told him that she only desired death. Melville, her trusted attendant, corroborates this statement in even stronger terms. This unhappy union only lasted one month. Those who had built up, now hastened to destroy. The nobles who had urged the Queen to marry Bothwell, rose to deliver—as they said—their beloved mistress from his hands, and to execute justice for the King's murder, which was now openly laid at the Earl's door.

On June 15th, the opposing parties met on Carberry Hill, and here, without a blow being struck on either side, Mary virtually lost her kingdom. The Queen,

anxious to avoid bloodshed, endeavoured to come to terms with the rebels, and at length determined upon the fatal step of placing herself in the hands of the confederates, who protested their entire loyalty to her person. She first, however, required that Bothwell should be allowed to depart in safety. His late accomplices dared not refuse, and he left the field a free man, unhindered by the very men who had so loudly declared war against him. The Queen and Bothwell never met again.

As soon as the confederates had the Queen in their power, their true sentiments became apparent. Mary was subjected to every species of insult, and after being imprisoned for a night in Edinburgh, she was hurried to Lochleven Tower and consigned to the care of Sir William Douglas and his mother, from whom she could hope for no sympathy.

The Queen being thus safe in prison, the first object of the rebels was to give a colour to their proceedings. For this purpose they again signed a "bond," reiterating that they had taken up arms to deliver Mary from the "thraldom and bondage" to which Bothwell had subjected her; adding that they did so in "lawful obedience *to our sovereign*," as if Mary herself had given orders for her own imprisonment. Such a declaration needs no comment. The position of the confederates seemed indeed full of danger. Their number was small, by far the greater portion of the higher nobility being still loyal to the Queen, while both England and France denied their support. For once Scottish rebels met with no sympathy from Elizabeth, who seems to have been sincerely horrified at the attack on Mary, and the outrages offered to her both as a woman and a sovereign.

In France, the young King Charles warmly sympathised with his sister-in-law, for whom he had always had a real affection; and his sentiments would have taken a more active shape had not his mother, who had never loved Mary, interposed her influence, to arrest the assistance he was willing to send. For the present, therefore, the amicable feelings excited on behalf of the hapless prisoner bore no fruit. Elizabeth's efforts to effect her liberation were steadily eluded, and at last entirely

crushed, by the policy of her chief adviser, Cecil; and many months passed before the courage and devotion of some of her subjects brought about the Queen's release. In many ways this imprisonment, at the hands of her own ungrateful nobles, must have been far harder for Mary to bear than the long years of her captivity in England; but her faith and resignation, and her bright hopeful spirit, helped her through the weary days. There was one person in whose affection the Queen still trusted, wonderful as it seems. She looked forward to Moray's return, in the belief that he had the will and the power to effect her deliverance. He on his side, was hastening back to secure the prize he had so long desired, and in the meantime was endeavouring to strengthen his position by spreading a fresh report against his sister. It is from him that we now first hear of the famous "Casket Letters," as they are called. These letters, which purported to be written by the Queen to Bothwell, contain the only proof ever produced of Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder; and, if genuine, they would, without doubt, have established her guilt. The Queen's enemies, therefore, make much of them even now, when the evidence of their being forgeries seems to be overwhelming. It is well to remember that Mary's own contemporaries did not believe in them; for when Moray, later on, took them to England to incriminate his sister, so little was thought of his pretended proofs that he had to take back the letters, and we hear no more of them.

Meanwhile, grave events were occurring of cruel significance to the Queen. Before Moray reached home, Mary had signed the abdication extorted from her by force, and her young son had been solemnly crowned at Stirling. Before accepting the regency now offered him, Moray went through the farce of visiting his sister and endeavouring to win her consent and approval; but in this interview Mary's eyes were opened as to his true character, and she utterly refused his request.

As the year of the Queen's captivity drew to a close, a gleam of hope and prosperity shone on her fortunes. By the aid of a few faithful attendants, Mary escaped from Lochleven, and was joined by the loyal Hamiltons and

several other noblemen. For a moment it seemed as if she would be restored to her throne and the cause of loyalty triumph; but the disastrous battle of Langside destroyed these hopes, and Mary, regardless of the advice of her truest friends, took the most fatal step of her life, and determined to throw herself upon the mercy of the English Queen.

In entering upon this, the third and last period of the Queen's life, we must bid farewell to those episodes of earthly glory and happiness which, like golden threads, have hitherto been interwoven with her history.

The next nineteen years lie stretched before us in a long monotony of baffled hopes and weary captivity, until the end is reached at Fotheringay. Could Mary have foreseen what was in store for her when she entered England, she might well have applied to that country Dante's famous line, "Leave every hope, ye who enter here." We, who know the sequel, wonder how it was that the Queen could make the fatal mistake of trusting Elizabeth; but once more Mary's own loyal nature misled her, and this time the error proved irremediable.

Mary and her small retinue of faithful subjects landed at a point on the English coast, called to this day Maryport. Here she was received by the Deputy Warden of the Western Marches and conducted to Carlisle, where it was agreed she should remain until Elizabeth could be informed of her arrival. At first the English Queen's sympathies were aroused, and it seemed as if she would welcome Mary as became their mutual rank and relationship; but the old jealous policy soon prevailed, and Mary, instead of an honoured guest, soon found herself the prisoner of her sister-queen.

Now begin a serious of political intrigues which ended only with Mary's life. Could Elizabeth and her Scotch confederates have proved to their own satisfaction that Mary was guilty of the great crimes imputed to her, their path would have been easy and Mary's fate would soon have been sealed; but the proofs brought forward to criminate her failed, as we have said, to convince even those most anxious of being persuaded of her guilt.

Unable to condemn Mary on these grounds, Elizabeth still, however, pursued her short-sighted policy, and determined to keep her cousin in her own power; and in so doing, she prepared for herself also nineteen years of misery. This was only natural: so long as the Queen of Scotland remained a prisoner, so long did her friends and adherents endeavour to procure her freedom; hence the constant succession of plots and conspiracies both in England and abroad which distracted Elizabeth's reign, and brought with them ready punishment for her injustice.

During these years Mary passed through every phase of trial and humiliation. Seven times her prison was changed, through some fear or fancy of Elizabeth's. The damp of these abodes and the sedentary life gravely affected her health; while the constant possibility of death by poison or secret assassination would have crushed the spirit of any ordinary woman: but Mary never lost hope or courage, and by her bright unselfishness cheered the failing spirits of the attendants who so faithfully clung to her fallen fortunes. If we seek for the source of Mary's heroism, we shall find it in the Faith which had always been her support. In all her trials she saw, and lovingly accepted, God's will for her. Prayer was her constant solace; powerless as she was to work actively for God's glory, her thoughts and prayers were occupied with His interests and those of His Church, and she often expressed her desire to lay down her life for the Catholic Faith. In this little sketch it is impossible for us to attempt any connected history of the period of the Queen's imprisonment: we will therefore confine our attention to the last year of Mary's life, with its final trials ending in the death, which, ignominious in the sight of men, was welcome to her as the end of all her sorrows, and the commencement of her true happiness.

The first days of the year 1586 found the Queen established at Chartley, in Staffordshire, a welcome change from her last cold and damp prison at Tutbury. The new year also brought her fresh hopes of freedom. Spain was moving on her behalf, and her English friends were unfortunately not idle. We say unfortunately; because nothing more unhappy in its execution,

or more disastrous in its results, can be imagined than the conspiracy known as the Babington Plot. This project had a two-fold object, the rescue of Queen Mary, and side by side with this, a design conceived by a few desperate individuals for the assassination of Queen Elizabeth. The latter project was carefully concealed from Mary; but she knew, and, as was natural, keenly sympathized with the efforts for her deliverance. Walsingham—now Elizabeth's Prime Minister—through his innumerable spies, was aware of the conspiracy long before it was ripe, and determined to make use of it for his own ends. Hitherto no evidence had been produced against Queen Mary sufficient to justify her death in the eyes of the law; but now the Minister saw his way to destroy her by involving her in the plot against the person of Elizabeth. Through the treachery of some of the conspirators, and the connivance of Walsingham and Mary's jailor, Sir Amyas Paulett, an ingenious method of introducing letters to the Queen in prison, and of receiving her replies was instituted, by which she was completely deceived. For some time Mary corresponded freely with her friends abroad, and her adherents at home; each of her letters was opened and read by Walsingham and his assistants, resealed and sent on to its destination with, we have every reason to believe, such additions and alterations as the Minister considered useful for his purpose.

When the matter had progressed as far as it was deemed necessary, the blow fell. Babington and his associates, the comparatively innocent agents in the plot, were imprisoned to await a cruel death, while the Queen of Scots was hastily removed from Chartley, and her private papers seized, in the hope that they would contain the longed-for evidence of her complicity in the projected attack on Elizabeth. No such evidence however was forthcoming, and the position of Elizabeth and her Ministers became one of difficulty. From hatred of Mary's religion and jealousy of her, as next in succession to the Crown, Elizabeth desired her cousin's death. She still however hesitated. To take the life of a sister-queen was a crime from which even she shrank: she dreaded the opinion of her fellow monarchs, and she feared the judgment of

posterity, but in the end jealousy prevailed. Supported by the wishes of her Ministers, she determined to bring Mary to trial for the pretended crime of conspiracy against her life.

On September 25, 1586, Mary was conveyed to her last prison, the Castle of Fotheringay. This gloomy fortress, a fitting place for the tragedy which was about to follow, seems to have impressed the Queen with sad forebodings from the first. As her carriage entered the gateway, she exclaimed, "I am lost."

On October 15, the captive Queen, who lay ill in bed, was visited by three of Elizabeth's Commissioners, who had brought her a letter from that Queen, demanding her in obedience to the laws of the kingdom, to answer the questions which should be put to her. Mary replied with dignity, that being a crowned Queen, she could not be judged by subjects, declaring at the same time that she was innocent of any attempt against her cousin. The Commissioners again endeavoured to persuade Mary to consent to the proposed trial, but with no greater success. Elizabeth, informed of this, wrote again to Mary, urging her to submit, and hinting at future assistance if she would consent. On receiving this letter, Mary yielded. Once more, relying on Elizabeth's sympathy and confiding in her own innocence, she placed herself at the mercy of her enemies.

Two days later, the Great Hall at Fotheringay presented a strange spectacle. At one end was erected the throne and canopy of state, representing the absent Queen of England, close to which was placed an inferior seat for the royal prisoner. The judges and their attendant lawyers and notaries occupied the body of the hall. At 9 o'clock in the morning, Mary appeared, escorted by halberdiers and supported by her faithful master of the household, Melville, and her physician, Burgoing. When she saw all the preparations, she said sadly:—"I see many advocates, but not one for me."

The Lord Chancellor opened the proceedings by declaring that, in bringing the Queen of Scotland to trial, his mistress was actuated by "her sense of duty, and the needs of God's cause."

In reply, Mary formally protested against the injustice of her trial. "If I consent to answer," she said, "it is of my own free will, taking God for my witness that I am innocent." The act of accusation was then read, in which she was declared guilty of having known of, and participated in, the plot against Elizabeth. In support of the accusation, copies of letters were shown purporting to be Mary's, but, as on all similar occasions, no original documents were forthcoming. The alleged confessions of Babington and the Queen's secretaries were also produced.

The trial continued for two days, during which time Mary, alone and unaided, defended herself with a dignity and vigour which confounded her judges. "I am innocent," she said: "God knows it. My only crimes are my birth, the injuries which I have received, and the religion which I profess. Of my birth I am proud; I know how to pardon the injuries; and as for my religion, it has been my hope and my consolation in my afflictions, and I am ready to seal it with my blood. I should be happy, at that price, to purchase relief for the oppressed Catholics." In the face of this defence, and in the absence of all real proof against the prisoner, her judges were silenced. Elizabeth hesitated once more; she then determined to preside herself at a fresh trial, but true to her fixed resolve never to see her cousin, Mary was not suffered to plead her cause in person. The court re-assembled at Westminster: here the documents were again produced, and this time Mary's secretaries were brought forward as witnesses. Here was strange justice; at Fotheringay, in the presence of the accused, no witness appeared; now, in her absence, they are allowed to appear. On this occasion, the result of the trial justified Elizabeth's hopes; every voice, save one, pronounced Mary guilty of death: and Parliament, hastily summoned for the purpose, confirmed the sentence.

On November 19th, Lord Buckhurst brought the news to Mary; she received it with perfect calmness and again protested her innocence. When Buckhurst advised her to prepare for death, and offered to send a Protestant

clergyman to assist her, she gently replied that she had never desired to change her religion for any worldly good, and would not now do so: adding that she would heartily welcome death. On the following day, Paulett caused the Queen's canopy to be removed, telling her that she must now be considered a dead woman, deprived of all the privileges of royalty. Mary accepted the humiliation without complaint, and placed a crucifix where the canopy had stood.

Mary now looked for immediate death, but three months elapsed before the sentence was carried out. During this period of suspense, when the Queen had reason to fear she would be put to death secretly, she wrote to Elizabeth, begging her to allow her the grace of a public execution, so that her servants and others might bear witness that she died true to her Faith and to the Church, and thus prevent false rumours being spread by her enemies. This remarkable letter contains the following touching passage: "I pray the God of mercy and the just Judge that He will enlighten you, and give to me the grace to die in perfect charity, forgiving all who unite to bring about my death. This will be my prayer to the end. Do not accuse me of presumption if, on the eve of quitting this world, and while preparing myself for a better, I remind you that one day you will have to answer for your charge, as well as those who have preceded you."

It might have been supposed that Elizabeth would have listened to her cousin's appeal; but on the contrary, she continued to wish that Mary, if possible, should be secretly murdered, in which case she flattered herself she could shift the blame on to others, and deny participation in the crime. Walsingham did not hesitate to inform Paulett of their mistress's hardly-concealed wish; but the latter, though rough and hard, was a man of honour, and utterly declined to be an assassin.

Elizabeth's Ministers, impatient of the delay, at last determined to put an end to the Queen's indecision, and took upon themselves to hasten the execution of the warrant. For this purpose the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent, together with the clerk of council, named Beale,

were despatched to Fotheringay, where they arrived on the 7th of February, 1587. They at once demanded to see Mary. She was ill in bed, but as the Commissioners declared that their business was urgent, she rose and received them, seated at the foot of her bed, and surrounded by her household.

Shrewsbury informed her that his sovereign, yielding to the wishes of her people, had decreed that the sentence of death should now be put into execution, and he read aloud his commission. Mary made the sign of the cross, and calmly replied that she welcomed the news he brought her. "I am happy," she said, "to leave this world, where I am no longer of any use, and I regard it as a signal benefit that God wills to take me out of it, after the many pains and afflictions I have endured, for the honour of His Name and of His Church; that Church for which I have always been ready to shed my blood, drop by drop." Laying her hand on a New Testament, she added, "I take God to witness that I have never desired, approved, or sought the death of the Queen of England." Mary then asked for a short delay, in order to complete her will, and put her affairs in order; but Shrewsbury answered roughly that it was impossible, she must die the next morning, between seven and eight o'clock.

The Queen then petitioned that her confessor, who was imprisoned in another part of the castle, might be with her to help her to prepare for death; but this consolation was also denied her. Shrewsbury and Kent now urged her to confer with the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, but this Mary indignantly refused. Kent then told her that it had been concluded that she could not live without endangering the State, the Queen's life, and the Protestant religion. "Your life," he said, "would be the death of our religion, your death will be its life." Mary replied that she was far from considering herself worthy of such a death, adding that she humbly received it as a pledge of her admission among the chosen servants of God.

When the Commissioners had withdrawn, the Queen endeavoured to comfort her sorrowing attendants, and

bade them rejoice with her that the end of all her trials was at hand. She hastened the hour of supper, as time pressed, and there was much to do.

Her servants came and went about her, striving to show their zeal and devotion, though overcome with grief. At supper, Burgoing, replacing Melville, who had been of late separated from his mistress, ministered to the Queen with hands trembling with emotion and the tears falling. The only person who remained calm and cheerful was Mary herself. At times she seemed plunged in deep thought, or smiled to herself as if she possessed some happy secret.

After supper, she called her household round her. The faithful companions of her misfortunes threw themselves at her feet, imploring her with tears to forgive them any offences of which they might have been guilty towards her. "With all my heart, dear children," she answered with a gracious smile, "as I also beg you to pardon any injustice or harshness I may have shown towards you." She then begged them to pray for her, and exhorted them to remain constant to their faith, and to live united in Christian charity.

Mary then spent some time in dividing her wardrobe, jewels, etc., among her attendants, and entrusted them with little gifts for her son, the King and Queen of France, and others who were dear to her. She also wrote two letters, one to De Préau, her chaplain, begging him to watch and pray with her in spirit during this her last night on earth, and a farewell letter to her brother-in-law, the King of France. When all her sad duties were accomplished, Mary lay down to take some rest, while her sorrowing women watched and prayed beside her. Mary lay with her eyes closed and her hands clasped, looking so happy that she seemed, as one of her women touchingly expressed it, "to be smiling at the angels." The attendants noticed that she never slept but was absorbed in prayer and contemplation.

At six o'clock, the Queen rose and dressed herself with care as if for some grand and joyful ceremony. She then entered her oratory, where she remained in prayer until Burgoing, fearing for her strength, ventured to disturb

her and implored her to take some food. This she did, thanking him gratefully for his thoughtful care of her. Almost immediately afterwards, a loud knocking was heard at the door. It was the High Sheriff, who had been sent to conduct the Queen to the place of execution. "Let us go," said Mary in a firm voice, and leaning on Burgoing's arm, she led the way to the door. Here the Sheriff interposed to prevent her attendants from going further. They loudly protested against this cruel order, and Mary gently observed that it was hard that they might not be with her to the last. She finally obtained leave for two of her women to accompany her to the scaffold.

At the bottom of the great stair, Melville, her faithful old follower, was permitted to approach. When he saw his mistress, he threw himself at her feet in grief and despair, but she comforted him, bidding him rather rejoice to see her so near the end of all her sorrows, and commanded him to bear her last blessing to her son. The sad procession now advanced to the Great Hall, which was to be the scene of death. It was hung entirely with black, and at the further end was erected the scaffold. Three hundred spectators were assembled in the body of the hall; while in the courtyard outside, an immense crowd had gathered, guarded by two thousand soldiers, as it was feared a rescue might be attempted. Mary moved towards the scaffold, calm and majestic, her countenance serene, and her whole bearing that of one who was preparing for some great happiness. Arrived at the foot of the steps, she accepted Paulett's arm, thanking him pleasantly for this the last service she would ask of him.

When the Queen was seated, Beale read aloud the sentence. Shrewsbury then turning to Mary said: "Madam, you hear what our duty demands of us?" "Do your duty," she replied simply; and addressing herself to the witnesses of her death, she reminded them in touching words, of her long and unjust imprisonment, thanked God who had given her the grace to die for her Faith, and once more protested her innocence of the crime imputed to her. When she ceased speaking,

the Dean of Peterborough placed himself before the scaffold and urged her to listen to his exhortations. Mary gently declined; and as he persisted, she turned away and prayed aloud, invoking the Holy Spirit, confiding herself to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, praying also for her son, for Queen Elizabeth, and all the interests of the Church. Then kissing her crucifix, she exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O my God, were extended on the Cross, do Thou extend over me Thy arms of mercy; graciously receive me, and pardon all my sins."

The fatal moment had now come. Kneeling against the block the Queen waited for death. As she repeated the verse, "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped, let me not be confounded for ever," the signal was given, and the soul of Mary Stuart passed to its eternal reward.

In writing this little Memoir difficulties have arisen from the very richness of the material connected with this period of history. It has therefore been our object to draw attention only to the chief events of the Queen's life, and in especial to those which throw light on her character. All controversy on disputed points has been purposely omitted.

For the benefit of those who care to know more of Mary Stuart, we subjoin a list of the books consulted for this slight sketch.

Jebb, Sam. De vita Mariæ Scotorum Reginæ. 2 vols. Lond., 1725, folio.

Labanoff, Alex. Lettres de Marie Stuart. 7 vols. Lond., 1844, 8vo.

Hosack, John. Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers. 2 vols. Edinb., 1869, 8vo.

Chantelauze, R. M. Marie Stuart, d'après le Journal inédit de Bourgoing. Paris, 1876, 8vo.

The History of Mary Stewart, by her Secretary, Charles Nau. Edinb., 1883, 8vo.

A Model Woman.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW.

When the Wise Man asks the question, "Who shall find a valiant woman?"* he does not wish us to infer that such a woman is rarely met with. He means to say that the best women seek to escape observation when performing their good works, and shine rather in the privacy of their homes than in the market place. For they are guided by the Gospel rule, "When thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doth; that thy alms may be in secret, and thy Father Who seeth in secret will repay thee."† We have no word that will exactly convey the force of the 'mulierem fortem;' and in place of 'valiant woman' we would suggest 'model woman.'

We find a model woman in Dame Marion Boyd, first Countess of Abercorn, who died in Paisley in 1631.‡

The Boyds make their first appearance about 1205 with Sir Robert de Boyd. His son, also Robert, distinguished himself at the battle of Largs, and was rewarded by Alexander III. with lands in Cunningham. They figure on the national side in the wars of independence, and were rewarded by Bruce with further grants of land. From this time down to the reign of James III. they were prominent in the west country. In 1468, Robert, Lord Boyd, became Regent, and married his son Thomas to Margaret, the sister of King James. Thomas was created Earl of Arran. His mission to

* Prov. xxxi. 10. † St. Matt. vi. 3-4.

‡ Some of these notes are taken from "The Abbey of Paisley," in which book the Presbytery Records are printed.

Denmark, and the fall of the family is well known. In the old Castle of Kilmarnock, his wife, the king's sister, was kept "as in a free prison." The Earl of Arran died at Antwerp, but the estates were subsequently restored, and the title revived by James V. in favour of Robert Boyd, a descendant of the family. He distinguished himself at the Battle of the Butts.* His son took the side of Queen Mary, and so incurred the disfavour of Regent Murray, but was held in high esteem by James VI.

In the "Estimate of the Scottish Nobility" by Alexander Hay, drawn up at the instance and for the information of Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth's minister, he reports of Lord Boyd in 1577 as follows:—"The Lord Boyd of the same surname, his predecessor being Lord, was in the days of James the Third of the Stewarts attainted more upon malice of court than for any lawful desert, as appeared by the sudden death of the Lord Grey, then Chief Justice, upon appellation of the said Lord at giving the sentence. This man's father, called Robert Boyd, was created Lord Boyd by James, Earl of Arran being governor, and got the chief house called the Castle of Kilmarnock and all the lands appertaining thereto, lying besides Kilmanse in Cunningham, and of old friendship with the Earls of Glencarne. This man is wise, honest, *and of very good religion*, and matched his son with the Sheriff of Ayr, and so of good

* During the minority of Queen Mary, James Hamilton, then Earl of Arran, heir presumptive to the throne and the ancestor of the ducal house of Hamilton, was appointed Regent of the kingdom. His appointment was so repugnant to the Earl of Lennox and the Queen dowager that both parties resorted to arms. In 1544 Lennox garrisoned the Bishop's palace in Glasgow, and retired to the stronghold of Dumbarton. The Regent, having gathered together a numerous army at Stirling, marched to Glasgow and besieged the palace or Castle. After a siege of ten days the garrison agreed to surrender on condition of receiving quarter; but as soon as they had laid down their arms all were massacred except two who escaped. Lennox resolved to revenge this treachery. A battle was fought at the "Butts," the site of the old Barracks in the Gallowgate, Glasgow. In the heat of the battle Robert Boyd suddenly arrived with a small party of horse and turned the scale in favour of Hamilton, the Regent.

force. A surname of right hardy men," p. 21. Again in 1583 he reported of him—"Robert, Lord Boyd, a man past 60 years: he is accounted wise, and of good wealth and power. His ancestors were great in the days of King James II. Himself hath put off many storms. He is a favourer of the Douglasses, and always hated of the house of Lennox," p. 38. Another note concerning the state of the nobility in Scotland in 1589 has the following:—"Boyd, Protestant in religion —of 46 years; his mother Collquhen; his wife, the sheriff of Ayr's daughter," p. 68. Again in 1602, "Robert, Lord Boyd, young, not married," p. 76; but a catalogue of the Scottish nobility, of the same date 1602, by John Colville, has the entry, "Lord Boyd, Catholic, no actor," p. 78.

During the troubles in the time of Charles I. the Boyds were staunch Royalists, and were rewarded in 1661 with the rank of Earls of Kilmarnock. In 1715 the representative of the family adhered to the Hanoverian cause: but in 1745 the fourth Earl, whose wife was a daughter of the Earl of Linlithgow, took the side of the Stewarts. Taken prisoner after Culloden, he was tried before the House of Lords, condemned to death as guilty of high treason, and executed at London on August 18th, 1746.

Abbot Robert Shaw, who had been Abbot of the Paisley Monastery from 1498 to 1525, was at the latter date appointed to the See of Moray. John Hamilton, natural son of the Earl of Arran, and a monk of Kilwinning, succeeded to the Abbacy. He was very young, but had the reputation of being a learned and a pious son of St. Benedict. Through the influence of King James V., of Henry VIII., and of Cardinal Wolsey, the difficulties of his youth and birth were got over. When the election of the Abbot was by the Chapter, all went on well: but the King took upon himself the power of appointment, and this was the beginning of evils. The clouds were now gathering, and portended a storm in the near future. The English Court was in every way endeavouring to promote in Scotland the Reformation opinions and principles. When the Abbot returned, in

1543, from a three years' sojourn in France, James V. was dead, and the Earl of Arran, the nearest heir to the Crown and brother of the Abbot, was Regent or Governor of the kingdom. Abbot Hamilton had now to bring all his energy to play in order to grapple with the difficulties of the times. He induced the Regent to withdraw his favour from the new opinions—to dismiss the two Protestant preachers he had kept in his house—and to be reconciled to Cardinal Beaton. The Bishopric of Dunkeld became vacant in 1543-4, and his brother, acting for the young Queen, appointed to it the Abbot, who at the same time retained his Abbey. On the 28th November, 1547, he was appointed Archbishop of St. Andrew's, with Paisley *in commendam*.

Six years after this, *i.e.*, in 1553, the Archbishop resigned the Abbacy of Paisley to his nephew, Claud Hamilton, a boy of ten years of age. Claud was born in 1543, and was the fourth son of James, Earl of Arran. The Archbishop was to administer the spiritual and temporal affairs of the abbey until his nephew reached his 23rd year. In making over the Abbey to his nephew *in commendam*, it was probably his intention that the youth on coming of age should take Holy Orders, and become Abbot in reality. Or it may have been that foreseeing the near advent of the evil day, the Archbishop may have thought that if the Abbey were in lay hands it might fare better when the storm burst. Claud Hamilton lived and died a layman, though styled Abbot of Paisley, and known as the Commendator! He took a leading part on the side of Queen Mary; and after the battle of Langside, his estates were forfeited, and he himself declared a traitor.

All the property of the Abbey was now given to Lord Semphill by Regent Murray, as Sempill had fought on his side. Lord Claud was again put in possession of the lands in 1573. After an interval of six years he settled down at Paisley, and on the 1st of August, 1574, married Margaret, daughter of George, 6th Lord Seton. A second time he was forfeited, but after fourteen years was again restored to his possessions. He was made Lord

Paisley in 1578, and his eldest son was created Earl of Abercorn in 1606. He died in 1621, aged 75, having survived his son, who died in 1617.

As is well known, on 17th August, 1560, Parliament adopted the Confession of Knox as the religion of the land, and on the 24th, the Pope's jurisdiction was declared at an end. To say or hear Mass was made a criminal offence—on the first occasion to be punished with confiscation of goods, on the second with banishment, and on the third with death. Lord Claud, the Commendator, never gave up his religion, but died in the faith in which he was born and brought up.

In a paper written by Sir Walter Lindsay of Balgawies, younger son of David, ninth earl of Crawford, and a convert to Catholicism, in which he gives the "Account of the present state of the Catholic religion in Scotland, in 1594," we read of Claud Hamilton as follows: "Lord Claud Hamilton, youngest son of the Duke of Chatellerault, signed the articles, aware that he was doing wrong, but yielding to the persuasion of the ministers and of his wife and her relations, being desirous moreover to gain favour with the king. Being seated one day at dinner, while the Gospel was being read, as is the custom in Scotland, when the reader repeated the words, 'Whosoever denieth Me before men, I will deny him before My Father,' Lord Claud rose from his seat and tried to cut his wife's throat, saying that it was in consequence of her and her brother's persuasions that he had renounced his faith and lost his soul. For many days afterwards he remained raving mad, so that it was necessary to bind him with cords, and even now he has to be watched, and has not entirely recovered his reason." *

He continues his narrative, saying: "The example of the house of Hamilton is an awful warning to men to look to themselves and to their families, bidding them fear the just judgments and chastisements of God, which, though they may delay, are sure to fall on the guilty. The Duke of Chatellerault, (James, 2nd Earl of Arran, the next in blood to the crown), head of the family, one of the noblest and bravest knights that

* "Narratives &c." by Forbes-Leith, p. 358.

Scotland has produced for many years, was esteemed, and prospered in Scotland and in France, as long as he served God and the Catholic faith. But when the Queen of England had deluded him into believing that she was willing to marry his son the Earl of Arran:—when the Duke and Earl came to Scotland with their adherents, and by the help of the English, dethroned the Queen Regent Dowager, widow of James V. sister of the Duke of Guise, and mother of Queen Mary, who about this time suffered martyrdom in England—and when the Duke of Chatellerault made himself Regent of Scotland, and turned out the French garrisons, laying hands, he and his accomplices, on the revenues and possessions of the Church, and demolishing churches and monasteries; in the midst of his seeming prosperity he began to feel the weight of God's judgments on himself and his family. Pierced with poignant grief and sorrow upon seeing how he had been deceived by the Queen, who had craftily induced him to offend God and ruin his native land, the Earl went out of his mind, and at the present time is living in a state of idiotcy. The Duke himself, being of the blood royal, thought by changing his religion, and by arranging the marriage which he desired, to make himself lord of Scotland and England. But he too saw himself deposed, all his family possessions confiscated, and his whole kindred proclaimed traitors by those very men who for his sake had turned heretics. To which punishments God our Lord added that he lived to see all his sons lose their reason,* with the exception of Lord Claud Hamilton, who has become insane since; and thus overwhelmed by anguish and affliction, he ended his wretched life in dishonour, after incurring, as is to be feared, the Divine displeasure, that he might be a warn-

* In the "Note of the present estate of the Nobility in Scotland in 1589," published by the Grampian Club, it is stated the Duke of Hamilton, who married a Douglas, daughter of the Earl Morton, had these 4 sons: 1st. James Hamilton, Earl of Arran, 57 years old: "himself lunaticke, and therefore his living disposed by his next brother, the Lord John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroth," p. 56. 2nd. Lord John Hamilton, Abbot of Arbroth, 54 years old. 3rd. Lord Claud Hamilton, Abbot of Paisley, 46 years old. 4th. Davy, lunatique, like Lord John, p. 56. His daughter. "mother to E. Huntly, died in the like case," p. 56.

ing, not only to his own countrymen, but to powerful noblemen in other lands."*

That Lord Claud for worldly motives made some feint or some unworthy compromise cannot be doubted. How far he went in dissembling is not so clear. It is stated that he was reconciled to the Church by Fr. James Tyrie, in the year 1580. No sufficient ground seems to exist to show that he was induced by the influence of his wife to give up his religion. He was married only in 1574; and if he was reconciled by Fr. Tyrie in 1580, he must have fallen away during the first six years of his wedded life. But Sir W. Lindsay writes of him as if he was feigning to belong to the new religion in 1594.

Nor does there seem any reason to believe that his wife wished or sought to make him a Protestant. The Seatons are entered in "The present state of the Nobility in Scotland, July, 1592," as Catholics, pp. 71, 44. In "A brief opinion of the State, Faction, Religion and Power of the several noblemen in Scotland, in 1583," we read as follows: "George Seton, an ancient baron and of reasonable living, which lyeth all in Lothian, within 6 or 7 miles of Edinburgh. His power is not great, nor his friends or followers many. He hath been always French in affection, and is in heart a Papist, though he dare not avow it," pp. 39 and 20. The letter of Fr. Gordon to his general, in 1599, says, "I left Edinburgh and repaired to the Castle of a Baron not far off. I took this step by desire of the King and of the Earl of Huntly, to whose charge the King had committed me. I carried with me letters from the King, bearing not so much his commendation as his commands, and was very kindly and amicably received. The nobleman in question was Lord Seton, elder brother of Mr. Alex. Seton, who had formerly made his classical studies in the German College at Rome. His house is very splendid and very agreeable. . . . Here I was lodged in the best quarters in all Scotland, treated as a friend, and living among my kinsmen and connections, and the strongest adherents of my religion," p. 256. Nor should it be forgotten that Mary Seton, the daughter of Lord Seton, was one of the

* Pp. 359 and 10.

four Maries attached to Mary, Queen of Scots, who after sharing her mistress's captivity for more than fifteen years, went in 1584 to France, and died in the convent of St. Peter's at Rheims, over which the Queen's aunt, Renée of Lorraine, was superioress.

The son of Claud Hamilton, James, the first Earl of Abercorn, was married to Marion Boyd, the subject of this memoir, eldest daughter of Thomas, fifth Lord Boyd, and Margaret, daughter of Sir Matthew Campbell of Loudoun. Marion was a woman of singular tact and great power of character. She was like the mother of the Machabees "filled with wisdom, and joining a man's heart to a woman's thought."* The reformers had, in 1559, wrecked the Abbey church and scattered the monks. Still, the people of Paisley continued firm in their attachment to the old faith, and the monks lingered round their ruined convent. Mass was still said there in 1572, for Paisley continued hostile to Protestantism. The first Protestant minister of Paisley was introduced in 1572, the year after the Archbishop's death. Andrew Knox (1585–1607) was the fourth of these Protestant ministers. Lord Abercorn sat sometimes in the General Assembly as an elder; and Lord Claud held himself aloof. Many ladies of rank in Renfrewshire, *e.g.*, Lady Glencairne, Lady Duchal, and others, whose husbands had conformed, remained attached to the old faith. But old Lady Claud Hamilton, driven to despair by the persecution of Andrew Knox and his coadjutors, wrote a letter to King James, dated 1st Sept., 1610, imploring him to interfere in her behalf. "These four years past," she says, "I have been subject to a vehement pain, arising from distillations and humours in my head, with a continual tooth-ache giving me such torment as scarce I have half-an-hours release by night or day: and notwithstanding, to aggravate my pain, I am summoned by the church to confer and attend on the presbyteries and other diets, upon what suspects I know not, for I have never been proved repining nor disobedient to the least of his Majesty's laws. I hope his Majesty, who hath always had a gracious regard to me and mine, will not think me unworthy in my extreme

* II. Mach. vii. 21.

of sickness." Lord Abercorn, in 1605, and the bailies of Paisley, complained to the presbytery that the minister, Mr. Knox, was for months absent from his charge, and that the church was deprived of service. There is no doubt, however, that the Abercorn family had a warm side to the old faith. For a hundred years after the Reformation, and in spite of all the persecutions of the presbytery, Paisley was described as a "very nest of Papists." To the honour of the old Cluniac Abbey, of the former Abbots, and of the Diocese of Glasgow, Paisley continued Catholic long after the other parts of Scotland.

The family of Abercorn continued to live in the Abbey buildings, called "The place of Paisley." As Claud's son had died before his father,* the Commendator was succeeded by his grandson James, the second Earl of Abercorn. During his minority, and because the youthful earl resided principally in England and France, the affairs of the family were managed by his mother, Dame Marion Boyd. Members of the family had outwardly conformed to Protestantism, on account of the persecution against Catholics. Still they cherished their religious belief in secret, in the hope of better times and more favourable circumstances. A lull came in the persecution, and Catholics began to breathe more freely. "All this summer season, 1626 (says Wodrow), many persons, both men and women, south, west, east and north, kythed themselves, by proud speeches, yea, and sometimes by deeds, declared themselves Papists." Marion Boyd was one of these "many persons." She lived sometimes in Paisley, and sometimes at Blackston, the Grange of the Abbey, which, with the other possessions of the Abbey, had passed to her family. She and her household, and many in Paisley, now openly avowed themselves Catholics.

When Mr. Alexander Hamilton resigned his charge as Minister of Paisley, in 1625, Mr. Boyd of Trochrigg†

* He died at Monkston, 23rd March, and was buried 29th April, 1618, in the Abbey Church, Paisley, aged 43.

† By his father, James Boyd, he was related to the noble families of Boyd and Cassilis, and by his mother, Margaret Chalmers, daughter of Jas. Chalmers, Baron of Gadgirth, he was related to the families of Glencairn and Loudon.

was invited, by certain persons of Paisley, in the absence of the Earl of Abercorn, to become the minister. On account of his being a relation of the Countess, it was thought that this appointment would be acceptable to the Abercorn family. He was inducted in the Abbey Church on 1st January, 1626. Then he left Paisley for three months, waiting to see how the Abercorns would take the appointment. On his return, though kindly received by many persons, Lady Abercorn shewed him no favour. The opposition he encountered from the Earl, from the Master of Paisley, the Earl's brother, from a number of the women of Paisley and others, was so great that he left the town and would not be induced to return. He died at Edinburgh, 5th January, 1629.

The presbytery now took up the case of Lady Abercorn as a *suspected Papist*, and she and her household were persecuted in every way. One of her household, named Thomas Algeo, is supposed to have been a priest. Very full are the Records of the Presbytery of the way in which this model woman was done to death.

The way in which the Kirk proceeded against anyone who was suspected of being a Catholic, or who would not conform to the new opinions; was as follows: "The usual rule was for the Presbytery to instruct the minister of the parish to summon him for the first time; then, if contumacious, for the second; and if he still continued so, for the third time. The minister was then directed to proceed to the first admonition, then to the second, and afterwards to the third. If the offender still remained obstinate, he was to be prayed for for the first time, then the minister was afterwards to proceed to the second and third prayer. If the person continued still impenitent, excommunication followed," Paisley Abbey, p. 243. This so-called 'excommunication' would have been thought little of, or would not have been attempted, if civil penalties had not been attached, and imprisonment, banishment and other injuries been inflicted. Paisley Town Council Records, under date January 24, 1622, contain the following: "Enacted, that no houses be let to persons excommunicate, and that none entertain them in their houses, under the pain of ten pounds."

What the Presbytery would have required from Dame Marion Boyd can be seen from their action in the case of a Mr. John Maxwell, of Barefill, who had been excommunicated for his attachment to the old Faith, but whom they had bribed, cajoled or coerced to turn Protestant. Seven were the pledges or conditions required of him: 1st, He was publicly, in the Kirk of Kilmacolm, in presence of the congregation, to subscribe the Knox Confession of faith; 2nd, He was to swear, by holding up his hand in the presence of the people, that from his heart he renounced the Catholic religion; 3rd, He was to swear that he will henceforth walk according to the system now publicly preached in Scotland; 4th, He was at once to receive the Protestant communion, and find security of 500 merks that he would do so; 5th, He was to produce a testimonial from the minister of the Kirk, certifying that he had taken the sacrament; 6th, He was to promise to be a regular church-goer and maintainer of the Presbyterian religion; and 7th, He was to defend the same to the end of his life. The second of these requirements involved five recantations or abjurations, as seen in another entry in the Records of the Presbytery, in which an unfortunate man, whose Christian name only (Robert) is given, was called on to abjure, and consented to abjure—*a.* the doctrine of Transubstantiation—*b.* justification by works—*c.* the invocation of Saints—*d.* the use of the Latin language in the Liturgy—*e.* the Sacrament of the Eucharist, by receiving the Presbyterian communion.

On 4th May, 1626, three ministers appointed as commissioners by a synod held at Glasgow on 4th April, "did intimate to the Countess of Abercorn that because she neither resorted to the public preaching of God's word and participation of the Sacraments, thereby declaring that she was not of that religion and profession, grounded on God's sacred word publickly professed and authorised by his Majesty's laws, that therefore the presbyterie of Paslay would enter on a processe against her (according to the ordinance of the said synod) in case she gave not satisfaction to the said presbyterie of Paslay by swearing and subscribing the Confession of faith (embraced

publickly by the Kirk of Scotland), resort to the hearing of God's word preached, and to the participation of the holy sacraments."

"Notwithstanding this intimation Mr. Robert Boyd reported to the Presbyterie that the said Countess shews herself obstinate against all the points aforesaid. Therefore the said brethren ordained her to be summoned *literatorie* to appear before them in the Kirk of Paslay the next presbyterie day for the causes above written." This was the first summons—(pro primo).

The Countess was summoned, by a copy of the above being fixed on the gate of her dwelling at Blackston, to appear on May 18th. She took no notice of this summons, and was ordered to appear at the next meeting. This was the second summons. On the day fixed, June 1, she did not appear, and received a third summons. The date named in the third summons was June 15. Nothing was done on that day, and the Record states "June 15, 1626—Dame Marion Boyd, Countess of Abercorne's case continued till a minister be settled for the Kirk of Passlay." But on August 17th the brethren ordered Mr. Andrew Hamilton, minister at Kilbarchan, to proceed by public admonition against the Countess, as she was now dwelling in Blackston, within the said parish. The Countess appealed to the *tulchan* prelate who was called Archbishop of Glasgow, and who sent a letter to Mr. A. Hamilton desiring him not to make any public mention, by public admonition, of the Countess of Abercorn's name.

The Earl of Abercorn had now returned home; and following his mother's example, declared himself a Catholic. This brought matters to a head, so that the Archbishop felt he could not prevent the Presbytery taking its own course. Without following the action of the Presbytery against the Earl, as in minute of 19 April, 1627 &c. &c., our attention must be confined to the persecution of his mother. On May 3, 1627, the brethren ordered Mr. John Hay to proceed by public admonition against her in the Kirk of Paisley, her Ladyship having returned from Blackston. Fifteen days later Mr. J. Hay reported that he had not admonished the Countess

publicly, as he was not without hope that if one or two of the brethren were to have a conference with her they might attain their object. Accordingly Mr. J. Hay and Mr. John Maxwell were authorised to confer with her and to report. On the 14 June these two commissioners had conference with the Countess, and on the 24th reported "that they had profitted little by the same." On this account the Presbytery arranged that Mr. Daniel Cunningham and Mr. J. Hay were "to go to my Lady, and to intimate to her that, if she gives not obedience, the process will be prosecuted." Probably Mr. J. Maxwell thought that the brethren had already gone far enough in their treatment of the Countess, and was superseded to make way for a more ardent spirit in Daniel Cunningham. No progress was made, however, by Messrs. Cunningham and Hay: for on 2nd August "the commissioners reported that they had profitted nothing with the Countess." On this the brethren "ordain Mr. J. Hay and Mr. Andrew Hamilton to proceed by public admonitions against her." Mr. J. Hay reported on August 16th that he had proceeded against the Countess by the first public admonition; and he was ordered to proceed by the second admonition. On August 30th the order was "the Countess to be proceeded against by third public admonition *and first prayer*."

It will strike the reader as strange that prayer was only to be resorted to when all their other efforts had been unavailing. Had the brethren thought of praying for themselves that they might be led to act with justice and prudence and wisdom, they would have done well. When the Presbytery met on September 13th, Messrs. Hay and Hamilton reported that they had proceeded against her by the third public admonition. They deferred the proceeding by prayer at that date, but on September 28th, reported that they had proceeded to the first prayer. They were ordered to proceed to the second prayer, and the next minute is "Oct. 1627—The Countess to be proceeded against by the third prayer." However, on November 19th, Mr. J. Hay reported that he had not proceeded against her by the third prayer, still having some hope that she would yield. The same day the act

of the Synodal assembly was produced, "ordering the process against the Countess to be concluded, except her Ladyship promised by her writ, subscribed under her hand, and sent to the Presbyterie, that, upon her conscience and honour, she shall resort ordinarlie to the hearing of the Word when she may for her health, which act the brethren ordained Mr. J. Hay and Mr. A. Hamilton to intimate to her; and if she promised not to give obedience thereunto, the said brethren ordain them to proceed by the third prayer, and to conclude the process." Mr. Hay reported on November 29th, that the "Countess shewed she could not be resolved to give obedience to the act of the Synod, and therefore that he had proceeded by the third prayer." The Synod further resolved at that meeting that "The process against the Countess to be laid before the Archbishop that a warrant may be obtained for her excommunication." The warrant being obtained Mr. J. Hay was ordered, on 10 January, 1628, to excommunicate the Countess before the next meeting of the presbytery. The next meeting was on January 31st, when Mr. Hay reported that he had pronounced the sentence of excommunication against her on the 20th January, 1628. Mr. Andrew Hamilton, minister, of Kilbarchan, evidently had his misgivings as to the action of the brethren; for on May 8th, the minute records that "as he had refrained to excommunicate the Countess, he is ordained under pain of suspension, to come to the Kirk of Pasley on the 11th May, to preach there, and after sermon publickly to confess his oversight and negligence in not excommunicating the said Countess as he was ordained."

What a travesty of ecclesiastical procedure was this!

The Earl of Abercorn was at the same time summoned, proceeded against by three public admonitions and by three prayers. The sentence of excommunication was not pronounced against him when it was pronounced against his mother: for Mr. J. Hay "reported, on January 31st, that because the said noble Erle had taken journey to Court for his necessarie and lawful business, he had consulted the Archbishop, who advised him to

delay to pronounce the said sentence till his Lordship return; whereunto the brethren assented." The Earl left the country, and so escaped their further proceedings. They did their worst to him, but it became a blessing, as we read "Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake."* He died about the year 1670.

The Countess after her excommunication, broken down in health, withdrew to Edinburgh. She was not safe there, but was apprehended and cast into the Tolbooth, a loathsome prison. Her imprisonment there affected her health so seriously that, as stated in the "Records of Privy Council," it produced "many heavy diseases, so as this whole winter she was almost tied to her bed, and she now found a daily decay and weakness in her person." Her miserable state was at last represented to the King (Charles I), as "being oppressed with sickness and disease of body, and requiring the benefit of a watering-place." The King, not wishing to slight the authority of the Presbytery, nor that the Countess should succumb for want of the ordinary remedies, ordered on July 9, 1629, that she should have a license to go to the baths of Bristol; but only on condition that she should not attempt to appear at Court, and should on her recovery return and put herself at the disposal of the Council. She did not go to the baths, most likely not having strength for the long journey from Edinburgh to Bristol. From the Tolbooth she was removed to the Cannongate jail—no doubt as comfortless and loathsome a prison as the Tolbooth. After six months' imprisonment there she was made a ticket of leave prisoner, and allowed to reside in the house of Duntarvie, but on the harsh condition that "she shall contain herself so warily and respectfully as she shall not fall under the break of any of His Majesty's laws; also, that she would while living there have conference with the ministry, but allow none to Jesuits or Mass priests." For three years she remained thus, a ticket of leave prisoner. In March, 1631, she obtained a license or pass to go to Paisley for some matter of importance, but only on condition that

* St. Matt. vi. ii.

she would not, while there "receive Thomas Algeo nor no Jesuits, and return by a certain day, under penalty of five thousand merks." Edinburgh and her jailer saw her no more. She reached Paisley with difficulty and in the last stage of her sickness. Shortly after her arrival she died there, meek and patient under her treatment, and solaced by the consolations of her holy faith; remembering that "Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel, shall save it."* She was buried in St. Mirin's Chapel, in the south transept of Paisley Abbey, and the only monument to her is a leaden tablet on the wall of the vault.

Such is the history of the life, persecution and death of Dame Marion Boyd, first Countess of Abercorn, who as daughter, wife, mother, and widow for fourteen years, was a model woman. Though physically weak, she was stronger than her persecutors; "She hath girded her loins with strength, and hath strengthened her arm."† She never wavered in her faith: "She hath tasted and seen that her traffic is good; her lamp shall not be put out in the night." Her chaplain, attendants and servants were cherished by her; "She hath looked well to the paths of her house." Her sons were kept by her from being misled by false doctrines; "Her children rose up and called her blessed—and her husband praised her." The jewel of faith and the white garment of innocence decked her soul, and she even gloried in persecution: "Strength and beauty are her clothing, and she shall laugh in the latter day." Two hundred and fifty years and more have passed since her death, but the men and especially the women of Paisley and the west of Scotland, love to hear of her, and they cherish her memory. All praise her for her fortitude and attachment to the truth: "Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." Dame Marion Boyd was no less a martyr because she died by a slow and lingering, and not by a violent death: and she can truly be named a valiant, heroic and a model woman.

* St. Mark viii. 35.
† Prov. xxxi. 17.

Episcopal Jurisdiction in Bristol[1]

BY THE BISHOP OF CLIFTON

INTRODUCTION

HAVING been requested to publish the following sermon, preached in the Pro-Cathedral at Clifton on the Eve of All Saints, it may be well to explain the occasion of its being delivered.

On Thursday, October 28th, the Right Rev. George Forrest Browne was solemnly installed and enthroned in Bristol Cathedral by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, in the presence of a vast assemblage of clergy and distinguished laity of Bristol and the neighbourhood.

After the service, the Dean and Chapter accompanied his Lordship to the Chapter-room, where they made their promise of canonical obedience. Most of the clergy assembled there also, and the Dean and Chapter presented an appropriate address, signed by the Dean, Archdeacon, and all the Rural Deans in the name of the clergy of the Diocese. The Bishop, in the course of his reply, expressed himself as follows :—

"The occasion of the ceremony of to-day is, I think, unique in the history of the Church of England, and it seems to me to call for special treatment. It takes us back in thought much further than the union, two generations ago, of the Sees of Bristol and Gloucester. It takes us back much further than the formation, three and a half centuries ago, of those Sees. The first Bishop of Bristol received as his Bishop's seat, in 1542, this famous city, which up to that time had formed part of

[1] A Sermon preached in the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton, on the Eve of All Saints, 1897. With an Introduction on Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.

the ancient diocese of Worcester. He became, for this part of his diocese, the heir and representative of a long line of Bishops, stretching back through eight and a half centuries to the year 680. In that year the territory of the Hwiccas, roughly speaking Gloucestershire and Worcestershire, was made a bishopric by the Greek Theodore, having up to that time formed part of the vast diocese whose central seat was at Lichfield, a diocese conterminous with the great Kingdom of Mercia. And thus the first Bishop of Bristol was heir to the line of early Mercian Bishops, culminating in the saintly Chad, an Englishman trained at Lindisfarne. To the city of Bristol there was added, in 1542, the county of Dorset. Here again was an ancient line of descent, a line quite different from the other. Dorset was a member of the great kingdom of Wessex. It was made a separate See, the See of Sherborne, in 705, when Aldhelm, the poet and scholar, the Abbot of our own Malmesbury, was made Bishop. The district had up to that time formed part of the vast diocese of Winchester, conterminous with the growing kingdom of Wessex. And thus, through the line of Bishops of Salisbury, in which the Sherborne line was merged, the first Bishop of Bristol was the heir and representative, for the county of Dorset, of the first Bishops of the newly Christianized kingdom of Wessex, the Gallican Agilbert, trained in Ireland, and Birinus, a prelate from Lombardy. In place of Dorset, which reverted to Salisbury two generations ago, I have the deaneries of North Wilts. Here, again, is an ancient descent, tracing up to the Bishops of Ramsbury, merged at the Conquest in Sarum and Salisbury. The Bishopric of Ramsbury was divided off from Winchester in 909, when Athelstan became its first Bishop. Through the long line of Bishops of Salisbury, of Ramsbury, and of Winchester, I, too, go straight back to Agilbert and Birinus.

"This is not a mere matter of archæology. It is the very basis of my position here (applause). I take my Bishop's seat among you as the heir, and to you the representative, of Saint Chad of Mercia, and of Birinus of Wessex, who sat in their Bishops' seats 1250 years ago (applause). I can count my episcopal ancestry name by name on either side (hear, hear). I take my Bishop's seat among you as the only person competent to exercise episcopal jurisdiction, to perform episcopal functions, in the city of Bristol and in the deaneries of North Wilts, in accordance with the principles of the Holy Catholic Church and the immemorial constitution of this realm (applause). It is in that character, in that authority, that I shall always know, and you will always know, that my episcopal acts are done (hear, hear).

"Episcopal jurisdiction is one thing, personal relations are another (hear, hear). I hope always to cultivate pleasant personal relations with those who on one ground and another dissent from the Church of England, that great national Church of thirteen centuries of life; whether those who give their allegiance to a foreign Church, or those who on grounds less fundamental are not of our fold (applause). There are happily some works of piety and of charity and of citizenship in which we can combine. I shall be actively on the watch for such; not losing an opportunity of agreement on the ground that we differ, and not imagining that we are ceasing to differ because we can in some things agree (applause).

"And while we cultivate pleasant relations with those who are without, we have a task in some ways more difficult—to be at harmony within. I trust in God that my office may be so filled that all who are worthily doing the work of Christ in tending the souls of the people may learn that sure sympathy is theirs from me if they

give me the opportunity of showing it, and that I at least feel that real unity in moderate diversity is not a duty only, but a strength (applause).

"Finally, I would, from the bottom of my heart, urge you all to bear constantly in mind the pledge of the last paragraph of your address, the pledge of the earnest prayers and the loyal co-operation of those who, to use your own words, look up to me as their father in God (applause)."

Certain portions of this remarkable speech, especially those which called forth the applause of the assembled clergy, seemed to call for some notice from me. Accordingly, on the following Sunday I took occasion to comment on those parts of it which are quoted in my sermon. I trust there is nothing there which may hinder or disturb those "pleasant personal relations" which the Bishop of Bristol "hopes to cultivate with those who differ from him." I heartily agree with his lordship that "Episcopal Jurisdiction is one thing: personal relations are another." The present publication deals exclusively with Episcopal Jurisdiction. A few words will suffice to explain what this means according to Catholic doctrine, although it would require a considerable treatise to develop the full significance of the term.

Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction.

Jurisdiction is generally defined to be "the power of any one who has public authority and pre-eminence over others for their rule and government." Jurisdiction is either *ecclesiastical* or *civil*. Ecclesiastical jurisdiction has to do with cases pertaining to the worship of God and the spiritual salvation of souls. Hence it is exercised, not only *in foro externo*, or publicly, but also *in foro interno*, that is on the conscience, and

sacramentally. Civil jurisdiction has to do with secular matters, and things that concern the temporal government of the Commonwealth; and this can only be exercised *in foro externo.*

All ecclesiastical jurisdiction comes from Christ, who is the "Head over all the Church, which is His body."[1] He gave the "keys of the kingdom of heaven" in fulness to Peter;[2] and although afterwards all the apostles received jurisdiction, immediately from Christ and not through Peter, yet that by no means took away from the plenitude of power given to him, who was to live in his successors as the perpetual source of jurisdiction in the Church.[3] Although probably all the apostles founded Churches and left successors; yet there is only one Apostolic See that is known to history, and that the See of Peter. It has been well said: "Start any element in a constitution with the prestige that it cannot go wrong, and has a mission to set everything else right; under the condition of affairs essential to a Church militant, it will, little by little, surely gather all the reins of government into its own hand."[4] The Pope, as successor of St. Peter, has ordinary jurisdiction over the whole Church. From the time of St. Clement I. to the days of Leo XIII., he has, when occasion has required it, interfered in every diocese in Christendom.

[1] Eph. i. 22, 23. [2] Matt. xvi. 19.

[3] So St. Cyprian, after quoting St. Matthew xvi. 18, 19, and St. John xxi. 15, continues: "And although to all the apostles, after His resurrection, He gives equal power, and says, 'As the Father hath sent Me, I also send you. Receive ye the Holy Ghost: whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained;' yet that He might set forth unity, He arranged by His authority the origin of that unity, as beginning from one. Assuredly the rest of the apostles were also the same as Peter, endowed with a like partnership both of honour and power, but the beginning proceeds from unity." (*De Unitate Eccl.* c. 4.)

[4] Fr. Ryder, *Cath. Controversy*, p. 84.

The whole tradition of the Church bears witness to the exercise of this jurisdiction; the opposition that it has called forth testifies to the reality of the power, even more strongly than the general obedience accorded to it. Long before the mission of St. Patrick to Ireland, and two centuries before St. Augustine landed in Kent, the order in which appeals were to be made to Rome was regulated at Sardica in the middle of the fourth century, not as a new custom introduced into the Church, but as a means of ensuring uniformity in the appeal to the universally recognised authority which Christ had set up in His Church.

Episcopal Jurisdiction.

Universal, however, as the jurisdiction of the Pope is, and has ever been, he is not the "Universal Bishop," in the sense which that title was repudiated by St. Gregory the Great. The bishop of every canonically constituted See has ordinary jurisdiction within the limits of his own diocese. He has the power of confirming, ordaining, consecrating, and blessing persons and things. He has also the power of inflicting the spiritual penalties of suspension and excommunication, and of absolving from the same; also of dispensing, for just causes, with certain laws of the Church. These latter powers, which belong to jurisdiction, he can delegate, either entirely, as when he appoints a Vicar General, or partially and within certain limits. Even *in foro interno* he can reserve to himself the absolution of certain sins, besides those which are reserved to the Holy See; and without his permission granted to hear confessions no priest can give valid absolution in his diocese.

Besides his powers as Ordinary, the Pope usually gives to the bishop extraordinary faculties for dispensing in

cases reserved to the Holy See; and these faculties are enlarged in proportion as his diocese is situated at a greater distance from Rome.

Election of Bishops in England.

This distinction between the universal jurisdiction of the Pope, and the limited jurisdiction of the bishop in his diocese was fully recognised in England from the time of St. Augustine to the time of Cranmer. "We may be quite certain," says Professor Maitland, "that the theory which would give to the Pope 'ordinary' jurisdiction in all ecclesiastical cases was well known in the England of Henry III.'s reign. Bracton has stated it: *Dominus Papa in spiritualibus super omnibus habet ordinariam jurisdictionem.*" [1] Thus we may say with Grosseteste, the great Bishop of Lincoln: "Our Lord the Pope has received from Jesus Christ, whose vicegerent he is, the plenitude of power. The bishop has received the power which he has from our Lord the Pope, and from Jesus Christ, mediately through our Lord the Pope." [2] The bishop possesses that jurisdic-

[1] *English Hist. Review*, October, 1897, p. 631. Bracton is arguing that as the Pope in spirituals, so the king in temporals has ordinary jurisdiction.

[2] Grosseteste is writing to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln to justify his episcopal Visitation of the Chapter, and argues: "If the bishop without our Lord the Pope were to diminish his own episcopal power, he would by so doing derogate from [the authority of] our Lord the Pope . . . whose is the solicitude for all the Church and all the souls under heaven. . . . If our Lord the Pope, who has received from Jesus Christ, whose vicegerent he is (*cujus vicem gerit*), the fulness of power, were to diminish that to himself without the command of Jesus Christ, who knows for what useful end He might command him so to diminish it, would he not do this to the injury of Jesus Christ? Similarly, if a bishop were to diminish to himself the power which he has received from our Lord the Pope, and from Jesus Christ through the means (*mediationem*) of our Lord the Pope, without the consent and confirmation of our Lord the Pope, who would know for what useful end

tion as soon as he has received the apostolic letters announcing his election, confirmation, and appointment to the See; but he cannot, in this country, exercise it until those letters have been exhibited to the Chapter of his cathedral, and until he has before that chapter made his profession of faith. He is then installed, and begins at once to exercise his jurisdiction, even though he be not yet consecrated. Of course, he cannot confirm, or ordain, or perform any episcopal function until he has been consecrated; but he can give faculties to a consecrated bishop to perform these offices for him. The mode of election has varied and varies still in different countries and at different times.

In England and Scotland, at present, the canons of the vacant diocese assemble under the presidency of the archbishop or senior bishop of the province, and elect by ballot three persons, whose names are placed in alphabetical order, and sent to the bishops of the province. After being discussed by them, they are placed in what they consider the order of merit, together with any other names that they may select, and the qualifications of each are transmitted to Propaganda, and laid by the Cardinal Prefect before the Pope, who generally, but not always, selects one of those thus suggested to him. Sometimes the person selected is notified of the choice, and is asked to say if he accepts the appointment; sometimes—as in my own case—the brief from the Pope making the appointment absolute is the first intimation that the bishop-elect receives.

In Ireland the parish priests share with the canons the right of electing the three persons, and the bishops

he might approve and confirm such diminution of power, a bishop so acting would do a great injury to our Lord the Pope, and consequently offer a grave affront to our Lord Jesus Christ." (*Epist.* cxxvii., Rolls ed., p. 369.)

of the province transmit their remarks to the Holy See. A similar procedure obtains in the United States and in Australia. In Canada, the bishops of the province select the names to be proposed to the Pope. In Mauritius and Trinidad the consent of the Government is asked before the appointment is decided.

Ancient Election of Bishops.

In the earliest ages of the Church, as far as we can ascertain, the bishop used to be elected by the people and clergy together, the popular choice being confirmed by the clergy. The neighbouring bishops used to assemble for the consecration, and the bishop of the chief city, or metropolitan, officiated, and thus confirmed the election. Thus unity was preserved. The election of the metropolitan was confirmed in the East by the Patriarch, and in the West by the Pope; while the newly elected Patriarch lost no time in sending his Profession of Faith to the other patriarchs, and especially to the Pope, as the successor of St. Peter. The popular election continued in Rome longer than elsewhere, and for the first ten centuries and a half the Popes were thus elected, in spite of the evils naturally attendant upon such a mode of election. When the empire became Christian, the consent of the Emperor was considered necessary to the validity of the election; and long after the Byzantine emperors had ceased in any way to give any sort of protection to Rome, their consent through the Exarchs of Ravenna was required for the appointment of the Pope. After the time of Charlemagne a similar consent was accorded to the head of "The Holy Roman Empire," and a remnant of this survived until quite recent times in the veto which certain great powers were allowed to exercise upon the decisions of the Conclave.

The Pope and English Bishops.

In England, in Saxon times, the bishops were elected in the great national councils, and the election was confirmed by the metropolitan. In exceptional cases the Pope allowed the archbishop to nominate his successor, as St. Augustine nominated St. Laurence. But the election of the metropolitan from the first had always to be confirmed by the Pope; and every Archbishop of Canterbury from St. Augustine to Cardinal Pole asked for and obtained from the Pope the Pallium, as the symbol of his communion with the Apostolic See, and of his own jurisdiction in dependence on that See. It is easy for people nowadays to scoff at this venerable symbol, and say that "it is a mere invention of man's device for the aggrandizement of the See of Rome," but this slander on the Popes and on the Catholic Archbishops of Canterbury will not stand examination. No doubt as to its meaning existed for the first nine hundred and fifty years of the life of the English Church, as the letters of St. Gregory the Great and other Popes clearly demonstrate. How soon the Cathedral Chapters were invested with the right of electing the bishops it is difficult to ascertain. That such right existed before the Norman Conquest appears from a passage in Ingulph, and also from a charter of King John, incorporated in and confirmed by a Bull of Innocent III., by which that king, "with the common consent of our barons," grants for ever free election of prelates to all cathedral and conventual churches and monasteries; and promises not to withhold his consent to such election, nor to delay his assent to the person elected. Although the king says that he grants this, "*mera et spontanea voluntate*," yet the context shows that it was a right contended for by the clergy as of

ancient custom.[1] Whether, besides their confirmation by the Archbishop of Canterbury, each individual bishop took an oath of fidelity to the Pope in Saxon times, as in later mediæval times, we know not. But that such an oath would not have seemed strange to them is apparent from the readiness with which the English Wynfrith, better known as St. Boniface, took the oath proposed to him by Pope Gregory II. before he sent him to be the apostle of Germany in 715.[2] Sometimes, even in Saxon times, the Pope appears to have confirmed the election himself. Thus a Bishop of Winchester, in 839, begins his profession of obedience to Ceolnoth Archbishop of Canterbury, as follows:

"In nomine Domini Jesu Christi. Helmstan, although the most unworthy of men, yet by the dispensation of Divine grace, *by the authority of the holy and apostolic See*, by the congregation of the city of Winchester, by the (consent) of King Ethel(wulf) and his bishops and nobles, and all the nation of the West Saxons, unanimously elected to the grade of the episcopal office," &c.[3]

The Norman kings took the appointment into their own hands, but the confirmation still had to be made by the archbishop, who sometimes refused his consent. For example, the following may suffice. In 1147 the Chapter of York elected Henry de Coilli, nephew to King Stephen, but the Pope refused to confirm the election. Thereupon the Chapter elected William Fitzherbert. The Archbishop of Canterbury refused to confirm the election. William went to Rome for his Pallium, after his consecration by Henry of Winchester, the apostolic legate. The Pope not only refused it, but

[1] See Rymer, i. 197, and *Episcopal Registers: Exeter*, Stapledon, p. 183.
[2] See Jaffé, *Monum Mogunt*, pp. 76, 77.
[3] Haddan & Stubbs, *Counc.* iii. 621.

deprived him of his archbishopric, on the ground that the king had influenced the election. The Chapter then made a fresh election, and the majority of votes were for Hilary, while the minority chose Henry Murdac. The Pope, in the plenitude of his power, appointed Murdac, and consecrated him on December 7, 1147. After his death in 1153, the Pope appointed William Fitzherbert to succeed him, and he was known as St. William of York. The Bishop of Bristol is quite mistaken in stating that the "kings did not promise, and did not allow, that the Chapter should be free to elect any one it pleased." If he will take the trouble to look through Le Neve's *Fasti*, he will find between forty and fifty cases in which, from the twelfth to the fifteenth century, the Chapters claimed and acted upon their freedom, and refused many times to elect the king's nominee. And yet his lordship actually asserts more than once that the present Anglican method was "long before the Reformation" recognized as "the immemorial custom of the realm." When the English Church was free—and the free English Church of Magna Charta never wished to be free from union with the Pope—the elections were free. Both the king and the Chapter could always appeal to the Pope; and often did so. The Pope sometimes decided for the king's candidate; sometimes for that elected by the Chapter. Sometimes he set aside both candidates, and provided a bishop of his own selection. Some of England's best and greatest bishops were appointed in this way. Stephen Langton, the great archbishop who took the lead in compelling King John to sign Magna Charta, was one of these, and was consecrated by the Pope himself, the candidates both of the Chapter and of the king being set aside. Later on, in the time of Edward III., the same thing took place in the case of the

appointment of John de Grandisson, the greatest bishop who ever ruled over the diocese of Exeter. If by "immemorial custom" Bishop Browne means since the time of Queen Elizabeth, when Anglican Chapters have conducted a so-called election, with the terrors of *præmunire* over their heads, then he is perfectly correct.

Oath of Fealty for Temporalities.

In the first beginnings of Christianity in a heathen country, the bishop was glad to fix his episcopal See wherever he could find a secure habitation. Convert princes used to provide a suitable place for the bishop, and endowments for his maintenance, augmented by offerings from others, soon gathered round the new See. These were often confirmed by special Bulls from the Pope. Thus Leo IX., on the petition of King Edward the Confessor, sanctioned the transfer of the episcopal See from Crediton to Exeter. When a bishop died, or vacated his See, the spiritualities were vested by the archbishop in the hands of some priest who administered the diocese during the vacancy. The temporalities were taken charge of by the king, as the Court of Chancery does now for its wards, and entrusted to some person appointed to look after the property. Great abuses sprang out of this custom, for the king and his official often grossly mismanaged the property, and always claimed "all the corn in the granges of the bishoprick, and all that was sown in the lands of the temporalities. Bishop Rigaud de Asserio (of Winchester) had to pay £1,475 19s. 11¼d. for the growing crops and other things belonging to the bishoprick, sold to him by the Crown; and his successor, Bishop John de Stratforde, paid as much as £2,024 8s. 9¼d."[1] These tem-

[1] *Winchester Episcopal Register*, by Mr. F. J. Baigent, p. 632, *note*.

poralities were restored to the new bishop, on his petition to the king after his election and confirmation, sometimes before, and sometimes after his consecration. In Saxon times the king used to give the ring and crosier as the token of this restitution, which was, at first, as harmless a ceremony as the giving of the red biretta to a new cardinal by the sovereign of a Catholic country. But, both in England and in France and Germany, the giving of these symbols of spiritual jurisdiction occasioned the king to claim a right of suzerainty in ecclesiastical matters, which became a scandal, that St. Anselm succeeded, only after a long struggle, in abolishing. The bishop, however, being a temporal lord, continued to petition for his temporalities, and took an oath of feudal fidelity to the king. But no Catholic bishop ever took such an oath as that which was taken by Bishop Browne a short time ago. For a Catholic bishop to take it would be to commit a frightful sacrilege, by which he would cease to be a Catholic, for it would be to hand over the keys of the kingdom of heaven to an earthly prince. A Protestant bishop commits no sacrilege, for he does not violate his conscience: in fact, as Bishop Browne cheerfully expresses it, he "is glad to take it."

Bishop Browne contends that the oath which he took was substantially the same as that which mediæval bishops used to take when they did homage,[1] and used to swear—

> "I John, bishop of A., utterly renounce and clearly forsake all such clauses, words, sentences, and grants, which I have or shall have hereafter of

[1] As a fact, mediæval bishops did *not* do homage. Homage was always done personally to the king or the lord to whom it was due, not to his deputy. The person doing homage knelt before the king bareheaded and unarmed, with hands joined and held between

> the Pope's holiness, of or for the bishoprick of A. that in any wise hath been, is, or hereafter may be, hurtful or prejudicial to your highness, your heirs, successors, dignity, privilege, or estate royal."[1]

This oath was not known before the time of Edward I., and it was just at that time that the appointment of bishops by direct papal provision became common. In my own brief of appointment the Pope says: "*Regimen et administrationem ejusdem Ecclesiæ* (Cliftoniensis) *tibi in spiritualibus et temporalibus plenarie committendo*—committing to thee entirely the care, rule, and administration of the same Church of Clifton both in spirituals and in temporals." The temporals of the Church of Clifton are unfortunately not sufficiently great to excite the jealousy of the Crown. But it was otherwise with the temporalities of a mediæval bishop; and the statesman king, Edward I., saw in a similar phrase a possible danger to his sovereign rights. The case was this:—

In 1301, Bishop Gifford of Worcester died, and the monks elected John de St. German on March 25th.

those of his lord, to whom he said, "I become your man," &c. Hence the term, *hominium*, *homagium*.

Fealty, *fidelitas*, was sworn by the free tenant standing before his lord, or his deputy, with his hand on the book of the Gospels, and he said, "Hear you, my lord, that I, A. B., will be faithful and true to you, and hold my fealty to you for the land which I hold of you, and truly shall do you the customs and services at the terms assigned. So help me God and all the saints." He then kissed the book.

Bracton says: "We must consider, Who can do homage? And it is to be known that a free man, male as well as female, cleric and layman, one who is of age as well as a minor, may do homage; but yet, if they be elected bishops, after their consecration they may not do homage, whatever they may have done before, but only fealty." (*De Legibus*, lib. ii., tract. 2, cap. 35, § 4.)

[1] Phillimore, *Ecclesiastical Law*, p. 37.

The king gave his royal assent April 8th, but Archbishop Winchelsey refused to confirm the election because he had heard that John had been compelled to consent, and so he would not proceed, "inconsulto Papa." John de St. German went to the Roman Court. Pope Boniface VIII. quashed the election, and, without reference to the king, appointed and consecrated William de Gainsborough, a friar minor.

Even in the face of this high-handed action, Edward I., although he saw an election quashed to which he had given his royal assent, and a friar appointed and consecrated to an English See without his being consulted, yet he did not question the right of the Pope to make the provision. But he did deny the right of the Pope to convey temporalities in the realm of England. Wherefore, before restoring the temporalities, the king required a renunciation of the prejudicial words in the Bull, and a memorandum to that effect was annexed to the writ of delivery of the temporalities on the Patent Roll. After this it became a clause in the writ itself.[1] The history of it, however, shows that both the king and the bishop

[1] "Et memorandum quod eadem die Episcopus in Castro Regis apud Wyndesore, oblata Regi Bull Apostolica in qua continebatur inter cœtera quod Papa sibi commisit administrationem *Spiritualium et Temporalium* Episcopatus prædicti: pro eo quod dicta Bulla in hoc juri regio præjudicialis fore videbatur, præfatæ commissioni *quantum ad Temporalia* dicti episcopatus expresse renunciavit, et se dicta *Temporalia* a dicto Rege velle admittere eaque ab ipso tenere in præsentia dicti Regis et sui Consilii recognovit; et pro transgressione quæ dicto Regi fieri videbatur in admissione Bullæ Apostolicæ in qua continebatur quod Papa sibi *administrationem Temporalium* dicti episcopatus commisit, fecit dictus Episcopus finem mille marcarum dicto Regi, ad voluntatem suam solvendum. Postmodum vero dictus Episcopus fecit fidelitatem consuetam dicto Regi, et idem Rex præcepit Cancellario suo quod faceret sibi literas de restitutione *Temporalium* episcopatus prædicti."

I have to thank Mgr. Canon Moyes for the above quotation which he has verified by personal inspection in the Record Office, *Patent Roll*, 31, Edward I., m. 39. It is obvious that the temporalities alone were the object of this renunciation.

clearly understood that the renunciation had to do with the temporalities alone, and the Pope's jurisdiction in spiritualities was untouched.

Homage to the Queen.

The Bishop of Bristol has been good enough to explain his interpretation of the oath which he took when he did homage for his bishopric. One can easily understand the deep impression that this act made upon him. To kneel before our beloved and venerable Sovereign, and have his joined hands held between those hands that have for more than sixty years wielded the sceptre of this empire would naturally call out all the enthusiasm of a loyal heart; and the charm of that gracious presence, not unnaturally, made the Bishop think "that a special character is conveyed to the sovereigns of England by the anointing at their coronation." Henry III. thought so too, and was probably rather disappointed when Bishop Grosseteste told him that whatever it might do for him, "This prerogative of anointing in no way places the royal dignity above or even on an equality with the priestly dignity; or gives it the power of any priestly office."[1] The oath taken by the Bishop was as follows:—

> "I, George Forrest Browne, Doctor in Divinity, now elected, confirmed, and consecrated Bishop of Bristol, do hereby declare that your Majesty is the only Supreme Governor of this your realm in spiritual and ecclesiastical things, as well as in temporal, and that no foreign prelate or potentate has any jurisdiction within this realm: and I acknowledge that I hold the said Bishopric, as

[1] *Epist.* cxxiv. Rolls ed., p. 351.

> well the spiritualities as the temporalities thereof, only of your Majesty. And for the same temporalities I do my homage presently to your Majesty—so help me God. God save Queen Victoria."

Dr. Browne has a private interpretation of this oath, according to which "spiritualities" are supposed to mean "technical spiritualities." And these "technical spiritualities" are further interpreted to mean "coercive jurisdiction." Is there any jurisdiction that is not coercive? We have seen that the jurisdiction of a Catholic bishop extends to the conscience, *in foro interno*. But even that is coercive, and includes binding as well as loosing, refusing as well as granting absolution. What acts of jurisdiction can a bishop perform which are not coercive? If he suspends a guilty or refractory cleric, if, like Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, he refuses to license a curate unless he promises that he will not hear confessions—these acts are just as coercive as if he prosecuted a clergyman in his ecclesiastical court for heresy or crime. If "the only constitutional source of such jurisdiction is the sovereign," what becomes of the claim to exercise episcopal jurisdiction as the "heir and representative of St. Chad of Mercia and Birinus of Wessex"? The oath itself will not bear the interpretation Dr. Browne puts upon it. He did homage, not for "the spiritualities," but for "the temporalities." If "temporalities" are to include "technical spiritualities" or "coercive jurisdiction," what are we to understand by "the spiritualities" for which the Bishop did *not* do homage, but which nevertheless he declared upon oath that he had held "only of your Majesty"?

Royal Supremacy in Things Spiritual.

But the supremacy of the Crown over "spiritual and ecclesiastical things" has a history, which explains its meaning more certainly than any private interpretation of Bishop Browne. Mr. Brewer, the learned editor of the State Papers of Henry VIII., says, "Opposition to papal authority was familiar to men; but a spiritual supremacy, an ecclesiastical headship, as it separated Henry VIII. from all his predecessors, so it was without precedent and at variance with all tradition."[1] Mr. Gairdner writes that the period from January to July, 1535, "is a very marked period in the history of the reign—the very crisis of a royal supremacy and *of a totally new order in the Church*."[2] We may be pardoned if we consider these writers as more competent judges of an historical point than the Bishop of Bristol. As examples of the meaning of Henry's spiritual supremacy, we may instance the following examples:—

1. He appointed Cromwell his Vicar General in things spiritual, and made him take precedence of the archbishop and all the bishops in Convocation.

2. He suspended all the bishops before commencing his visitation of the monasteries, both of which were acts of spiritual jurisdiction.

He tried Blessed John Forrest, a Franciscan friar, and confessor to Queen Catherine, for heresy. Latimer, who preached at the stake, said, "To say that Peter and his successors be heads of the universal Church and stand stubbornly by it is heresy." It may rightly be said that the burning was not spiritual jurisdiction; but the trial for heresy was.

Edward VI. and his advisers understood the supre-

[1] *Introd.* vol. i., p. 107. [2] *Preface* to vol. viii., p. 1.

macy in the same way. The following instances will suffice :—

1. All the bishops were required to resign, and sue for the restoration of their offices from the new king. They received them "so long as they behaved themselves well—*dum bene gesserint*."

2. He gave a dispensation to the Archbishop of Canterbury and his household to eat meat in Lent and on other fast days. Also to several other persons.[1]

3. He authorized a committee to change the Missal into the two different editions of "The Book of Common Prayer," including the change of doctrine.

Elizabeth, though she changed the word Head into Governor, had no less clear conception of her jurisdiction in spiritual things.

1. She suspended all preachers throughout the kingdom except her own chaplains.

2. She appointed a commission, before Parker was made Archbishop of Canterbury, to decide upon what was to be the doctrine and worship of the people of England, and embodied the result in the "Act of Uniformity."

3. She issued letters authorizing four men, who were none of them in canonical possession of an episcopal See, to consecrate Parker.

4. She suspended Archbishop Grindal from his office as archbishop.

Order and Jurisdiction.

When Dr. Browne speaks as though the Popes made the possession of the Pallium "a fundamental requirement for valid ordination," he confuses the distinction between "valid" and "lawful," and does not seem

[1] Rymer, *Foedera*, vol. xv., p. 210.

sufficiently to distinguish between "order" and "jurisdiction." And yet his own position here affords him more than one example. There are at least two Anglican bishops in Bristol who are as "competent to perform episcopal functions" as he is, so far as order is concerned. Bishop Horsley set forth this very clearly in Parliament, in 1803, when, objecting to the titles of the Irish Catholic Bishops, he said :—

"A noble duke, on the opposite bench, has said in exculpation of them, that these Roman Catholic bishops are really 'bishops.' Most undoubtedly they are bishops, as truly as any here: they are of the episcopal order, and men, I dare say, in their individual character, highly worthy of that pre-eminence in the Church. But I am sure the noble duke knows enough of our ecclesiastical matters to be apprised of the distinction between the 'power of order' and the 'power of jurisdiction.' The power of order these Roman Catholic prelates possess; but the power of jurisdiction does not of necessity attach upon the power of order. A man may be a bishop, and yet it follows not of necessity that he is bishop of a diocese. The two powers of order and jurisdiction are quite distinct, and of distinct origin. The power of order is properly a capacity for exercising jurisdiction conferred by a competent authority, and this power of order is conveyed through the hierarchy itself, and no other authority but that of the hierarchy can give it. The *only competent authority* to give the power of episcopal *jurisdiction* in this kingdom is *the Crown*." (*Hansard*, vol. iv., col. 800.)

Thus all his power "to exercise episcopal jurisdiction" comes from the Crown alone, and St. Chad and St. Birinus have nothing whatever to do with it; however much their names may serve to ornament an origin that "is of the earth, earthly." The Pope rests his claim to

be the source of jurisdiction on the divine word, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." Let those who derive their jurisdiction from the Crown show a similar promise made to any Christian sovereign.

I have not thought it worth while to reproduce my reply to Dr. Browne's reflections upon papal scandals. They have really nothing whatever to do with the question between us. Supposing they were all proved, they might be the occasion, but could never form a valid excuse for schism. It is one of the unfortunate exigencies of the Anglican position, that they are obliged to justify their separation from the rest of Christendom by making the most of such matters as these. Catholics have no interest in exaggerating the sins and shortcomings of Protestants. On the contrary, they take pleasure in discovering whatever is good and commendable about them; for "Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth with the truth."

✠ W. R. B.

Clifton, *Christmas*, 1897.

THE SERMON

"Now therefore you are no more strangers and foreigners; but you are fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God, built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief 'corner-stone.'"—EPH. ii. 19. 20.

TO-MORROW is the Feast of All Saints, and thus we are naturally led to consider our relations with those who are no longer among us in the flesh. In the Communion of the Catholic Church we are in close fellowship with all Catholics throughout the world, and not only with them, but with that vast multitude which no man can number now reigning with Christ in heaven, and with that other multitude still detained in purgatory. The Communion of Saints is brought sharply before us in the very beginning of this month of November in the Feast of All Saints and the Commemoration of All Souls.

The thought of death has been recently impressed on us by the sudden removal from amongst us of one of the highest in the land, and one of the most deservedly popular of the royal family. Her personal amiability, her ready and sympathetic co-operation in every charitable work, had endeared the Princess Mary of Cambridge to all classes of the community, long before the nation rejoiced at the marriage of her daughter to the future king of England. She is gone where no good work will be unrewarded, and where the prayers of the poor and the suffering obtain for their benefactors an

entrance into everlasting habitations. But it is an admonition to us all to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

The New Bishop of Bristol.

Another event has happened during the last week which it does not seem to me right to pass over in silence: the solemn enthronement in Bristol Cathedral of Dr. Forrest Browne, the newly-appointed Anglican bishop. He comes with a well-earned reputation for scholarship and archæological research, for untiring zeal in the interests of the poor, and for having gained the esteem of all parties in the Established Church. In a frank and straightforward manner he has published his challenge to all comers on the very day of his enthronement; and it is this alone that constrains me to advert to, and to accept, that challenge now. In his reply to the address of the Dean and Chapter he says:—

"I take my seat among you as the heir, and to you the representative of St. Chad of Mercia, and of St. Birinus of Wessex, who sat in their bishop's seats 1,250 years ago. I can count my episcopal ancestry name by name on either side. I take my bishop's seat among you as the only person competent to exercise episcopal jurisdiction, to perform episcopal functions, in the city of Bristol and in the Deaneries of North Wilts, in accordance with the principles of the Holy Catholic Church and the immemorial constitution of this realm. It is in that character, in that authority, that I shall always know, and you will always know, that my episcopal acts are done."

This is a bold and straightforward statement made by a man who has the courage of his convictions, whatever we may think of them. They are not inconsistent with

a large-minded and kindly feeling towards those who deny this confidently assumed position. His lordship goes on :—

"Episcopal jurisdiction is one thing, personal relations are another. I hope always to cultivate pleasant relations with those who on one ground or another dissent from the Church of England, that great national Church of thirteen centuries of life; whether those who give their allegiance to a foreign Church, or those who, on grounds less fundamental, are not of our fold."

It would be idle to pretend to ignore the direct challenge here given to us Catholics, and especially to me, who certainly claim to be "the only person competent to exercise episcopal jurisdiction, and to perform episcopal functions, in the city of Bristol," and throughout the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts. I may, therefore, set before you the ground of my claim, and contrast it with Bishop Browne's real ground, about which he says nothing, and the imaginary ground, which he declares "is not a mere matter of archæology. It is the very basis of my position here."

My claim to exercise episcopal jurisdiction rests on the fact of Pope Leo XIII. having chosen me out of three names set before him, and appointed me by brief dated March 20, 1894, to this See of Clifton. In consequence of that appointment I was, in due time, consecrated in this church, and enthroned here by Cardinal Vaughan on May 1st. Before my consecration I made my profession of faith before the Chapter, and took the oath of obedience to the Pope in this church; and the conclusion of the oath ran thus :—

"All and each of these things I will inviolably keep, because I am certain that there is nothing contained in them which can be opposed to my oath of allegiance towards her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria,

and her successors to the throne. So help me God and these holy Gospels of God."

The oath taken by the mediæval English bishops ran as follows :—

"I, N., Bishop of M., from this time forward shall be faithful and obedient to St. Peter, and to the holy Church of Rome, and to my lord the Pope, and his successors canonically entering, &c., &c." [1]

Each of them was asked, as I was asked publicly, the following question :—

"Will you show in all things fidelity, subjection, and obedience, according to canonical authority, to blessed Peter, to whom was given by God the power of binding and loosing ; and to his vicar our lord Pope Leo XIII., and his successors the Roman pontiffs ?"

And I answered "I will." In mediæval times the bishop-elect was asked the same question ; but there were added to it these words, "and to the holy church of Canterbury, and to me its minister, and to my successors."

The limits of my jurisdiction to the counties of Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts, were marked out by Pope Pius IX. in the Bull creating the diocese of Clifton, September 29, 1850.

Bishop Browne's real claim to exercise episcopal jurisdiction rests upon the Royal Letters Patent from the Queen, addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reconstituting the Bishopric of Bristol, and conveying her Majesty's Royal Assent to the election, which she had commanded the Dean and Chapter of Bristol to make, of the Right Rev. Forrest Browne.[2] This is his real and only legal claim, and upon this the legality of all his episcopal acts rests. The law of the land recog

[1] Sir R. Phillimore, *Ecclesiastical Law*, p. 43.

[2] See Letters Patent and Order in Council, in the *London Gazette*,

nises this source of his jurisdiction, his own Ecclesiastical Court and that of the Archbishop of Canterbury recognise no other; and if he were content with that I should not have a word to say against such jurisdiction as this might give.

But, not content with this legal authority, the new Bishop rests his claim on the imaginary title of being "the heir of St. Chad of Mercia, and of St. Birinus of Wessex." Yet he admits that the See of Bristol first began in 1542, ten years after Henry VIII. had severed England from the rest of Christendom. It fell into a state of poverty, and in 1836 it was merged in the diocese of Gloucester. In this present year it was revived by the same authority which had created it, and suppressed it; so that if there is one Anglican diocese more than another that is the unmistakable creature of the State, that diocese is Bristol.

Perhaps it may be said that there is something in the history of St. Birinus and St. Chad that makes the present Bishop of Bristol their heir. Let us examine their histories.

St. Birinus.

St. Birinus was a Lombard by birth, who was sent by Pope Honorius to Britain, after promising him to sow the seeds of the Faith in the inland parts of the island, where no other teachers had penetrated. Birinus was consecrated bishop by the Bishop of Genoa, and landed in Britain about the year 635. He made his way inland as far as Dorchester in Oxfordshire, where, after converting the King of Wessex, he fixed his See, transferred afterwards to Winchester. We have no letters preserved, although it is probable he related to the Pope what success had attended his preaching. One thing is clear, that he received his mission and jurisdiction from the

Pope. The year before, the same Pope Honorius wrote to his namesake, then Archbishop of Canterbury, sending him the Pallium, and also to St. Paulinus, saying: "In the name of St. Peter, prince of the Apostles, we do by these presents grant you authority, that when the divine Grace shall call either of you to Himself, the survivor shall ordain a bishop in the place of him who is deceased. For which effect we have sent a Pallium to each of you for celebrating the same ordination; that, by the authority of our precept, you may be able to make the ordination acceptable to God."[1] From St. Augustine to Cardinal Pole no archbishop was acknowledged to have metropolitan jurisdiction until he had obtained the Pallium from the Holy See. For those nine hundred years there was no doubt in England about the source of episcopal jurisdiction.

St. Chad.

Now let us consider St. Chad. He was a monk at Lindisfarne, and a disciple of St. Aidan. In 665, a plague had carried off all the bishops in England except Wini, Bishop of Winchester. When St. Chad was pressed by the King of Northumbria to be bishop at York, he went to Canterbury to be consecrated, but finding the Archbishop dead, he went on to Winchester, and was consecrated by Wini with the assistance of

[1] Bede, *H. E.*, ii. 18. The Pope does not imply that the use of the Pallium in any way affected the validity of the consecration, but rendered it "acceptable to God," by its being done in unity with the whole Church. Although an archbishop ordinarily cannot exercise his jurisdiction before he has received the Pallium, yet it was allowed, and Innocent III. inserted in the Canon Law, that in case of difficulty he might assume tacit consent to such exercise. In the last century the Irish archbishops were expressly dispensed from the obligation of asking for the Pallium, because it would call upon them the attention of those who sought their lives. See Dr. Brady's *Episcopal Succession*, vol. i. pp. 229, 230, 339–341.

two British bishops, and being a most holy and zealous man, he began to go through the country on foot, preaching and carrying his apostolic work everywhere. In the meantime Pope Vitalian had consecrated Theodore of Tarsus Archbishop of Canterbury in 668, and he arrived in England the following year. Bede says of him that "he was the first archbishop whom all the English obeyed." He made a visitation of the whole island, ordaining bishops in proper places, and setting all things in order with apostolic authority. Bede tells us that, "among other things, he upbraided Bishop Chad that he had not been properly consecrated." What the defect was we are not told, but the account goes on to say: "Chad, with great humility, answered, 'If you know that I have not duly received episcopal ordination I willingly resign the office, for I never thought myself worthy of it; but for the sake of obedience, when commanded to undertake it, I consented.' Hearing this humble answer, Theodore said that he should not resign the bishopric; but he himself completed his ordination anew after the Catholic manner." He became the bishop of the Mercians, and fixed his See at Lichfield.[1] He gave the most practical

[1] Eddi says: "Theodore the Archbishop, coming from the region of Kent to the King of Deira and Bernicia, brought with him the statutes of the Apostolic See, whence he had come and been sent. At his first entrance into that region, he heard from credible witnesses that a thing had been ill done contrary to the Canons: that a bishop, like a thief, had dared to seize upon the See of another bishop; and counting it an unworthy thing, he ordered Bishop Chad to be deposed from the other's See. But that true and most meek servant of God, then clearly understanding the sin of being ordained by the Quartodecimans, confessed in humble penance, and made amends according to the judgment of the bishops, and with his consent settled the holy Bishop Wilfrid in his own See of the city of York. . . . And so, pacific advice being taken with the true servant of God Chad, in all things obedient to the bishops, they ordained him through all the ecclesiastical grades, and the king received him honourably, and they settled him in the aforesaid place (Lichfield)." *Vita S. Wilfridi*, c. xv.

proof that was possible of his submission to the Archbishop who exercised the authority of the Pope.

St. Aldhelm.

Then there is another Saxon saint whom Bishop Browne claims as one of his spiritual ancestors—St. Aldhelm, Abbot of Malmesbury, and first Bishop of Sherborne, at the beginning of the eighth century. St. Aldhelm was commissioned by the Saxon bishops to try to bring the Britons of Cornwall and Devon—Dumnonia—to keep Easter with the rest of the Catholic Church. He concluded his letter thus :—

"We entreat you on our knees, in view of our common country in heaven, and the angels, our future fellow-countrymen, we adjure you not to persevere in your arrogant contempt of the decrees of St. Peter and the traditions of the Roman Church by a proud and tyrannical attachment to the ordinances of your ancestors. To sum up everything in one word, it is in vain for any of you to make an empty boast of the Catholic faith, while you follow not the dogma and rule of St. Peter. For the foundation of the Church and the ground of the faith is placed principally in Christ, and, after Him, in Peter, and thus will never waver or change before the storms of tempests that assail it. So as the apostle proclaimed, 'Other foundation can no man lay beside that which is laid, Jesus Christ.' And the Truth Himself thus made irrevocable the privilege of the Church to Peter, 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock will I build My Church.'"

Their Supposed Successor.

I think we may now ask, what would these three saints say if they could stand among us once more to him who claims to be their heir and representative? Would not

Birinus say, "I received my jurisdiction from the Pope himself: can you show a like authority for yours?" St. Chad would say, "I resigned my bishopric when told by the Archbishop who came with the Pallium, the symbol of Papal authority, that my ordination was defective, but you, when seriously and formally told by the Pope himself that your ordination is invalid treat his warnings with scorn and contempt." Would not St. Aldhelm repeat his own words, "I adjure you not to persevere in your arrogant contempt of the decrees of St. Peter, and the traditions of the Roman Church"? You say that you exercise your episcopal jurisdiction "in accordance with the principles of the Holy Catholic Church, and the immemorial constitution of this realm": but "it is in vain for you to make any empty boast of the Catholic faith, while you follow not the dogma and the rule of St. Peter."

Their True Heirs.

As for the "immemorial constitution of the realm," the first nine centuries of this realm are against him. From the beginning of English history, that is from the time when England became a nation, the authority of the Pope in spiritual things was part of the law of the land, and made itself felt in every diocese until the year 1532. So far as the Church was national the Papal authority was national too. But the true Church can never be cribbed into the limits of a nation, however great that nation may be. It was foretold of it that God's "kingdom shall not be delivered up to another people" (Dan. ii. 44). In the Catholic Church there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free. You are "no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and the domestics of God." We Catholics may be a small handful among the millions

of the English people, although 157 Archbishops and Bishops are subjects of the British Empire, and preside over some ten million Catholics. But we have a truer claim to be the legitimate descendants of the glorious company of English saints than those can urge who now occupy the old cathedrals and suppressed abbey churches, from which their fathers tore down the altars, and desecrated the tombs of their holy founders. We treasure carefully such portions of their relics as were snatched from the hands of the spoiler; we keep with due solemnity, year by year, the Feasts of St. Birinus on the 5th of December, of St. Chad on the 2nd of March, of St. Aldhelm on the 25th of May. And, more than that, we hold the same Catholic Faith which they held, we offer the same sacrifice of the Mass in the same words in which they offered it, and we obey the same divinely-appointed authority, the Pope, the successor of St. Peter, and the Vicar of Christ. Thus are we the "fellow-citizens of the saints, and the domestics of God," and are built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone.

Lectures

ON THE

PRESENT POSITION OF CATHOLICS IN ENGLAND:

Addressed to the Brothers of the Birmingham Oratory in 1851

BY

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D.

IV. True Testimony unequal to the Protestant View.

1.

I CAN fancy, my Brothers, that some of you may have been startled at a statement I made at the close of my Lecture of last week. I then said, that the more fully the imputations which were cast upon us were examined, the more unfounded they would turn out to be; so that the great Tradition on which we are persecuted is little short of one vast pretence or fiction. On this you may be led to ask me whether I mean to deny all and everything which can be advanced to the disadvantage of the Catholic Church, and whether I recommend you to do the same? but this was not my meaning. Some things which are charged against us are doubtless true, and we see no harm in them, though Protestants do; other charges are true, yet, as we think, only go to form ingenious objections; others again are true, and relate to what is really sinful and detestable, as we allow as fully as Protestants can urge: but all these real facts, whatever their worth, taken altogether, do not go any way towards proving true the Protestant Traditionary View of us; they are vague and unsatisfactory, and, to apply a common phrase, they beat about the bush. If you would have some direct downright proof that Catholicism is

what Protestants make it to be, something which will come up to the mark, you must lie; else you will not get beyond feeble suspicions, which may be right, but may be wrong. Hence Protestants are obliged to cut their ninth commandment out of their Decalogue. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour" must go, must disappear; their position requires the sacrifice. The substance, the force, the edge of their Tradition is slander. As soon as ever they disabuse their minds of what is false, and grasp only what is true,—I do not say they at once become Catholics; I do not say they lose their dislike to our religion, or their misgivings about its working;—but I say this, either they become tolerant towards us, and cease to hate us personally,—or, at least, supposing they cannot shake off old associations, and are prejudiced and hostile as before, still they find they have not the means of communicating their own feelings to others. To Protestantism False Witness is the principle of propagation. There are indeed able men who can make a striking case out of anything or nothing, as great painters give a meaning and a unity to the commonest bush, and pond, and paling, and stile: genius can do without facts as well as create them; but few possess the gift. Taking things as they are, and judging of them by the long run, one may securely say, that the anti-Catholic Tradition could not be kept alive, would die of exhaustion, without a continual supply of fable.

I repeat, not everything which is said to our disadvantage is without foundation in fact; but it is not the true that tells against us in the controversy, but the false. The Tradition requires bold painting; its prominent outline, its glaring colouring, needs to be a falsehood. So was it at the time of the Reformation: the multitude would never have been converted by exact reasoning and by facts which could be proved; so its upholders were clever enough to call the Pope Antichrist, and they let the startling accusation sink into men's minds. Nothing else would have succeeded; and they pursue the same tactics now. No inferior charge, I say, would have gained for them the battle; else, why should they have had recourse to it? Few persons tell atrocious false-

hoods for the sake of telling them. If truth had been sufficient to put down Catholicism, the Reformers would not have had recourse to fiction. Errors indeed creep in by chance, whatever be the point of inquiry or dispute; but I am not accusing Protestants merely of incidental or of attendant error, but I mean that falsehood is the very staple of the views which they have been taught to entertain of us.

I allow there are true charges which can be brought against us; certainly, not only do I not deny it, but I hardly could deny it without heresy. I say distinctly, did I take upon me to deny everything which could be said against us, I should be proving too much, I should startle the Catholic theologian as well as Protestants; for what would it be but implying that the Church contains none within her pale but the just and holy? This was the heresy of the Novatians and Donatists of old time; it was the heresy of our Lollards, and others, such as Luther, who maintained that bad men are not members of the Church, that none but the predestinate are her members. But this no Catholic asserts, every Catholic denies. Every Catholic has ever denied it, back to the very time of the Apostles and their Divine Master; and He and they deny it. Christ denies it, St. Paul denies it, the Catholic Church denies it. Our Lord expressly said that the Church was to be like a net, which gathered of every kind, not only of the good, but of the bad too. Such was *His* Church; it does not prove then that we are *not* His Church, because we are *like* His Church; rather, our being *like* the Primitive Christian body, is a reason for concluding that we are *one* with it. We cannot make His Church better than He made her; we must be content with her as He made her, or not pretend to follow Him. He said, "Many are called, few are chosen;" men come into the Church, and then they fall. They are not indeed sinning at the very time when they are brought into His family, at the time they are new born; but, as children grow up, and converts live on, the time too frequently comes, when they fall under the power of one kind of temptation or other, and fall from grace, either for a while or for good. Thus, not indeed

by the divine wish and intention, but by the divine permission, and man's perverseness, there is a vast load of moral evil existing in the Church; an enemy has sown weeds there, and those weeds remain among the wheat till the harvest. And this evil in the Church is not found only in the laity, but among the clergy too; there have been bad priests, bad bishops, bad monks, bad nuns, and bad Popes. If this, then, is the charge made against us, that we do not all live up to our calling, but that there are Catholics, lay and clerical, who may be proved to be worldly, revengeful, licentious, slothful, cruel, nay, may be unbelievers, we grant it at once. We not only grant it, but we zealously maintain it. "In a great house," says St. Paul, "there are not only vessels of gold and silver, but also of wood and of earth; and some indeed unto honour, but some unto dishonour." There are, alas, plenty of children of the Church, who by their bad lives insult and disgrace their Mother.

The Church, it is true, has been promised many great things, but she has not been promised the souls of all her children. She is promised truth in religious teaching; she is promised duration to the end of the world; she is made the means of grace; she is unchangeable in Creed and in constitution; she will ever cover the earth;—but her children are not infallible separately, any more than they are immortal; not indefectible, any more than they are ubiquitous. Therefore, if Protestants wish to form arguments which really would tell against us, they must show, not that individuals are immoral or profane, but that the Church teaches, or enjoins, or recommends, what is immoral or profane; rewards, encourages, or at least does not warn and discountenance, the sinner; or promulgates rules, and enforces practices, which directly lead to sin;—and this indeed they try to do, but they find the task not near so pleasant as the short and easy method of adopting strong, round, thoroughgoing statements, which are not true.

We do not then feel as a difficulty, on the contrary we teach as a doctrine, that there are scandals in the Church. "It must needs be, that scandals come; nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh." There

are, to all appearance, multitudes of Catholics who have passed out of the world unrepentant, and are lost; there are multitudes living in sin, and out of grace; priests may and do fall, in this or that country, at this or that time, though they are exceptions to the rule; or there may be parties or knots of ecclesiastics, who take a low view of their duty, or adopt dangerous doctrines; or they may be covetous, or unfeeling, as other men, and use their power tyrannically, or for selfish, secular ends. There may be a declension and deterioration of the priesthood of a whole country. There may be secret unbelievers, both among clergy and laity; or individuals who are tending in their imaginations and their reasonings to grievous error or heresy. There may be great disorders in some particular monastery or nunnery; or a love of ease and slothful habits, and a mere formality in devotion, in particular orders of Religious, at particular seasons. There may be self-indulgence, pride, ambition, political profligacy in certain bishops in particular states of society, as for instance, when the Church has been long established and abounds in wealth. And there may have been Popes before now, who to the letter have fulfilled the awful description of the unfaithful servant and steward, who began to "strike the men servants and maid servants, and to eat and drink and be drunken." All this may be granted; but before the admission can avail as an argement against the Catholic Church, one thing has to be examined, whether on the whole her influence and her action is on the side of what is wrong, or rather (as is the case) simply powerful on the side of good; one thing has to be proved, that the scandals within her pale have been caused by her principles, her teaching, her injunctions, or, which pretty nearly comes to the same thing, that they do not also exist, and as grievously (Catholics would say, they exist far more grievously), external to her.

2.

Now here is the flaw in the argument. For instance, it is plausibly objected that disorders not only sometimes

do, but must occur, where priests are bound to celibacy. Even the candid Protestant will be apt to urge against us, "You must not argue from the case of the few, from persons of high principle and high education; but taking the run of men, you must allow that the vow will not be kept by numbers of those who have got themselves to take it." Now I will not reply, as I might well do, by pointing out the caution which the Church observes in the selection of her priests; how it is her rule to train them carefully for many years beforehand with this one thought in view, that priests they are to be; how she tries them during their training; how she takes one and rejects another, not with any reflection on those who are rejected, but simply because she finds they are not called to this particular state of life; how, when she has selected a man, a hundred provisions and checks in detail are thrown around his person, which are to be his safeguard in his arduous calling; lastly, how, when he is once called to his high ministry, he has, unless he be wonderfully wanting to himself, the power of divine grace abundantly poured upon him, without which all human means are useless, but which can do, and constantly does, miracles, as the experience, not of priest merely, but of every one who has been converted from a life of sin, will abundantly testify;—I might enlarge on considerations such as these, but I put them aside, because I wish to address myself to the question of fact.

When, then, we come to the matter of fact, whether celibacy *has been* and *is*, in comparison of the marriage vow, so dangerous to a clerical body, I answer that I am very sceptical indeed that in matter of fact a married clergy *is* adorned, in any special and singular way, with the grace of purity; and this is just the very thing which Protestants take for granted. What is the use of speaking against our discipline, till they have proved their own to be better? Now I deny that they succeed with their rule of matrimony, better than we do with our rule of celibacy; and I deny it on no private grounds, or secret means of information, or knowledge of past years. I have lived in one place all my days, and know very few married clergymen, and those of such

excellence and consistency of life, that I should feel it to be as absurd to suspect them of any the slightest impropriety in their conduct, as to suspect the Catholic priests with whom I am well acquainted; and this is saying a good deal. When I speak of a married ministry, I speak of it, not from any knowledge I possess more than another; but I must avow that the public prints and the conversation of the world, by means of many shocking instances, which of course are only specimens of many others, heavier or lighter, which do *not* come before the world, bring home to me the fact, that a Protestant rector or a dissenting preacher is not necessarily kept from the sins I am speaking of, because he happens to be married: and when he offends whether in a grave way or less seriously, still in all cases he has by matrimony but exchanged a bad sin for a worse, and has become an adulterer instead of being a seducer. Matrimony only does this for him, that his purity is at once less protected and less suspected. I am very sceptical, then, of the universal correctness of Protestant ministers, whether in the Establishment or in Dissent. I repeat, I know perfectly well, that there are a great number of high-minded men among the married Anglican clergy who would as soon think of murder, as of trespassing by the faintest act of indecorum upon the reverence which is due from them to others; nor am I denying, what, though of course I cannot assert it on any knowledge of mine, yet I wish to assert with all my heart, that the majority of Wesleyan and dissenting ministers lead lives beyond all reproach; but still, allowing all this, the terrible instances of human frailty, of which one reads and hears in the Protestant clergy, are quite enough to show that the married state is no sort of testimonial for moral correctness, no safeguard, whether against scandalous offences, or (much less) against minor forms of the same general sin. Purity is not a virtue which comes merely as a matter of course to the married any more than to the single, though of course there is a great difference between man and man; and though it is impossible to bring the matter fairly to an issue, yet for that very reason I have as much right to my opinion as

another to his, when I state my deliberate conviction that there are, to say the least, as many offences against the marriage vow among Protestant ministers, as there are against the vow of celibacy among Catholic priests. I may go very much further than this in my own view of the matter, and think, as I do, that the priest's vow is generally the occasion of virtues which a married clergy does not contemplate even in idea; but I am on the defensive, and only insist on so much as is necessary for my purpose.

But if matrimony does not prevent cases of immorality among Protestant ministers, it is not celibacy which causes them among Catholic priests. It is not what the Catholic Church imposes, but what human nature prompts, which leads any portion of her ecclesiastics into sin. Human nature will break out, like some wild and raging element, under any system; it bursts out under the Protestant system; it bursts out under the Catholic; passion will carry away the married clergyman as well as the unmarried priest. On the other hand, there are numbers to whom there would be, not greater, but less, trial in the vow of celibacy than in the vow of marriage, as so many persons prefer Teetotalism to the engagement to observe Temperance.

Till, then, you can prove that celibacy causes what matrimony certainly does not prevent, you do nothing at all. This is the language of common sense. It is the world, the flesh, and the devil, not celibacy, which is the ruin of those who fall. Slothful priests! why, where was there any religion whatever, established and endowed, in which bishops, canons, and wealthy rectors were not exposed to the temptation of pride and sensuality? The wealth is in fault, not the rules of the Church. Preachers have denounced the evil, and ecclesiastical authorities have repressed it, far more vigorously within the Catholic pale, than in the English Establishment, or the Wesleyan Connection. Covetous priests! shame on them! but has covetousness been more rife in cardinals or abbots, than in the Protestant Bench, English or Irish? Party spirit, and political faction! has not party, religious and political, burnt as fiercely in

high-church rectors and radical preachers, as in Catholic ecclesiastics? And so again, to take an extreme case,—be there a few infidels among the multitudes of the Catholic clergy: yet among the Anglican are there really none, are there few, who disbelieve their own Baptismal Service, repudiate their own Absolution of the Sick, and condemn the very form of words under which they themselves were ordained? Again, are there not numbers who doubt about every part of their system, about their Church, its authority, its truth, its articles, its creeds; deny its Protestantism, yet without being sure of its Catholicity, and therefore never dare commit themselves to a plain assertion, as not knowing whither it will carry them? Once more, are there not in the Establishment those who hold that all systems of doctrine whatever are founded in a mistake, and who deny, or are fast denying, that there is any revealed truth in the world at all? Yet none of these parties, whatever they doubt, or deny, or disbelieve, see their way to leave the position in which they find themselves at present, or to sacrifice their wealth or credit to their opinions. Why, then, do you throw in my teeth that Wolsey was proud, or Torquemada cruel, or Bonner trimming, or this abbot sensual, or that convent in disorder; that this priest ought never to have been a priest, and that nun was forced into religion by her father; as if there were none of these evils in Protestant England, as if there were no pride in the House of Lords now, no time-serving in the House of Commons, no servility in fashionable preachers, no selfishness in the old, no profligacy in the young, no tyranny or cajolery in matchmaking, no cruelty in Union workhouses, no immorality in factories? If grievous sin is found in holy places, the Church cannot hinder it, while man is man: prove that she encourages it, prove that she does not repress it, prove that her action, be it greater or less, is not, as far as it goes, beneficial;—then, and not till then, will you have established a point against her.

For myself, my Brothers of the Oratory, I never should have been surprised, if, in the course of the last nine months of persecution, some scandal in this or

that part of our English Church had been brought to light and circulated through the country, to our great prejudice. Not that I speak from any knowledge or suspicion of my own, but merely judging antecedently and on the chance of things. And, had such a case in fact been producible, it would, in the judgment of dispassionate minds, have gone for nothing at all, unless there is to be no covetous Judas, no heretical Nicolas, no ambitious Diotrephes, no world-loving Demas, in the Church of these latter days. Fraud in a priest, disorder in a convent, would have proved, not more, perhaps less, against Catholicism, than corruption in Parliament, peculation in the public offices, or bribery at elections tells against the British Constitution. Providentially no such calamity has occurred; but oh, what would not our enemies have paid for only one real and live sin in holy places to mock us withal! O light to the eyes, and joy to the heart, and music to the ear! O sweet tidings to writers of pamphlets, newspapers, and magazines; to preachers and declaimers, who have now a weary while been longing, and panting, and praying for some good fat scandal, one, only just one, well-supported instance of tyranny, or barbarity, or fraud, or immorality, to batten upon and revel in! What price would they have thought too great for so dear a fact, as that one of our bishops or one of our religious houses had been guilty of some covetous aim, or some unworthy manœuvre! Their fierce and unblushing effort to fix such charges where they were impossible, shows how many eyes were fastened on us all over the country, and how deep and fervent was the aspiration that at least some among us might turn out to be a brute or a villain. To and fro the Spirit of false witness sped. She dropped upon the floor of the Parliament House in the form of a gentleman of Warwickshire, and told how a nun had escaped thereabouts from a convent window, which in consequence had ever since been crossed with iron bars: but it turned out that the window had been attempted by thieves, and the bars had been put up to protect the Blessed Sacrament from them. Then she flitted to Nottingham, and, in the guise of a town newspaper's

correspondent, repeated the tale, with the concordant witness, as she gave out, of a whole neighbourhood, who had seen the poor captive atop of the wall, and then wandering about the fields like a mad thing: but the Editor in London discovered the untruth, and unsaid in his own paper the slander he had incautiously admitted. Next she forced her way into a nunnery near London, and she assured the Protestant world that then and there an infant had suddenly appeared among the sisterhood; but the two newspapers who were the organs of her malice had to retract the calumny in open court, and to ask pardon to escape a prosecution.

Tales, I say, such as these showed the *animus* of the fabricators: but what, after all, would they have really gained had their imputations been ever so true? Though one bad priest be found here or there, or one convent be in disorder, or there be this or that abuse of spiritual power, or a school of ecclesiastics give birth to a heresy, or a diocese be neglected, nay, though a whole hierarchy be in declension or decay, this would not suffice for the argument of Protestantism. And Protestantism itself plainly confesses it. Yes, the Protestant Tradition must be fed with facts more wholesale, more stimulating, than any I have enumerated, if it is to keep its hold on the multitude. Isolated instances of crime, or widespread tepidity, or imperfections in administration, or antiquated legislation, such imputations are but milk-and-water ingredients in a theme so thrilling as that of Holy Church being a sorceress and the child of perdition. Facts that are only possible, and that only sometimes occur, do but irritate, by suggesting suspicions which they are not sufficient to substantiate. Even falsehood, that is decent and respectable, is unequal to the occasion. Mosheim and Robertson, Jortin and White, raise hopes to disappoint them. The popular demand is for the prodigious, the enormous, the abominable, the diabolical, the impossible. It must be shown that all priests are monsters of hypocrisy, that all nunneries are dens of infamy, that all bishops are the embodied plenitude of savageness and perfidy. Or at least we must have a

cornucopia of mummery, blasphemy, and licentiousness, —of knives, and ropes, and faggots, and fetters, and pulleys, and racks,—if the great Protestant Tradition is to be kept alive in the hearts of the population. The great point in view is to burn into their imagination, by a keen and peremptory process, a sentiment of undying hostility to Catholicism; and nothing will suffice for this enterprise but imposture, in its purest derivation, from him whom Scripture emphatically calls the father of lies, and whose ordinary names, when translated, are, the accuser and the slanderer.

This I shall prove as well as assert; and I shall do so in the following way. You know, my Brothers of the Oratory, that from time to time persons come before the Protestant public, with pretensions of all others the most favourable for proving its charges against us, as having once belonged to our Communion, and having left it from conviction. If, then, Protestants would know what sort of men we really are whom they are reprobating, if they wish to determine our internal state, and build their argument on a true foundation, and accommodate their judgment of us to facts, here is the best of opportunities for their purpose. The single point to ascertain is, the trustworthiness of the informants; that being proved, the testimony they give is definite; but if it is disproved, the evidence is worthless.

Now I am going to mention to you the names of two persons, utterly unlike each other in all things except in their both coming forward as converts from Catholicism; both putting on paper their personal experience of the religion they had left; both addressing themselves especially to the exposure of the rule of celibacy, whether in the priesthood or in convents; and, moreover, both on their first appearance meeting with great encouragement from Protestants, and obtaining an extensive patronage for the statements they respectively put forward. One was a man, the other a woman; the one a gentleman, a person of very superior education and great abilities, who lived among us, and might be interrogated and cross-examined at any time; the woman, on the other hand, had no education, no character, no principle, and,

as the event made manifest, deserved no credit whatever. Whatever the one said was true, as often as he spoke to facts he had witnessed, and was not putting out opinions or generalising on evidence; whatever the other said was, or was likely to be, false. Thus the two were contrasted: yet the truth spoken against us by the man of character is forgotten, and the falsehood spoken against us by the unworthy woman lives. If this can be shown, do you need a clearer proof that falsehood, not truth, is the essence of Protestant Tradition?

3.

The Rev. Joseph Blanco White, who is one of the two persons I speak of, was a man of great talent, various erudition, and many most attractive points of character. Twenty-five years ago, when he was about my present age, I became acquainted with him at Oxford, and I lived for some years on terms of familiarity with him. I admired him for the simplicity and openness of his character, the warmth of his affections, the range of his information, his power of conversation, and an intellect refined, elegant, and accomplished. I loved him from witnessing the constant sufferings, bodily and mental, of which he was the prey, and for his expatriation on account of his religion. At that time, not having the slightest doubt that Catholicism was an error, I found in his relinquishment of great ecclesiastical preferment in his native country for the sake of principle, simply a claim on my admiration and sympathy. He was certainly most bitter-minded and prejudiced against everything in and connected with the Catholic Church; it was nearly the only subject on which he could not brook opposition: but this did not interfere with the confidence I placed in his honour and truth; for, though he might give expression to a host of opinions in which it was impossible to acquiesce, and was most precipitate and unfair in his inferences and inductions, and might be credulous in the case of alleged facts for which others were the authority, yet, as to his personal testimony, viewed as distinct from his judgments and suspicions, it

never for an instant came into my mind to doubt it. He had become an infidel before he left Spain. While at Oxford he was a believer in Christianity: after leaving it he fell into infidelity again; and he died, I may say, without any fixed belief at all, either in God or in the soul's immortality.

About the period of my acquaintance with him, he wrote various works against the Catholic Church, which in a great measure are repetitions of each other, throwing the same mass of testimonies, such as they are, into different shapes, according to the occasion. And since his death, many years after the time I speak of, his Life has been published, repeating what is substantially the same evidence. Among these publications one was written for the lower classes; it was entitled, "The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery;" and, if I mistake not, was put upon the catalogue of Books and Tracts of the great Church of England Society, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. No work could be sent into the world with greater advantages; published under the patronage of all the dignitaries of the Establishment, put into the hands of the whole body of the clergy for distribution, at a low price, written in an animated style, addressed to the traditionary hatred of the Catholic Church existing among us, which is an introduction to any book, whatever its intrinsic value; and laden with a freight of accusation against her, which, as far as their matter was concerned, and the writer's testimony extended, were true as well as grave.

When I began collecting materials for this Lecture, not being able to lay my hand upon the publication at home, I sent for a copy to the Christian Knowledge depôt in this town, and, to my surprise, I was told it was no longer in print. I repeated the application at the Society's office in London, and received the same reply. Now certainly there are reasons why a Society connected with the National Church should wish to withdraw the work of a writer, who ended, not only with hating the Papacy, but with despising the Establishment; yet, considering its facts were so trustworthy, and its evidence so important, the Society

hardly would have withdrawn it, if there had been any good reason for continuing it in print. Such a reason certainly *would* have been its popularity; I cannot conceive how persons, with the strong feelings against the Catholic religion entertained by the members of that Society, having given their solemn approbation, not only to the principle of a certain attack upon it, but to the attack itself, and being confident that the facts related were true, could allow themselves in conscience to withdraw it, on account of subsequent religious changes in the writer, supposing it actually to enjoy a sufficient popularity, and to be doing good service against Catholicism; and therefore I conclude, since it *was* withdrawn, that, in spite of the forced circulation which the Society gave it, it had *not* made any great impression on the mass of men, or even interested the Established clergy in its favour. But anyhow, it never at any time was known, in matter of fact, as far as I can make out, to the population at large,—for instance, to the masses of a town such as this,—whatever consideration it may have enjoyed in the circles of the Establishment. Here, then, is a solemn testimony delivered against Catholics, of which the basis of facts is true, which nevertheless has no popularity to show, is sustained at first by a forced sale, and then is abandoned by its very patrons: and now let us consider the character of the facts of which it consists.

They are such as the writer himself was very far from thinking a light imputation on the Church he had abandoned. He considered he had inflicted on Catholicism a most formidable blow, in giving his simple evidence against it; and it must be allowed that some of his facts are of a very grave nature. He was the partner and the witness of a most melancholy phenomenon. About a hundred and fifty years ago a school of infidelity arose in Protestant England; the notorious Voltaire came over here from France, and on his return took back with him its arguments, and propagated them among his own countrymen. The evil spread; at length it attacked the French Catholic clergy, and during the last century there was a portion of them, I do not say a

large portion, but an influential, who fraternised with the infidel, still holding their places and preferments in the Church. At the end of the century, about the time of the first sanguinary French Revolution, the pestilence spread into Spain; a knot of the Spanish clergy became infidels, and, as a consequence, abandoned themselves to a licentious life. Blanco White was one of these, and, amid the political troubles in his country during the first years of this century, he managed to escape to England, where he died in the year 1841.

Now there was one circumstance which gave a particularly shocking character to the infidelity of these Spanish ecclesiastics, while it made it more intense. In France the infidel party was not afraid to profess itself infidel; and such members of the clerical body as were abandoned enough to join it, did so openly; frequented its brilliant meetings, and lived shamelessly, like men of fashion and votaries of sin. It was otherwise in Spain; the people would not have borne this; public opinion was all on the side of the Catholic religion; such as doubted or disbelieved were obliged to keep it to themselves, and thus, if they were ecclesiastics, to become the most awful of hypocrites. There *can* be hypocrites in the Church, as there may be hypocrites in any religion; but here you see *what* a hypocrite is in the Catholic Church, as seen in fact; not a person who takes up a religious profession in order to gratify some bad end, but, for the most part, one who has learned to disbelieve what he professes, after he has begun to profess it.*

However, such a person is, on any explanation, an object of horror; and in Spain it was increased by the impatience, irritation, and fever of mind, which the constraint they lay under occasioned to these unhappy men. Their feelings, shut up within their breasts, became fierce and sullen; oppressed by the weight of the popular

* *E.g.*, Mr. Blanco White says of one of the Spanish ecclesiastics whom he introduces, "He was . . . one of those, who, having *originally* taken their posts in the foremost ranks of asceticism, *with the most sincere desire of improvement for himself and others*, are afterwards involved in guilt by strong temptation, and reduced to secret moral degradation, *by want of courage to throw off the mask of sanctity*." Life, vol. i. p. 121.

sentiment, they turned round in revenge upon its object, and they hated Catholicism the more, because their countrymen were Catholics.* They became a sort of secret society, spoke to each other only in private, held intercourse by signs, and plunged into licentiousness, even as a relief to the miserable conflicts which raged within them.

Earth could not show, imagination could not picture, Satan could not create, a more horrible spectacle. You will say, how was it possible? how could men who had, I will not merely say given themselves to God, but who had tasted the joy and the reward of such devotion, how could they have the heart thus to change? Why, the perpetrators of the most heinous crimes, men who have sold themselves to the world, and have gained their full price from it, even they look back with tears to those days of innocence and peace which once were theirs, and which are irrecoverably gone. Napoleon said that the day of his first communion was the happiest day of his life. Such men, too, actually part company with the presence of religion; they go forward on their own course, and leave it behind them in the distance. Their regret is directed to what not merely is past, but is away. But these priests were in the very bosom of the Church; they served her altars, they were in the centre of her blessings; how could they forget Jerusalem who dwelt within her? how could they be so thankless towards her sweetness and her brightness, and so cruel towards themselves? how could one who had realised that the Strong and Mighty, that the Gracious, was present on the Altar, who had worshipped there that Saviour's tender Heart, and rejoiced in the assurance of His love, how could he go on year after year (horrible!) performing the same rites, holding his Lord in his hands, dispensing Him to His people, yet thinking it all an idle empty show, a vain superstition, a detestable idolatry, a blasphemous fraud, and cursing the while the necessity which compelled his taking part in it? Why, in the case of one who ever had

* I think I have heard him say that he had lost his knowledge of the Spanish tongue, not having the heart to keep it up.

known the power of religion, it is incomprehensible; but, as regards the melancholy instance we are contemplating, it would really seem, if you may take his own recollection of his early self in evidence of the fact, that he never had discovered what religion was. Most children are open to religious feelings, Catholic children of course more than others; some, indeed, might complain that, as they advance to boyhood, religion becomes irksome and wearisome to them, but I doubt whether this is true of Catholic youth, till they begin to sin. True, alas, it is, that the nearer and more urgent excitement of guilty thoughts does render satisfactions and consolations of Paradise insipid and uninviting; but even then their reason tells them that the fault is with themselves, not with religion; and that after all heaven is not only better, but pleasanter, sweeter, more glorious, more satisfying than anything on earth. Yet, from some strange, mysterious cause, this common law was not fulfilled in this hapless Spanish boy; he never found comfort in religion, not in childhood more than in manhood, or in old age. In his very first years, as in his last, it was a yoke and nothing more; a task without a recompense.

Thus he tells us, he "entertains a most painful recollection" of the "perpetual round of devotional practices" in which he was compelled to live. He "absolutely dreaded the approach of Sunday. Early on the morning of that formidable day, when he was only eight years old, he was made to go with his father to the Dominican convent," * always for Mass, and every other week for confession. He did not get his breakfast for two hours, then he had to stand or kneel in the Cathedral, I suppose at High Mass, for two hours longer. Well, the second two hours probably was, as he says, a considerable trial for him. Again, from three to five he was in another church, I suppose for Vespers and Benediction. Then his father and he took a walk, and in the evening his father visited the sick in an hospital, and took his son with him. Perhaps his father's treatment of him, if we are to trust his recollection and impression of it, might be injudicious;

* P. 11

he was lively, curious, and clever, and his father, who was a truly good, pious man, it may be, did not recollect that the habits of the old are not suitable in all respects to children. Mr. Blanco White complains, moreover, that he had no companions to play with, and no books to read; still, it is very strange indeed, that he never took pleasure in Mass and Benediction; he calls his Sunday employments a "cruel discipline;" * he describes his hearing Mass as "looking on while the priest went through it;" † speaking of a season of recreation granted to him, he mentions his religious duties as the drawbacks "on the accession of daily pleasures" he had obtained. However, "Mass though a nuisance, was over in half an hour; confession, a more serious annoyance, was only a weekly task;" ‡ and, as if to prove what I alluded to above, that no fascination of sin had at this time thrown religion into the shade, he adds, "My life was too happy in innocent amusement to be exposed to anything that might be the subject of painful accusation." No: it was some radical defect of mind. In like manner, saying office was to him never anything else than a "most burdensome practice." § "Another devotional task, scarcely less burdensome," was—what, my Brothers, do you think? "Mental Prayer," or "Meditation;" of which he gives a detailed and true description. He adds, "Soon after I was ordained a priest . . . I myself was several times the leader of this mystical farce." ‖ In his boyhood and youth he had to read half an hour, and to meditate on his knees another half. This, for such a boy, might be excessive; but hear how he comments upon it: "To feel indignant, at this distance of time, may be absurd; but it is with difficulty that I can check myself when I remember what I have suffered in the cause of religion. Alas! my sufferings from that source are still more bitter in my old age." ¶

That a person, then, who never knew what Catholicism

* P. 12. † P. 26. ‡ P. 32.
§ P. 27. ‖ P. 29.
¶ P. 29. He goes on to say that he prefers to the vague word "religion" the use of "true Christianity," but this he gave up at last.

had to give, should abandon it, does not seem very surprising; the only wonder is how he ever came to be a priest. If we take his own account of himself, it is evident he had no vocation at all; he explains the matter, however, very simply, as far as his own share in it is concerned, by telling us that he chose the ecclesiastical state in order to avoid what he felt to be more irksome, a counting-house. "I had proposed to be sent to the navy, because at that time the Spanish midshipman received a scientific education. I could not indeed endure the idea of being doomed to a life of ignorance. This was easily perceived, and (probably with the approbation of the divines consulted on this subject) no alternative was left me. I was told I must return to the odious counting-house, from which I had taken refuge in the Church. I yielded, and in yielding, mistook the happiness of drying up my mother's tears for a reviving taste for the clerical profession." *

4.

No wonder, under such circumstances, that Mr Blanco White became an unbeliever; no wonder that his friends and associates became unbelievers too, if their history resembled his. It was the case of active, inquisitive minds, unfurnished with that clear view of divine things which divine grace imparts and prayer obtains. The only question which concerns us here is; Were there many such ecclesiastics in the Spanish Church? If so, it certainly would be a very grave fact; if not so, it is most melancholy certainly, but not an argument, as I can see, against Catholicism, for there are bad men in every place and every system. Now it is just here that his testimony fails; there is nothing that I can find in his works to prove that the dreadful disease which he describes had spread even so widely as in France. In the first place, he only witnesses to a small part of Spain. He seems to have only been in three

* P. 52.

Spanish cities in his life; Seville, Madrid, and Cadiz;* and of these, while Seville is the only one of which he had a right to speak, the metropolis and a seaport are just two of the places, where, if there was laxity, you would expect it to be found. Again, Spain is not, like England, the seat of one people, an open country, with easy communications from sea to sea. On the contrary, you have populations so different, that you may call them foreign to each other; separated, moreover, not only morally, but by the mountain barriers which intersect the country in every direction: one part does not know another, one part is not like another, and therefore Mr. Blanco White's evidence is only good as far as it extends. You cannot infer the state of the northern dioceses from a southern; of Valentia, by what you are told of Seville. Inspect then his narrative itself, and see what it results in. It amounts to this—that in the first years of this century there were a few priests at Seville who had studied Jansenistic theology, and largely imported French philosophy, and that they ended in becoming infidels, and some of them unblushing hypocrites. I cannot find mention of any except at Seville; and how many there? You may count them. First, "I became acquainted with a member of the upper clergy, a man of great reading, and secretly a most decided disbeliever in all religion.' Secondly, "Through him I was introduced to another dignitary, a man much older than either of us, who had for many years held an office of great influence in the diocese, but who now lived in a very retired way. He was also a violent anti-Christian, as I subsequently found."† Thirdly, an inmate friend of his own, who was promoted from Seville to a canonry of Cordova, and who had been chaplain to the Archbishop of Seville.‡ Fourthly, himself. I am not able to number more, as given on his

* On one occasion he ran down to Salamanca from Madrid, apparently for a day or two.

† P. 114.

‡ P. 17. I consider this to be the person mentioned in the "Evidences," p. 132, whom accordingly I have not set down as a separate instance.

own personal knowledge,* though he certainly thought many others existed;† but this is ever the case with men who do wrong; they quiet the voice within them by the imagination that all others are pretty much what they are themselves. I do not then trust his inferences.

And so again, as he fell into immoral practices himself, so did he impute the same to the mass of the Spanish clergy, whom he considered as "falling and rising, struggling and falling again,"‡ in a continual

* On his visit to Salamanca, he saw Melendez, a Deist (p. 128), who had been one of the judges of the Supreme Court at Madrid; a poet, too; whether an ecclesiastic does not appear.

† Life, p. 117. "*Many other* members of the clergy." If he had a definite *knowledge* of others, or more than suspicion, I cannot understand his not giving us the number, or the rank, or the dioceses, in short, something categorical, instead of an indirect allusion. The question, then, simply is, what his suspicions are worth. "Among my numerous acquaintance in the Spanish clergy, I have never met with any one, *possessed of bold talents*, who has not, sooner or later, changed from the most sincere piety to a state of unbelief." (Doblado's Letters, v.) I observe—1. He had experience only of one diocese. 2. He evidently, by the very form of his words, does not speak of what he *knew*, when he says, "who *has* not *sooner or later*." 3. Observe, "possessed of *bold* talents." In like manner, he would, I think, have said, that when he was at Oxford, every one, "of bold talents," agreed with Archbishop Whately, then resident in the University (and my friend as well as his); but every one knows how small Dr. Whately's party was. I do not notice a passage in the "Poor Man's Preservative" (Dial. i. pp. 32, 33), for he is speaking of laity, and what he says of the clergy is very vague. After all, though I have a right to ask for proof, it is not necessary for my *argument* to deny, that the infidel party might have been as large in Spain even as in France; though in fact it seems to have been no larger than the small band of apostates boasted of by the "Priests' Protection Society" in Dublin.

‡ Evid. p. 132. Again, he says, "hundreds *might* be found" who live "a life of systematic vice" (p. 135). How very vague is "hundreds!" and "hundreds" out of 60,000 seculars, and 125,000 ecclesiastics in all, as I shall mention presently in the text. (Ibid. p. 133.) He speaks vaguely of the "crowd" of priests; and he says the best of them, and he knew the best from confession, "mingled vice and superstition, grossness of feeling, and pride of office, in their character." I suspect that coarseness with him was one great evidence of vice; he despised uneducated persons. "I am surprised," he says of Tavora, Bishop of the Canary Islands (p. 122), "that a man of his *taste and information* accepted the Bishopric of a *semi-barbarous* portion of the Spanish dominions:" and this, though

course; but here too, from the nature of the case, he could not speak of many on his personal knowledge. Nor was it to be supposed that a priest, who was both disbelieving what he professed, and was breaking what he had vowed, should possess friends very different from himself. He formed the eighth of a group of ecclesiastics whom he much admired. One of these, as we have seen, was an infidel, but apparently only one; none of them, however, were blameless in their moral conduct. Besides these friends of his, he mentions a priest of a religious congregation, who had been his own confessor, in which capacity "he had no fault to find with him, nor could he discover the least indication of his not acting up to the principles he professed,"* who, however (as he was *told* by a young atheist merchant who knew the priest's "secret courses" well, and, "as he had afterwards sufficient ground to be convinced," if such a vague statement is a sufficient testimony to the

he attributes it "to his desire of improving the moral and intellectual state of those islands."

* This conscientiousness in his *duty* is remarkable in this priest, even if his account of him ought to be believed (for it stands on different grounds from those cases which he *knew*). Of himself, too, he says, his resolution was to do his *duty* to his charge though an unbeliever. "I will not put myself forward in the Church. I will not affect zeal; whatever trust is put in me, as a confessor, I will conscientiously prove myself worthy of. I will urge people to observe every moral duty. I will give them the best advice in their difficulties, and comfort them in their distress. Such were the resolutions I made, and which, indeed, I *always* (sic) kept, in regard to the confidence reposed in my priestly office. In that respect I may positively and confidently assert, that I never availed myself of the privileges of my priesthood for anything immoral" (Life, vol. i. p. 112). This being the case, his *intention* in consecrating and administering the sacraments was valid, even though he was an unbeliever. I think my memory cannot play me false in saying, that in answer to a question once put to him, he declared emphatically that the bad priests never made use of the confessional for immoral purposes: he said, "They daren't. It would raise the people." Moreover, as time went on, he himself *withdrew altogether* from clerical duty. He speaks of another of the party, who having "for many years held an office of great influence in the diocese, now lived in a *very retired way*" (p. 114). I say all this in order to show what little bearing the unbelief of this small knot of priests had upon the Catholic population among whom they lived.

tact), "sinned and did penance by rotation."* Another, too, is mentioned laden with similar guilt, with whom he had been intimate, but whom he describes as deficient in mere natural principle; this man got involved in money matters, and died of vexation.†

Ten, or, if it were, twenty bad ecclesiastics form a most melancholy catalogue certainly, but are not more, after all, than Protestants have scraped together and made apostates of, out of the zealous Catholic clergy of Ireland; and, as no one dreams of taking such melancholy cases as specimens of the Irish Church, neither are Mr. Blanco White's friends specimens of the Spanish. He says, indeed, "hundreds might be found," still not on his personal knowledge; and I for one cannot receive his second-hand information. However, in any case you must recollect first, that it was a time apparently of great religious declension, when Spain had imitated France, and a judgment was on the point of coming down upon the country. The Jesuits, the flower of the priesthood, whom, as he says himself, "their bitterest enemies have never ventured to charge with moral irregularities," had been barbarously expelled by the government. The Congregation of St. Philip Neri took their place, but though they did a great deal, they had not strength, single-handed, to stem the flood of corruption. Moreover, you must consider the full number of clergy in a given place or neighbourhood, before you form a judgment upon their state as a whole. The whole number of clergy of Spain at this time amounted to 125,000 persons; of these the seculars were as many as 60,000. In the Cathedral of Seville alone 500 Masses were said daily; and the city was divided into twenty-six parishes, and contained besides between

* Life, p. 121.

† Life, p. 104. He speaks (Evidences, p. 135) of two priests who died of *love*. "Love, long resisted, seized them, at length, like madness. Two I knew who died insane." Even granting it, I suppose it was love of *particular objects*. May not Protestants fall in love with persons who will not have them, or who are married? Dying for love is certainly an *idea* quite known in England, still more so, perhaps, in the South.

forty and fifty ecclesiastical establishments in addition to the monasteries.* The real question before us simply is, whether the proportion of bad priests at that time in the city and diocese of Seville was greater than the proportion of bad married clergy in England in the reign, we will say, of George the Second. It is to be remembered, too, that Catholic priests know each other far more intimately than is possible in the case of a married clergyman; in a large city bad priests herd together: married clergymen, in respectable station, would sin each by himself, and no one of them can turn king's evidence against the rest.

This being the extent of Mr. Blanco White's evidence about the secular priests, about monks and friars he frankly tells us he knows next to nothing, though he thinks them "gross and vulgar." But here, as in the case of the secular clergy, he suspects and believes much evil which he does not know, and which those only will receive who have implicit reliance on his judgment. As to nuns, he speaks of those of them whom he knew, as being for the most part ladies of high character and unimpeachable purity;† though some were otherwise,

* Laborde, vol. ii.

† He has a most intense *notion* that they are "prisoners; but that does not hinder his admitting that they are *willing* prisoners. He thinks the majority live in "*a dull monotony*" (Life, p. 67). It is not wonderful that he should take the formal Parliamentary view of nuns, considering that from his youth, as I have said, he, though a Catholic, had apparently as little sense of the Real Presence (*the true and sufficient Paraclete of a nunnery*) as the House of Commons has. The following expressions sketch his idea of a nunnery; let it be observed, *vice* (except as an accident) is absent:—"The minute and anxious narrative of a *nervous recluse*" (p. 66). "A *sensible woman* confined for life" (Ibid.) "A soul troubled with all the fears of a *morbid conscience*" (p. 67). "The word Nunnery is a byword for *weakness of intellect, fretfulness, childishness.* In short, nun is the *superlative of old woman*" (p. 69). "Some of them were *women of superior good sense, and models of that fortitude* which," &c. (Ibid.) "One of *those excellent persons*" (Ibid.) "The *greater part* of the nuns whom I have known, were *beings of a much higher description, females whose purity* owed nothing to the strong gates and high walls of the cloister" (Evid. p. 135). "Some there are I confess, among the nuns, who *never seem to long for freedom;* but the happiness boasted of in convents is generally the effect of an

at least to some extent. He seems to allow that reluctant nuns were comparatively few; though he says that many were tormented by scruples, and all would have been much happier had they married. But this is his opinion, as distinct from his testimony; and in like manner he has other strong opinions on the miseries inflicted on men and women by celibacy;* but I have no reliance on his judgment—nor had any one, I think, who knew him, he had so much prejudice, and so little patience—while I have the fullest confidence in his word, when he witnesses to facts, and facts which he knew.

Such is this remarkable evidence, remarkable in the witness, and in the things witnessed, remarkable as coming from a person who had special means of knowing a Catholic country, and whose honour you may depend upon; unlike such men as Ciocci and Achilli, and others, who also have left the Church and borne witness against her, whom no sensible man credits. Here is a man

honourable pride of purpose, supported by a sense of utter *hopelessness*" (Ibid. p. 136). "*Suppose* but *one* nun in *ten thousand* wished vehemently for that liberty" (p. 137). "The *reluctant* nuns, you say, are *few*;—vain, unfeeling sophistry" (p. 139). "The *most sensitive, innocent, and ardent minds*" (Ibid. p. 141). "Crime *makes its way into*" (observe, not is congenial to) "those recesses" (Ibid. p. 135). "It is a *notorious fact*, that the nunneries in *Estremadura and Portugal*" (*not*, that are in Seville and Andalusia) "are *frequently* infected *with vice of the grossest kind*" (Ibid. p. 135). "*Souls* more polluted than those of *some* never fell within my observation, &c." (Life, vol. i. p. 70). Observe, "souls;"—to the soul he limits the sin, and he puts the word in italics, to show that this really is his meaning, and he adds "some." When it comes to the soul, the evidence is very vague; and this, out of 500, in Seville alone! Such on the whole is his evidence against convents: how little of fact, how much of suspicion, contempt, and hatred! how much, again, of involuntary admission in favour of their religious condition!

* The simple question is whether *more* nuns are eaten up with scruples—*more* are restless than discontented—*more* are old women or old maids—*more* sin grossly, than unmarried women in a Protestant country. Here, as before, I am allowing, for argument's sake, the worst side of things; and nothing of all this, be it observed, even if granted, disproves—(1.) the religiousness of the great majority;—(2.) the angelical saintliness of many; (3.) the excellence and utility of the institution itself, after all drawbacks; which are the points a Catholic maintains.

you can trust; and you see how little he has to say to the purpose of Protestantism after all. He makes the most indeed of his little, but he gives us the means of judging for ourselves. Here is no conspiracy of evil, no deep-laid treachery, no disguised agents prowling about, no horrible oaths, no secret passages, trapdoors, dungeons, axes, racks, and thumbscrews; no blood and fire, no screams of despair, no wailing of children, no spectres born of feverish guilt, and flitting before the mental eye. Here is little more than what happens every day in England; for I suppose that here in Protestant England there are secret unbelievers, and men who are fair and smooth, but inwardly corrupt, and many a single female wasted by weariness and sadness, and many a married woman cursing the day she ever took her vow; for these things must be, though they ought not to be, while the nature of man is the same. And moreover, as I have said, the popular voice seems to bear me out in the view I am taking: for this testimony, given under such favourable circumstances against the Church, has been let drop out of print; for it was after all tame; it did not do its work; it did not go far enough; it was not equal to the demand; it was not in keeping with the great Protestant Tradition.

5.

No, it must contain something huge, enormous, prodigious, because the people love story books, and do not like dry matter of fact. How dull is history, or biography, or controversy, compared with a good romance, the Lives of highwaymen, a collection of ghost stories, a melodrama, a wild-beast-show, or an execution! What would a Sunday newspaper be without trials, accidents, and offences? Therefore the poor Catholic is dressed up like a scarecrow to gratify, on a large scale, the passions of curiosity, fright, and hatred. Something or other men must fear, men must loathe, men must suspect, even if it be to turn away their minds from their own inward miseries. Hence it is, if

a stranger comes to a small town, that he furnishes so inexhaustible a supply of gossip to his neighbours, about who he is, what he was, whom he knows, why he comes, and when he will go. If a house is empty for a while, it is sure to be haunted. When learning began to revive, your student was the object of curious horror; and Dr. Faustus, the printer and (as the nursery rhyme goes) schoolmaster, was made a magician, and is still drawn as such in poems and romances. When, then, a Catholic church is opened in a place, or a monastic body takes up its abode there, its novelty and strangeness are a call for fiction on those who have a talent for invention; and the world would be seriously disappointed, if all sorts of superstition were not detected in the Church's rites, and all sorts of wickedness in her priests and nuns.

The popular appetite does not clamour long in vain. It asks, and it is answered. Look at that poor degraded creature, strolling about from village to village, from settlement to farmhouse, among a primitive and simple population. She has received an injury in her head when young; and this has taken away, in part, her responsibility, while it has filled her brain with wild ideas, and given it a morbid creative power. Ere she is grown up she leaves her home, and flits here and there, the prey of any one who meets with her. Catholics are all round about her; as a child she has been in a Catholic school, and perhaps she has from time to time wandered into Catholic churches. She enters, she peers about; still and demure, yet with wild curious eyes, and her own wanton thoughts. She sees, at first glance, the sanctity and gravity of the ceremonial: she is struck with the appearance of modesty, whether in the sacred ministers or in the nuns; but her evil heart instantly suggests that what shows so well is nothing but a show, and that close under the surface lies corruption. She contemplates the whole scene, she cannot forget it; but she asks herself, *What if* it be but a solemn mockery cloaking bad deeds? The words, the actions, so calm, so gentle, the words of peace, the sacramental actions, she carries them off with an accurate memory; those verses and responses, those

sweet voices, those blessings, and crossings, and sprinklings, and genuflections. But what if they all be a cloak? And when the priest went out, or when he spoke to any one, what was it all about? And when he was in his confessional, and first one penitent, and then another came to him, what could they be saying? Ah, what indeed! what if it all be but a cloak for sin? There is the point. What if it be but a jest? Oh, the pleasant mischief! the stirring, merry fancy! to think that men can look so grave, yet love sin; that women, too, who pretend so much, need not be better than she is herself; that that meek face, or those holy hands, belong to a smooth hypocrite, who acts the angel and lives the devil! She looks closer and closer, measuring the limbs, scanning the gestures, and drinking in the words of those who unconsciously go about their duties in her presence; and imputing meanings to the most harmless and indifferent actions. It really is as she suspected, and the truth breaks upon her more and more. Her impure imagination acts upon her bodily vision, and she begins to see the image of her own suspicions in the objects she is gazing on. A sort of mirage spreads through the sacred building, or religious house, and horrors of all kind float across her brain. She goes away, but they pursue her; —what may not have taken place amid those holy rites, or within those consecrated walls? The germ of a romance is already fermenting in her brain, and day after day it becomes more developed in its parts, and more consistent in its form.

Poor sinful being! She finds herself in a Penitentiary; no, sure, it is a religious house; so she will consider it, so will she henceforth speak of it; everything she sees there speaks to her of her feverish dream; the penitents become nuns; the very rooms, windows, passages, and stairs, she recognises them as conventual, the very convent which her fancy has been framing. Things utterly separate from each other are confused together in her bewildered mind; and when she comes into the world again, she thinks herself a nun escaped from confinement, and she now begins to recollect scenes of indescribable horror, which gradually become clearer and clearer

Now, Protestant public, the hour is come; you have craved after lies, and you shall have your fill; you have demanded, and here is the supply. She opens her mouth; she lifts her voice; your oracle, your prophet, your idol, O Protestant public, is about to speak; she begins her "Awful Disclosures." Who is this hapless creature, very wicked, very mischievous, yet much to be pitied? It is Maria Monk.

My Brothers, in what I have been saying, I have but given substance in my own way to the facts recorded of her; but those facts are simply as I have stated them. The history of the wicked impostor was traced out and given to the world immediately on the publication of her romance. It was deposed by divers witnesses that she was born of parents who had lived at Montreal in Canada, about the year 1816. When about seven years old, she broke a slate pencil on her head, and had been strange ever since; at the age of eight she frequented a convent school; when about fourteen or fifteen she left her mother's roof; and is found successively in the service of various persons, an hotel-keeper, a farmer, a tradesman, and others, and then for a time was dependent on charity. From one of her mistresses she absconded with a quantity of wearing-linen; she was discharged by two others for her bad conduct, and was generally looked upon as a person of at least doubtful character. Then she made her appearance at Montreal itself, declaring she was a daughter to Dr. Robertson, a magistrate of the city, who had kept her chained in the cellar for four years. This attempt failing, she next went off to the United States, appeared at New York, and then began a second and more successful tale against one of the convents of the city she had left, from which she said she had escaped. She was taken up by a party of New York Protestants, who thoroughly believed her, and reduced her story to writing. Who was the author is not quite certain; two names have been mentioned, one of them a person connected with this town. In this book, whoever wrote it, she gives a minute description of her imaginary convent in Montreal, and of some of the nuns and others she professed to have

known there. On the slander making its way to Montreal, Protestants carefully went over the calumniated convent; and they reported, after minute inspection, that it in no respect answered to her account of it; indeed, it was certain she had never been within it. It was proved, on the other hand, that her description did distinctly answer to a Penitentiary of which she had lately been an inmate, and whence she was dismissed for bad conduct; and further, that the account she gave of her nuns in the convent answered to some of her fellow-penitents. Moreover, there is something about the book more remarkable still, not indeed as it concerns her, but as it concerns the argument I have in several of these Lectures been pursuing. I have insisted much on the traditional character of the fable, of which Catholics are the victims. It is the old lie, brought up again and again. Now this is most singularly exemplified in the infamous work I am speaking of. On its appearance the newspapers of the day asserted, without contradiction, that it was in great measure a mere republication of a work printed in the year 1731, under the title of "The Gates of Hell opened, or a Development of the Secrets of Nunneries." "Maria Monk's Pamphlet," says a Liverpool paper, "is a *verbatim* copy of that work, the only difference being a change of names." The editor of a Boston paper "pledged himself that this was the fact;" and the editor of another "was ready to make *affidavit* that the original work was in his possession a few months previously, when it had been lent to the publishers of Maria Monk's Disclosures." To show this he copied out passages from both works, which were the same word for word.*

Here, then, you have a witness who is prepared to go any lengths in support of the Protestant Tradition, however truth or principle may lie in her way; and offensive as it will be to you to listen, and painful to me to read, you must, for the sake of the contrast between her and Mr. Blanco White, submit to one or

* For these facts, *vide* "A complete Refutation of Maria Monk's atrocious Plot," &c., by the Rev. R. W. Willson (now Bishop of Hobart Town), Nottingham, 1837,

two of those passages from her romance, which I am able without impropriety to quote.

Now, I will give you the key to the whole book considered as a composition, and its burden, and (what may be called) its moral, as addressed to the Protestant world. It is an idea, which as I have already said, was naturally suggested to an impure mind, and forcibly addressed itself to a curious reader. Mankind necessarily proceeds upon the notion that what is within discloses itself by what is without; that the soul prompts the tongue, inspires the eye, and rules the demeanour; and such is the doctrine of Holy Writ, when it tells us that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Hence, when strangers visit a nunnery, and see the order, cheerfulness, and quiet which reigns through it, they naturally take all this as the indication of that inward peace and joy which ought to be the portion of its inmates. And again, when strangers attend Mass, and observe the venerable and awful character of the rite, they naturally are led to think that the priest is "holding up pure hands," and is as undefiled in heart as he is grave in aspect. Now it is the object of this Narrative to reverse this natural association, to establish the contrary principle, and to impress upon the mind that what is within is always what the outward appearance is not, and that the more of saintliness is in the exterior, the more certainly is there depravity and guilt in the heart. Of course it must be confessed, there have been cases where what looked fair and beautiful was but a whited sepulchre, "full within of dead men's bones and of all filthiness;" such cases have been and may be, but they are unnatural surely, not natural; the exception, not the rule. To consider this as the rule of things, you must destroy all trust in the senses; when a man laughs, you must say he is sad; when he cries, you must say he is merry; when he is overbearing in words, you must call him gentle; and when he says foolish things, you must call him wise; all because sad hearts sometimes wear cheerful countenances, and divine wisdom sometimes has condescended to look like folly. It is reported to have

been said by an able diplomatist, that the use of words is to disguise men's thoughts; but the very wit of the remark lies in the preposterous principle it ironically implies. Yet still to the run of readers there is something attractive in this perverted and morbid notion, both from a sort of malevolence and love of scandal, which possesses the minds of the vulgar, and from the wish to prove that others, who seem religious, are even worse than themselves; and besides, from the desire of mystery and marvel, which prompts them, as I have said before, to have recourse to some monstrous tale of priestcraft for excitement, as they would betake themselves to a romance or a ghost story.

Thus she says in one place, or rather the writers, whoever they may be—"I have often reflected how grievously I had been deceived in my opinions of a nun's condition—all the holiness of their lives, I now found, was merely pretended. The appearance of sanctity and heavenly-mindedness which they had shown among us novices, I found was only a disguise, to conceal such practices as would not be tolerated in any decent society in the world; and, as for joy and peace like that of heaven, which I had expected to find among them, I learned too well that they did not exist there."*

Again, speaking of a picture of the infernal pit, at which the nuns were looking, she introduces a nun saying something so dreadful, that a reader hardly knows whether to laugh or cry at it. "I remember she named the wretch who was biting at the bars of hell, with a serpent gnawing his head, with chains and padlocks on, Father Dufresne; and she would say, Does he not look like him, when he comes in to catechism with his long solemn face, and begins his speeches with, 'My children, my hope is that you have lived very devout lives?'"†

In such passages, the object of the writer is to familiarise the reader's imagination to the notion that hypocrisy is the natural and ordinary state of things, and to create in him a permanent association between any

* P. 116. † P. 82.

serious act whatever and inward corruption. She makes the appearance of religion to be the presumption, not of reality, but of hollowness, and the very extravagance of her statements is their plausibility. The reader says, "It is so shocking, it must be true; no one could have invented it."

It is with a view to increase this unnatural plausibility that the writer or writers dwell minutely on various details which happen, or might easily happen, in Catholic churches and convents. For instance, they say, "The old priest . . . when going to administer (the Blessed Sacrament) in any country place, used to ride with a man before him, who rang a bell as a signal. When the Canadians heard it, whose habitations he passed, they would come and prostrate themselves to the earth, worshipping it as God." Of course; it is so; Catholics do worship the Blessed Sacrament, because they believe It to be our Lord Himself. Therefore we will say so in our book, for we wish to lie naturally, we wish to root our imposture in a foundation of truth.

Again, "The bell rang at half-past six to awaken us. The old nun who acted as night-watch immediately spoke aloud, 'Behold the Lord cometh!' The nuns all responded, 'Let us go and meet Him.' Presently, we then knelt and kissed the floor."*

Now observe the effect of all this. When a person, who never was in a Catholic church or convent, reads such particulars; when he reads, moreover, of the lattice-work of the confessional, of the stoup of holy water, and the custom of dipping the finger into it, of silence during dinner, and of recreation after it; of a priest saying Mass with his hands first joined together, and then spread, and his face to the altar; of his being addressed by the title of "my father," and speaking of his "children," and many other similar particulars; and then afterwards actually sees some Catholic establishment, he says to himself, "This is just what the book said;" "here is quite the very thing of which it gave me the picture;" and I repeat he has, in consequence of his reliance on it, so

* P. 39.

associated the acts of the ceremonial, the joined hands or the downcast eyes, with what his book went on slanderously to connect them, with horrible sin, that he cannot disconnect them in his imagination; and he thinks the Catholic priest already convicted of hypocrisy, because he observes those usages which all the world knows that he does observe, which he is obliged to observe, and which the Church has ever observed. Thus you see the very things, which are naturally so touching and so beautiful in the old Catholic forms of devotion, become by this artifice the means of infusing suspicion into the mind of the beholder.

Yes; all this outward promise of good is but a beautiful veil, hiding behind it untold horrors. Let us lift it, so far as we may do so without sharing in the writer's sin. Our heroine has passed through her noviciate, and proceeds to take the vows. Then she learns suddenly the horrors of her situation; she was, in fact, in a house of evil spirits; she represents herself, as was very natural, supposing she had been a religious person, overcome by distress, and unable to resign herself to her lot; and she was told by the Mother Superior, "that such feelings were very common at first, and that many other nuns had expressed themselves as I did, who had long since changed their minds. She even said, on her entrance into the nunnery she had felt like me. Doubts, she declared, were among our greatest enemies. They would lead us to question every path of duty, and induce us to waver at every step. They arose only from remaining imperfections, and were always evidences of sin; our only way was to dismiss them immediately, to repent, to confess them. They were deadly sins, and would condemn us to hell if we should die without confessing them. Priests, she insisted, could not sin. It was a thing impossible. Everything they did and wished was of course right."*

Now, my Brothers, you know there is a divine law written on the heart by nature, and that the Catholic Church is built on that law, and cannot undo it. No

* P. 35.

Priest, no Bishop, no Council can make that right which is base and shameful. In this passage the false witness would make the Protestant world believe that nuns are obliged to obey their confessors in commands strictly sinful, and horrible, and blasphemous. How different from the true witness, Mr Blanco White! He said all he could against convents; he never hinted that religious women were taught by the priests that priests could not possibly sin, could not possibly issue a sinful command, could not possibly have a sinful wish; and therefore must be obeyed whatever they asked; he never hinted, from any experience of his, that in matter of fact they did make any sinful suggestions. His quarrel with the Catholic religion was that it was too strict, not that it was too lax; that it gave rise to nervousness, scruples, and melancholy. His utmost accusation (except as regards the unbelieving few) was that he knew some persons, and he believed there were others, who sinned, knew their sin, came and confessed it, and sinned again. There was no calling evil good, and good evil. Let her continue her revelations:—

"She also gave me another piece of information, which excited other feelings in me scarcely less dreadful. Infants were sometimes born in the convent, but they were always baptized, and immediately strangled. This secured their everlasting happiness; for the baptism purified them from all sinfulness, and being sent out of the world before they had time to do anything wrong, they were at once admitted into heaven. How happy, she exclaimed, are those who secure immortal happiness for such little beings! Their little souls would thank those who killed their bodies, if they had it in their power.*

"So far as I know, there were no pains taken to preserve secrecy on this subject. . . . I believe I learned through the nuns that at least eighteen or twenty infants were smothered, and secretly buried in the cellar, while I was a nun."†

The nuns, according to her account, underwent the

* P. 35. † P. 120.

same fate, if they would not resign themselves to the mode of life in all its details, for which alone, as it would seem, the nunnery was set up. She gives an account of the murder of one of them; and after quoting this, I consider I may fairly be excused from quoting any more.

"I entered the door," she says, "my companions standing behind me, as the place was so small as hardly to hold five persons at a time. The young nun was standing alone, near the middle of the room; she was probably about twenty, with light hair, blue eyes, and a very fair complexion."* The poor victim is brought to the Bishop, who, the writer says, "it was easy to perceive, considered her fate to be sealed, and was determined she should not escape. In reply to some of the questions put to her, she was silent; to others, I heard her voice reply that she did not repent of words she had uttered, though they had been reported by some of the nuns who had heard them; that she had firmly resolved to resist any attempt to compel her to the commission of crimes which she detested. She added that she would rather die than cause the murder of harmless babes. 'That is enough, finish her!' said the Bishop. Two nuns instantly fell upon the woman; and in obedience to directions given by the Superior, prepared to execute her sentence. She still maintained all the calmness and submission of a lamb." Then they gag her, and throw her on a bed. "In an instant," the narrative proceeds, "another bed was thrown upon her. One of the priests sprung like a fury upon it with all his force. He was speedily followed by the nuns, until there was as many upon the bed as could find room, and all did what they could, not only to smother, but to bruise her. . . . After the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes, and when it was presumed that the sufferer had been smothered and crushed to death, (the priest) and the nuns ceased to trample upon her, and stepped from the bed. All was motionless and silent beneath it. They then began to laugh," &c.

* P. 75.

But I surely need not continue trash such as this, which is as stupid as it is atrocious. In like manner, she tells us the number of nuns killed, the number who killed themselves, the various penances and tortures which were common, gags, hot irons, glass chewing, and the "cap;" the cells, and everything which is proper furniture of such an abode. She concludes the book with a solemn reflection, how hard it is to think aright after thinking wrong. "The Scriptures," she is made to say, "always affect me powerfully when I read them; but I feel that I have but just begun to learn the great truths, in which I ought to have been early instructed. . . . The first passage of Scripture that made any serious impression on my mind, was the text on which the chaplain preached on the Sabbath after my introduction into the house, 'Search the Scriptures:'"—and so the book ends.

I have now described, first, the character of the writer, next, the character of her book; one point alone remains, its reception by the public. The calumny first appeared in 1836, it still thrives and flourishes in 1851. I have made inquiries, and I am told I may safely say that in the course of the fifteen years that it has lasted, from 200,000 to 250,000 copies have been put into circulation in America and England. The edition I have used is printed at Nottingham in the *present* year. A vast number of copies has been sold at a cheap rate, and given away by persons who ought to have known it was a mere blasphemous fiction. At this very time the book is found, I believe, in some of the parochial lending libraries of this place, and I hear rumours concerning some of the distributors, which, from the respect I wish to entertain towards their names, I do not know how to credit. Nor have these various efforts been without visible fruit, at least in America. A nunnery was burned down at Charlestown; and at New York fifty houses, inhabited by Catholics, were also destroyed by fire, which extended to the Cathedral.

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And thus I have completed, my Brothers, the contrast I proposed to set before you. A writer of name, of character, of honour, of gentleman-like feeling, who has the *entré* of the first and most intellectual circles of the metropolis, and is the friend of the first Protestant ecclesiastics of his day, records his testimony against Catholicism; it is in the main true, and it fails:—a worthless stroller gets her own testimony put into writing; it is a heap of fables, and it triumphantly succeeds. Let, then, the Protestant public be itself the judge:—its preference of Maria Monk to Blanco White reveals a great fact;—truth is not equal to the exigencies of the Protestant cause; falsehood is its best friend.

Nor let it be imagined, my Brothers, that I have unfairly selected my examples, in order to serve a purpose. Inhabitants of Birmingham ought, more than others, to acquit me of this. Only two years have I been here, and each of these two have been signalised by accusations against Catholics, similar, in the disreputableness of their authors, and in the enormity of their falsehood, and in the brilliancy of their success, to the calumnies of Maria Monk. Two years ago it was Jeffreys; last year it was Teodore. You recollect how Jeffreys acted his part, how he wept, and prayed, and harangued, and raised a whole population against an innocent company of monks; and how he was convicted of fraud, and confessed his guilt, and was sent to prison. You also recollect how an imposter, called Teodore, declaimed such shocking things, and wrote such indecent pamphlets against us, that they cannot have been intended for any other purpose than to afford merriment to the haunts of profligacy and vice; yet he was followed for a time, was admitted into Protestant places of worship, and honoured as a truth-telling oracle, till at length he was plainly detected to be what every one from the first would have seen he really was, were it usual to do the same common justice to Catholics which

every Protestant considers his due;—for falsehood is the basis of the Protestant Tradition.

On the other hand, I might give you other instances similar to that of Mr Blanco White. I might point to Mr. Steinmetz, who, within the last ten years, began his noviciate among the Jesuits, left them, turned Protestant, and published an account of the community he had quitted. He wrote to expose them, and abounded in bitterness and invective; but as to his facts, so little had he to produce from his own personal knowledge to the disadvantage of the institution he was attacking, and so severely did he disappoint the Protestants for whom he wrote, that they considered his work what they called a Jesuitical trick, and said that he was pretending to attack the good fathers in order really to set them off to advantage;—for truth does but prejudice the Protestant Tradition.

Falsehood succeeds for a generation, or for a period; but there it has its full course and comes to an end. Truth is eternal; it is great, and will prevail. The end is the proof of things. Brothers of the Oratory, surely we shall succeed, because "they say all manner of evil against us falsely for His Name's sake."

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